

LOVE ^{FOR} LOVE:

A

C O M E D Y.

Written by Mr CONGREVE.

*Nudus agris, nudus nummis paternis,
Insanire parat certa ratione modoque.* Hor.



L O N D O N,

Printed for H: SCHEURLEER F.Z.

1752.

LOVE FOR LOVE:

A

COMEDY.

Written by Mr. CONGREVE.

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REGIA

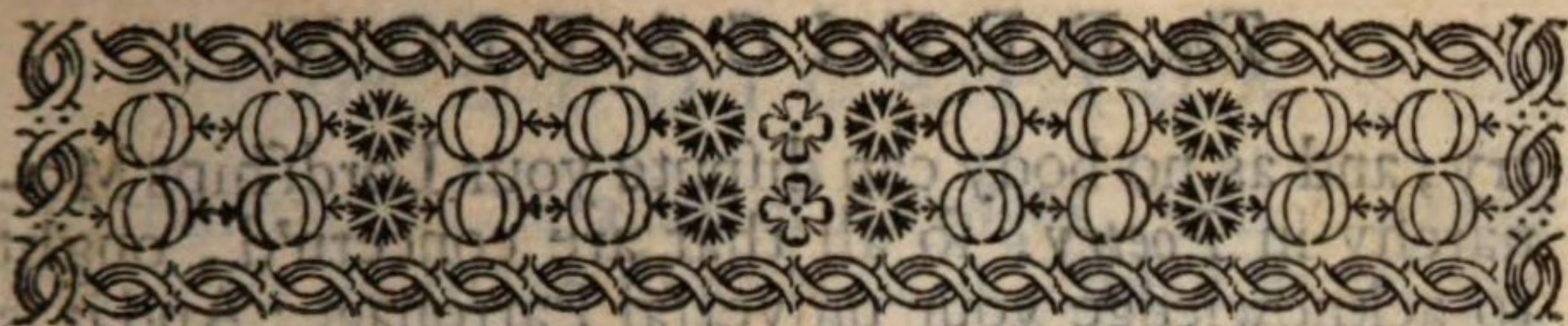
MONACENSIS.



LONDON,

Printed for H: SCHEURLER F.S.

1752.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES

Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*,
Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household, and
Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter,
&c.

MY LORD,

A Young Poet, is liable to the same vanity and indiscretion with a young Lover; and the Great Man that smiles upon one, and the fine Woman that looks kindly upon t'other, are each of 'em in danger of having the favour publish'd with the first Opportunity.

But there may be a different motive, which will a little distinguish the offenders. For tho' one should have a vanity in ruining another's Reputation, yet the other may only have an ambition to advance his own. And I beg leave, my Lord, that I may plead the latter, both as the cause and excuse of this Dedication.

Whoever is King, is also the Father of his Country

The DEDICATION.

try; and as no body can dispute your Lordships Monarchy in *Poetry*, so all that are concern'd, ought to acknowledge your universal Patronage: And it is only presuming on the privilege of a loyal Subject, that I have ventur'd to make this my Address of thanks, to your Lordship; which at the same time, includes a Prayer for your Protection.

I am not ignorant of the common form of Poetical Dedications, which are generally made up of Panegyricks, where the Authors endeavour to distinguish their Patrons, by the shining Characters they give them, above other Men. But that, my Lord, is not my business at this time; nor is your Lordship *now* to be distinguish'd. I am contented with the Honour I do my self in this Epistle; without the vanity of attempting to add to, or explain your Lordship's Character.

I confess it is not without some struggling, that I behave my self in this case, as I ought: For it is very hard to be pleased with a subject, and yet forbear it. But I chuse rather to follow *Pliny's* precept, than his example, when in his Panegyrick to the Emperor *Trajan*, he says,

*Nec minus considerabo quid aures ejus pati--
possint, quam quid virtutibus debeatur.*

I hope I may be excus'd the pedantry of a quotation, when it is so justly apply'd.

Here are some lines in the print, (and which your Lordship read before this Play was acted) that were omitted on the Stage; and particularly one whole Scene in the third Act, which not only helps the design forward with less precipitation, but also heightens the
the

The DEDICATION.

the ridiculous Character of *Forefight*, which indeed seems to be maim'd without it. But I found myself in great danger of a long Play, and was glad to help it where I could. Tho' notwithstanding my care, and the kind reception it had from the Town; I could heartily wish it yet shorter: But the number of different Characters represented in it, would have been too much crowded in les room.

This reflection on prolixity, (a fault, for which scarce any one beauty will attone) warns me not to be tedious now, and detain your Lordship any longer with the trifles of,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

most obedient

and most humble

Servant,

WILL. CONGREVE.



A
P R O L O G U E
F O R

The opening of the new Play-house, propos'd
to be spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle in Man's
cloaths.

Sent from an unknown hand.

CUSTOM, which every where bears mighty sway,
Brings me to act the Orator to day:
But Women, you will say, are ill at Speeches,
'Tis true, and therefore I appear in breeches:
Not for example to you City Wives;
That by prescription's settled for your lives.
Was it for gain the Husband first consented?
O yes, their gains are mightily augmented: Making
And yet, methinks, it must have cost some strife: horns
A passive Husband, and an active Wife! } with her
'Tis awkward, very awkward, by my Life } hands
But to my Speech, Assemblies of all Nations } over her
Still are suppos'd to open with Orations: } head.
Mine shall begin, to shew our obligations. }
To you, our Benefactors, lowly bowing,
Whose favours have prevented our undoing;
A long Egyptian bondage we endur'd,
Till freedom, by your justice we procur'd:
Our Taskmasters were grown such very Jews, }
We must at length have play'd in wooden shoes, }
Had not your bounty taught us to refuse.

Freedom's

P R O L O G U E.

Freedom's of English growth, I think, alone;
 What for lost English freedom can atone?
 A free-born Player loaths to be compele'd.
 Our Rulers tyranniz'd, and we rebell'd.
 Freedom! the wise Man's wish, the poor Man's wealth;
 Which you, and I, and most of us enjoy by stealth;
 The soul of pleasure, and the sweet of life,
 The Woman's charter, Widdow, Maid or Wife, }
 This they'd have cancell'd, & thence grew the strife. }
 But you perhaps, wou'd have me here confess
 How we obtain'd the favour;---Can't you guess?
 Why then I'll tell you, (for I hate alie)
 By brib'ry, errant brib'ry, let me dye.
 I was their Agent, but by Jove I swear }
 No honourable Member had a share, }
 Tho' young and able Members bid me fair. }
 I chose a wiser way to make you willing,
 Which has not cost the House a single shilling; }
 Now you suspect at least I went a billing. }
 You see I'm young, and to that air of youth;
 Some wil add Beauty, and a little truth;
 These pow'rful charms, improv'd by pow'rful arts,
 Prevail'd to captivate your op'ning hearts.
 Thus furnish'd, I prefer'd my poor Petition,
 And brib'd ye to commiserate our condition.
 I laugh'd, and sigh'd, and sung, and leer'd upon ye;
 With roguish loving looks, an that way won ye:
 The young Men kiss'd me, and the Old I kiss'd,
 And luringly, I led them as I list.
 The Ladies in meer pity took our parts,
 Pity's the darling passion of their hearts.
 Thus bribing, or thus brib'd, fear no disgraces;
 For thus you may take bribes, and keep your Places.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken at the opening of the New House,

By Mr. *Betterton*.

THe Husbandman in vain renews his toil,
To cultivate each year a hungry soil;
And fondly hopes for rich and generous fruit:
When what should feed the tree, devours the root:
Th' unladen boughs, he sees, bode certain dearth,
Unless transplanted to more kindly earth.
So, the poor *Husbands of the Stage*, who found
Their labours lost upon the ungrateful ground,
This last and only remedy have prov'd;
And hope new fruit from ancient stocks remov'd.
Well may they hope when you so kindly aid,
And plant a soil which you so rich have made.
As Nature gave the *World* to Man's first age,
So from your bounty, we receive this Stage;
The *Freedom* Man was born to, you've restor'd,
And to our *World*, such plenty you afford,
It seems like *Eden*, fruitful of its own accord.
But since in *Paradise* frail flesh gave way,
And when but two were made, both went astray;
Forbear your wonder, and the fault forgive,
If in our larger Family we grieve
One falling *Adam*, and one tempted *Eve*.
We who remain, would gratefully repay
What our endeavours can; and bring this day,
The first-fruit Offering, of a virgin Play.

We

P R O L O G U E.

We hope there's something that may please each taste,
And tho of homely fare we make the Feast,
Tet you will find variety at least.
There's Humour, which for chearful Friends we got;
And for the thinking party there's a Plot.
We've something too, to gratifie ill-nature,
(If there be any here) and that is Satire.
Tho Satire scarce dares grin, 'tis grown so mild;
Or only shews its teeth, as if it smil'd.
As Asses thistles, Poets mumble wit,
And dare not bite, for fear of being bit.
They hold their pens, as swords are held by Fools,
And are afraid to use their own edge-tools.
Since the Plain-Dealers Scenes of manly rage,
Not one has dard' to lash this crying Age.
This time, the Poet owns the bold essay,
Tet hopes there's no ill-manners in his Play:
And he declares by me, he has design'd
Affront to none, but frankly speaks his mind.
And shou'd the ensuing Scenes not chance to hit,
He offers but this one excuse; 'twas writ
Before your late encouragement of Wit.





EPILOGUE.

Spoken at the opening of the New House,

By Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

SUre Providence at first design'd this place
 To be the Player's refuge in distress;
 For still in every storm they all run hither,
 As to a shed that shields'em from the weather.
 But thinking of this change which last befel us,
 It's like what I have heard our Poets tell us:
 For wen behind our scenes their suits are pleading,
 To help their love sometimes they show their reading;
 And wanting ready cash to pay for hearts,
 They top their learning on us, and their parts.
 Once of Philosophers they told us stories,
 Whom, as I think they call'd—Py—Pythagories,
 I'm sure 'tis some such Latin name they give em,
 And we, who know no better, must believe'em.
 Now to these Men (say they) such souls were given,
 That after death, ne'er went to Hell, nor Heaven,
 But liv'd, I know not how, in Beasts; and then
 When many years were past, in Men again.
 Methinks, we Players resemble such a Soul,
 That does from bodies, we from houses strole.
 Thus Aristotle's Soul, of old that was,
 May now be damn'd to animate an Ass;
 Or in this very house, for ought we know,
 Is doing painful penance in some Beau;
 And this our Audience, which did once resort
 To shining Theatres to see our sport,
 Now find us toss'd into a Tennis-court.

}
These

EPILOGUE

*These Walls but t'other day were fill'd with noise
 Of roaring Gamesters, and your Damme Boys.
 Then bounding balls and rackets they encompass'd,
 And now they're fill'd with jests, and slights, & bombast!
 I vow, I don't much like this transmigration,
 Stroling from place to place, by circulation.
 Grant Heaven, we don't return to our first station.
 I know not what these think, but for my part,
 I can't reflect without en aking heart,
 How we shou'd endin our original, a Cart.
 But we can't fear, since you're so good to save us,
 That you have only set us up, to leave us.
 Thus from the past, we hope for future grace,
 I beg it---*

*And some here know I have a begging face.
 Then pray continue this your kind behaviour,
 For a clear Stage won't do, without your favour.*



P E R-

PERSONÆ DRAMATIS.

M E N.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND. Father to *Valentine* and *Ben*.
VALENTINE. Fallen under his Father's displeasure by his expensive way of living, in love with *Angelica*.

SCANDAL. His Friend, a free speaker.

TATTLE. A half witted Beau, vain of his Amours, yet valuing himself for secrecie.

BEN. Sir *Sampson's* younger Son, half home bred, and half-sea-bred, design'd to marry Miss *Prue*.

FORESIGHT. An illiterate old Fellow, peevish and positive, superstitious, and pretending to understand Astrology, Palmistry, Physiognomy, Omens, Dreams, &c. Uncle to *Angelica*,

JEREMY. Servant to *Valentine*.

TRAPLAND. A Scrivener.

BUCKRUM. A Lawyer.

W O M E N.

ANGELICA. Niece to *Foresight*, of a considerable Fortune in her own hands.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Mrs. FRAIL. Sister to *Mrs. Foresight*, a Woman of the Town.

Miss. PRUE. Daughter to *Foresight* by a former Wife, a silly, awkward, country Girl

Nurse to Miss.

JENNY. Maid to *Angelica*.

A Steward, Officers, Sailors, and several servants.

The SCENE in LONDON.



LOVE FOR LOVE.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Valentine *in his chamber reading*;
Jeremy *waiting*.

Several books upon the table.

V A L E N T I N E.

Jeremy.

Jer. Sir.

Val. Here, take away; I'll walk a turn, and digest what I have read—

Jer. You'll grow devilish fat upon this paper diet.
[*Aside and taking away the books.*

Val. And d'ye hear, go you to breakfast—There's a page doubled down in *Epicætus*, that is a Feast for an Emperour.

Jer. Was *Epicætus* a real Cook, or did he only write Receipts?

Val. Read, read, Sirrah, and refine your appetite; learn to live upon instruction; feast your mind, and mortify

mortifie your flesh; read, and take your nourishment in at your eyes; shut up your mouth, and chew the cud of onderstanding: So *Epictetus* advifes.

Jere O Lord! I have heard much of him, when I waited upon a Gentleman at *Cambridge*: Pray what was that *Epictetus*?

Val. A very rich Man—Not worth a groat.

Jere. Humph, and so he has made a very fine Feast, where there is nothing to be eaten.

Val. Yes.

Jere Sir, you're a Gentleman, and probably understand this fine feeding: But if you please, I had rather be at Board wages Does your *Epictetus*, or your *Seneca* here, or any of these poor rich Rogues, teach you how to pay your debts without money? Will they shut up the mouths of your Creditors? Will *Plato* be Bail for you? Or *Diogenes*, because he understands confinement, and liv'd in a tub, go to prison for you? 'Slife, Sir, what do you mean, to mew your self up here with three or four musty books, in commendation of starving and poverty?

Val. Why Sirrah, I have no money, you know it; and therefore resolve to rail at all that have: And in that I but follow the examples of the wisest and wittiest Philosophers whom you naturally hate, for just such another reason; because they abound 'in sence, and you are a Fool.

Jere. Ay, Sir, I am a Fool, I know it: And yet Heav'n help me, I am poor enough to be a Wit—But I was always a Fool, when I told you what your expences would bring you to; your Coaches and your Liveries; your Treats and your Balls; your being in love with a Lady, that did not care a farthing for you in your prosperity; and keeping company with Wits, that car'd for nothing but your prosperity; and now when you are poor, hate you as much at they do one another.

Val.

Val. Well; and now I am poor, I have an opportunity to be reveng'd on them all: I'll pursue *Angelica* with more love than ever, and appear more notoriously her Admirer in this restraint, than when I openly rival'd the rich Fops, that made court to her; so shall my poverty be a mortification to her pride, and perhaps, make her compassionate the love, which has principally reduc'd me to this lowness of fortune. And for the Wits, I'm sure I am in a condition to be even with them—

Jere. Nay, your condition is pretty even with theirs, that's the truth on't.

Val. I'll take some of their trade out of their hands.

Jere. Now Heav'n of mercy continue the Tax upon paper; you don't mean to write!

Val. Yes, I do; I'll write a Play.

Jere. Hem! —Sir, if you please to give me a small Certificate of three lines—only to certify those whom it may concern, that the Bearer hereof, *Jeremy Fetch* by name, has for the space of seven years, truly and faithfully serv'd *Valentine Legend Esq*; and that he is now turn'd away for any misdemeanour; but does voluntarily dismiss his Master from any future authority over him—

Val. No. Sirrah, you shall live with me still.

Jere. Sir, it's impossible—I may die with you, starve with you, or be damn'd with your works: But to live even three days, the life of a Play, I no more expect it, than to be canoniz'd for a Muse after my decease.

Val. You are witty, you Rogue, I shall want your help;—I'll have you learn to make Couplets, to tag the ends of Acts: d'ye hear, get the Maids to crambo in an evening, and learn the knack of rhiming, you may arrive at the height of a Song, sent by an unknown hand, or a Chocolate-house Lampoon.

Jere. But Sir, Is this the way to recover your Father's favour? Why Sir *Sampson* will be irreconcilable. If your younger Brother shou'd come from sea, he'd ne-

ver

ver look upon you again. You're undone, Sir; you're ruin'd; you won't have a Friend left in the world, if you turn Poet—Ah Pox confound that *Will's* Coffee-house; it has ruin'd more young Men than the *Royal Oak* lottery—Nothing thrives that belongs to't. The Man of the house would have been an Alderman by this time, wit half the trade, if he had sed up in the City—For my part, I never sit at the door, that I don't get double the stomach that I do at a Horse-race. The air upon *Banstead Downs* is nothing to it for a whetter; yet I never see it, but the Spirit of Famine appears to me; sometimes like a decay'd Porter, worn out with pimping, and carrying *Billet doux* and Songs; not like other Porters for hire, but for the jests sake. Now like a thin Chairman, melted down to half his proportion, with carrying a Poet upon tick, to visit some great Fortune, and his fare to be paid him like the wages of sin, either at the day of Marriage, or the day of Death.

Val. Very well, Sir; can you proceed?

Jere. Sometimes like a bilk'd Bookfeller, with a meagre terrify'd countenance, that looks as if he had written for himself, or were resolv'd to turn Author, and bring the rest of his Brethren into the same condition. And lastly, In the form of a worn out Punk, with verses in her hand, which her vanity had prefer'd to Settlements, without a whole tatter to her tail, but as ragged as one of the Muses; or as if she were carrying her linnen to the paper-mill, to be converted into Folio Books, of warning to all young Maids, not to prefer Poetry to good-sense; or lying in the arms of a needy Wit, before the embraces of a wealthy Fool.

SCE-

S C E N E II.

Valentine, Scandal, Jeremy.

Enter Scandal.

Scan. What, *Jeremy* holding forth?

Val. The Rogue has (with all the wit he could muster up) been declaiming against wit.

Scan. Ay? Why then I'm afraid *Jeremy* has wit: For where-ever it is, it's always contriving it's own ruin.

Jere. Why so I have been telling my Master, Sir: Mr. *Scandal*, for Heav'n's sake, Sir, try if you can dissuade him from turning Poet.

Scan. Poet! he shall turn Soldier first, and rather depend upon the out-side of his head, than the lining. Why, what the Devil has not your poverty made you Enemies enough? Must you needs shew your wit to get more?

Jere. Ay more indeed; for who cares for any body that has more wit than himself.

Scan. *Jeremy* speaks like an Oracle. Don't you see how worthles great Men, and dull rich Rogues, avoid a witty Man of small fortune? Why, he looks like a Writ of enquiry into their Titles and Estates; and seems commission'd by Heaven to seize the better half.

Val. Therefore I would rail in my writings, and be reveng'd.

Scan. Rail? At whom? the whole world? Impotent and vain! Who would die a Martyr to Sense in a Country where the Religion is folly? You may stand at bay for a while; but when the full cry is against you, you shan't have fair play for your life. If you can't be fairly run down by the Hounds, you will be treacherously shot by the Huntsmen.—No, turn Pimp, Flatterer, Qwak, Lawyer, Parson; be Chaplain to an Atheist, or Stallion to an old Woman, any thing but Poet; a modern Poet is worse, more servile, timorous, and fawning, than any I have nam'd: Without you could retrieve the ancient honours of the Name, recall the

Stage of *Athens*, and be allow'd the force of open honest Satire.

Val. You are as inveterate against our Poets, as if your character had been lately expos'd upon the Stage—Nay I am not violently bent upon the trade—

[*One Knocks.*] *Jeremy*, see who's there [*Jeremy goes thro the door.*] But tell me what you would have me do?—What does the World say of me, and of my forc'd confinement?

Scan. The World behaves it self, as it uses to do on such occasions; some pity you, and condemn your Father; others excuse him, and blame you: only the Ladies are merciful, and wish you well, since Love and pleasurable expence have been your greatest faults. [*Jeremy returns.*]

Val. How now?

Jere. Nothing new, Sir; I have dispatch'd some half a dozen Duns, with as much dexterity, as a hungry Judge does Causes at dinner-time.

Val. What answer have you given 'em?

Scan. Patience, I suppose, the old receipt.

Jere. No, faith Sir; I have put 'em off so long with patience and forbearance, and other fair words, that I was forc'd now to tell 'em in plain downright *English*—

Val. What?

Jere. That they should be paid.

Val. When?

Jere. To morrow.

Val. And how the Devil do you mean to keep your word?

Jere. Keep it? Not at all; it has been so very much stretch'd, that I reckon it will break of course by to-morrow, and no body be surpriz'd at the matter—[*Knocking*]—Again! Sir, if you don't like my negotiation, will you be pleas'd to answer these your self.

Val. See who they are,

SCENE III.

Valentine Scandal.

By this, *Scandal*, you may see what it is to be great; Secretaries of State, Presidents of the Council, and Generals of an Army, lead just such a life as I do; have just such crowds of Visitants in a morning, all soliciting of past promises; which are but a civiller sort of Duns, that lay claim to voluntary debts.

Scan. And you, like a true great Man, having engaged their attendance, and promis'd more than ever you intended to perform; are more perplex'd to find evasions, than you would be to invent the honest means of keeping your word, and gratifying your Creditors.

Val. Scandal, learn to spare your Friends, and do not provoke your Enemies; this liberty of your tongue, will one day bring a confinement on your body, my Friend.

SCENE IV.

Valentine Scandal Jeremy.

Jere. O Sir, there's *Trapland* the Scrivener, with two suspicious fellows like lawful Pads, that would knock a Man down with pocket-Tipstaves,—And there's your Father's Steward, and the Nurse with one of your Children from *Twitnam*.

Val. Pox on her, cou'd she find no other time to fling my sins in my face? Here, give her this, [*Gives Money.*] and bid her trouble me no more; a thoughtless two-handed Whore, she knows my condition well enough, and might have overlaid the Child a fortnight ago, if she had any forecast in her.

Scan. What is it bouncing *Margery*, with my Godson?

Jere. Yes, Sir.

Scan. My blessing to the Boy, with this token (*Gives Money.*) o my love. And d'ye hear, bid *Margery* put more flocks in her bed, shift twice a week, and not work so hard, that she may not smeli so vigorously—I shal take the air shortly.

Val. Scandal, don't spoil my Boy's milk—Bid *Trapland* come in. If I can give that *Cerberus* a sop, I shall be at rest for one day.

S C E N E V.

Valentine, Scandal, Trapland, Jeremy.

Val. O Mr. *Trapland*! my old Friend! Welcome. *Jeremy*, a chair quickly: A bottle of sack and a toast—fly—a chair first.

Trap. A good morning to you Mr. *Valentine*, and to you Mr. *Scandal*.

Scan. The morning's a very good morning, if you don't spoil it.

Val. Come sit you down, you know his way.

Trap. [*Sits*] There is a debt, Mr. *Valentine*, of 1500 l. of pretty long standing—

Val. I cannot talk about business with a thirsty palate.—Sirrah the Sack.—

Trap. And I desire to know what course you have taken for the payment?

Val. Faith and troth, I am heartily glad to see you—my service to you,—fill, fill, to honest Mr. *Trapland*, fuller.

Trap. Hold, Sweet-heart.—This is not to our business—my service to you Mr. *Scandal*—(*drinks*) I have forborn as long.—

Val. T'other glass, and then we'll talk. Fill, *Jeremy*.

Trap. No more, in truth.—I have forborn, I say—

Val. Sirrah, fill when I bid you—And how does
your

your handfom Daughter— Come a good Husband to her. (drinks.

Trap. Thank you—I have been out of this money—

Val. Drink first. *Scandal*, why do you not drink? (They drink.

Trap. And in short, I can be put off no longer.

Val. I was much oblig'd to you for your supply: It dit me signal service in my necessity. But you delight in doing good—*Scandal*, drink to me, my Friend *Trapland's* health; an honefter Man lives not, nor one more ready to serve his Friend in distress, tho' I say it to his face. Come fill each man his glafs.

Scan. What, I know *Trapland* has been a Whoremaster, and loves a Wench still. You never knew a Whoremaster, that was not an honest fellow.

Trap. Fie, Mr. *Scandal*, you never knew—

Scan. What don't I know?—I know the buxom black Widdow in the *Poultry*—800 l a year jointure, and 20000. l money. Ahah! Old *Trap*.

Val. Say you so, i'faith. Come we'll remember the Widow: I know where abouts you are: Come, to the Widow—

Trap. No more indeed.

Val. What, the Widows health; give it him—off with it: [They drink

A lovely Girl, i'faith, black sparkling eyes, soft pouting ruby-lips! better sealing there, than a Bond for a Million, hah!

Trap. No, no, there's no such thing, we'd better mind our business.—You're a Wag.

Val. No faith, we'll mind the Widow's business: fill again.—Pretty round heaving breasts, —a *Barbary* shape, and a jut with her bum, would stir an *Anchoret*: And the prettiest foot! Oh if a Man could but fasten his eyes to her feet, as they steal in and out, and play at bo-peep under her petticoats, ah! Mr. *Trapland*?

Trap. Verily, give me a glafs,—you're a Wag,—
B 3
and

and here's tho the Widow. [*drinks.*

Scan. He begins to chuckle;—ply him close, or he'll relapse into a Dun.

SCENE VI.

[*To them*] *Officer.*

Off. By your leave, Gentleman,—Mr. *Trapland*, if we must do our office, tell us.—We have half a dozen Gentlemen to arrest in *Pall Mall* and *Covent Garden*; and if we don't make haste, the Chairmen will be abroad, and block up the Chocolate-houses, and then our labour's lost.

Trap. 'Udso that's true, Mr. *Valentine* I love mirth, but business must be done, are you ready to—

Jere. Sir, your Father's Steward says he comes to make Proposals concerning your debts.

Val. Bid him come in: Mr. *Trapland*, send away your Officer, you shall have an answer presently.

Trap. Mr. *Snap* stay within call.

SCENE VII.

Valentine, Scandal, Trapland, Jeremy, Steward, who whis pers Valentine.

Scan. Here's a Dog now, a Traitor in his Wine, Sirrah refund the Sack: *Jeremy* fetch him some warm water, or I'll rip up his stomach, and go the shortest way to his Conscience.

Trap. Mr. *Scandal*, you are uncivil; I did not value your Sack; but you cannot expect it again, when I have drunk it.

Scan. And how do you expect to have your money again, when a Gentleman has spent it?

Val.

Val. You need say no more, I understand the conditions; they are very hard, but my necessity is very pressing; I agree to 'em; take Mr. *Trapland* with you, and let him draw the Writing—Mr. *Trapland*, you know this Man, he shal fatisfie you.

Trap. Sincerely, I am loth to be thus pressing, but my necessity.—

Val. No apology, good Mr. Scrivener, you shall be paid.

Trap. I hope you forgive me, my business requires--

S C E N E VIII.

Valentine, Scandal.

Scan. He begs pardon like a Hangman at an Execution.

Val. But I have got a Reprieve.

Scan. I am surpriz'd; what does your Father relent?

Val. No; He has sent me the hardest conditions in the world: You have heard of a Booby-Brother of mine, that was sent to sea three yearts ago? This Brother, my Father hears is landed; wherupon he very affectionately sends me word; If I will make a Deed of conveyance of my right to his Estate after his death, to my younger Brother, he will immediately furnish me with four thousand pound to pay my debts, and make my fortune. This was once propos'd before, and I refus'd it; but the present impatience of my Creditors for their money, and my own impatience of confinement, and absence from *Angelica*, force me to consent.

Scan. A very desperate demonstration of your love to *Angelica*: And I think she has never given you any assurance of hers.

Val. You know her temper; she never gave me any great reason either for hope or despair.

Scan. Women of her airy temper, as they seldom think before they act, so they rarely give us any light to guess at what they mean: But you have little reason to believe that a Woman of this age, who has had an indifference for you in your prosperity, will fall in love with your ill fortune; besides, *Angelica* has a great fortune of her own; and great Fortunes either expect another great fortune, or a Fool.

S C E N E IX.

[*To hem*] *Jeremy.*

Jere. More misfortunes, Sir.

Val. What, another Dun?

Jere. No Sir, but Mr. *Tattle* is come to wait upon you.

Val. Well, I can't help it,—you must bring him up; He knows I don't go abroad.

S C E N E X.

Valentine Scandal.

Scan. Pox on him. I'll begone.

Val. No, pr'ythee stay: *Tattle* and you should never be afunder; you are light and shadow, and shew one another; he is perfectly thy reverse both in humour and understanding; and as you set up for defamation, he is a mender of reputations.

Scan. A mender of reputations! ay, just as he is a keeper of secrets, another virtue that he sets up for in the same manner. For the Rogue will speak aloud in the posture of a whisper; and deny a Womans name, while he gives you the marks of her person: he will forswear receiving a letter from her, and at the same time,
shew

shew you her hand in the superscription: And yet perhaps he has counterfeited the hand too; and sworn to a truth; but he hopes not to be believ'd; and refuses the reputation of a Ladies favour, as a Doctor says, No, to a Bishoprick, only that it may be granted him—In short, he is a publick professor of secrecie, and makes proclamation that he holds private intelligence.—He s here.

S C E N E X I.

[*To hem*] *Tattle.*

Tatt. *Valentine* good morrow, *Scandal* I am yours.—that is, when you speak well of me.

Scan. That is, when I am yours; for while I am my own, or any body's else, that will never happen.

Tatt. How inhuman!

Val. Why *Tattle*, you need not be much concern'd at any thing that he says: For to converse with *Scandal*, is to play at *Losing Loadum*; you must lose a good Name to him, before you can win it for your self.

Tatt. But how barbarous that is, and how unfortunate for him, that the World shal think the better of any person for his calumniation!—I thank Heav'n, it has always been a part of my character, to handle the reputation of others very tenderly.

Scan. Aye, such rotten reputations as you have to deal with, are to be handl'd tenderly indeed.

Tatt. Nay, but why rotten? Why should you say rotten, when you know not the persons of whom you speak? How cruel that is?

Scan. Not know'em? Why, thou never hadst to do with any body that did not stink to all the Town.

Tatt. Ha, ha, ha; nay, now you make a jest of it indeed; for there is nothing more known, than that no body knows any thing of that nature of me: As I

hope to be fav'd, *Valentine*, I never expos'd a Woman, since I knew what Woman was.

Val. And yet you have convers'd with several?

Tatt. To be free with you, I have—I don't care if I own that—Nay more (I'm going to say a bold word now) I never could meddle with a Woman that had to do with any body else.

Scan. How!

Val. Nay faith, I'm apt to believe him—Except her Husband, *Tattle*.

Tatt. Oh that—

Scan. What think you of that noble Commoner, Mrs. *Drab*?

Tatt. Pooh, I know Madam *Drab* has made her brags in three or four places, that I said this and that, and writ to her, and did I know not what—But, upon my reputation, she did me wrong.—Well, well, that was malice—But I know the bottom of it. She was brib'd to that by one we all know—A Man too. Only to bring me into disgrace with a certain Woman of quality—

Scan. Whom we all know.

Tatt. No matter for that—Yes, yes, every body knows.—No doubt on't, every body knows my secrets—But I soon satisfy'd the Lady of my innocence; for I told her. Madam, says I, there are some persons who make it their business to tell stories, and say this and that of one and t'other, and every thing in the world; and, says I, if your Grace—

Scan. Grace!

Tatt. O Lord, what have I said? my unlucky tongue!

Val. Ha, ha, ha,

Scan. Why, *Tattle*, thou hast more impudence than one can in reason expect: I shall have an esteem for thee, well, and ha, ha, ha! well, go on, and what dit you say to her Grace?

Vac.

Val. I confess this is something extraordinary.

Tatt. Not a word as I hope to be fav'd ; an errant *lapsus lingua* — Come , let's talk of something else.

Val. Well , but how did you acquit your self ?

Tatt. Pooh , pooh , nothing at all , I only rally'd with you — a Woman of ordinary rank was a little jealous of me , and I told her something or other , faith — I know not what — Come , let's talk of something else.

[*Hums a Song.*

Scan. Hang him , let him alone , he has a mind we should enquire ,

Tatt. *Valentine* , I supp'd last night with your Mistress , and her Uncle old *Forefight* : I think your Father lies at *Forefight's*.

Val. Yes.

Tatt. Upon my Soul *Angelica's* a fine Woman — And so is Mrs. *Forefight* , and her Sister Mrs. *Frail*.

Scan. Yes , Mrs. *Frail* is a very fine Woman , we all know her.

Tatt. Oh that is not fair.

Scan. What ?

Tatt. To tell.

Scan. To tell what ? Why , what do you know of Mrs. *Frail* ?

Tatt. Who I ? Upon Honour I don't know whether she be Man or Woman ; but by the smoothness of her chin , and roundness of her lips.

Scan. No ?

Tatt. No.

Scan. She says otherwise.

Tatt. Impossible !

Scan. Yes Faith. Ask *Valentine* else.

Tatt. Why then , as I hope to be fav'd , I believe a Woman only obliges a man to secresie , that she may have the pleasure of telling her self.

Scan. No doubt on 't. Well , but has she done you wrong , or no ? You have had her ? Ha ?

Tatt.

Tatt. Tho' I have more honour than to tell first ; I have more manners than to contradict what a Lady has declar'd.

Scan. Well, you own it?

Tatt. I am strangely surpriz'd ! yes, yes, I can't deny't, if she taxes me with it.

Scan. She'll be here by and by , she sees *Valentine* every morning.

Tatt. How !

Val. She does me the favour——I mean of a visit sometimes. I did not think she had granted more to any body.

Scan. Nor I faith—but *Tattle* does not use to Bely a Lady ; it is contrary to his Character—How one may be deceiv'd in a Woman, *Valentine*?

Tatt. Nay, what do you mean, Gentlemen?

Scan. I'm resolv'd I'll ask her.

Tatt. O barbarous ! why did you not tell me—?

Scan. No, you told us.

Tatt. And bid me ask *Valentine* !

Val. What did I say ! I hope you won't bring me to confess an answer, when you never ask'd me the question.

Tatt. But, Gentlemen, this is the most inhuman proceeding—

Val. Nay, if you have known *Scandal* thus long, and cannot avoid such a palpable decoy as this was ; the Ladies have a fine time, whose reputations are in your keeping.

S C E N E XII.

[*To them*] *Jeremy*.

Jere. Sir, Mrs. *Frail* has sent to know if you are stirring.

Val. Shew her up, when she comes.

SCE-

SCENE XIII.

Valentine Scandal Tattle.

Tatt. I'll be gone.

Val. You'll meet her.

Tatt. Is there not a back way?

Val. If there were, you have more discretion, than to give *Scandal* such an advantage: why, your running away will prove all that he can tell her.

Tatt. *Scandal*, you will not be so ungenerous—O, I shall lose my reputation of secrecie for ever—I shall never be receiv'd but upon publick days; and my visits will never be admitted beyond a drawing-room: I shall never see a bed chamber again, never be lock't in a closet, nor run behind a screen, or under a table; never be distinguish'd among the Waiting-women by the name of trusty Mr. *Tattle* more—You will not be so cruel?

Val. *Scandal*, have pity on him; he'll yield to any conditions.

Tatt. Any, any terms.

Scan. Come then, sacrifice half a dozen Women of good reputation to me presently—Come, where are you familiar—And see that they are Women of quality too, the first Quality—

Tatt. 'Tis very hard—Won't a Baronet's Lady pass?

Scan. No nothing under a Right Honourable.

Tatt. O inhuman! You don't expect their Names.

Scan. No, their Titles shall serve.

Tatt. Alas, that's the same thing: Pray spare me their Titles; I'll describe their persons.

Scan. Well, begin then: But take notice, if you are so ill a Painter, that I cannot know the person by your picture of her, you must be condemn'd, like other bad Painters, to write the name at the bottom.

Tatt. Well, first then.—

SCE-

S C E N E XIV.

[*To them*] *Mrs. Frail.*

Tatt. O unfortunate ! she's come already ; will you have patience till another time—I'll double the number.

Scan. Well, on that condition—Take heed you don't fail me.

Mrs. Frail. I shall get a fine reputation by coming to see Fellows in a morning. *Scandal*, you Devil, are you here too ! Oh Mr. *Tattle*, every thing is save with you, we know.

Scan. Tattle.

Tatt. Mum—O Madam, you do me too much honour.

Val. Well Lady galloper, how does *Angelica* ?

Frail. *Angelica* ? Manners !

Val. What you will allow an absent Lover—

Frail. No, I'll allow a Lover present with his Mistress to be particular—But otherwise I think his passion ought to give place to his manners.

Val. But what if he has more passion than manners ?

Frail. Then let him marry and reform.

Val. Marriage indeed may qualify the fury of his passion, but it very rarely mends a Man's manners.

Frail. You are the most mistaken in the world, there is no creature perfectly civil, but a Husband. For in a little time he grows only rude to his Wife, and that is the highest good-breeding, for it begets his civility to other people. Well, I'll tell you News ; but I suppose you hear your Brother *Benjamin* is landed. And my Brother *Forefight*'s Daughter is come out of the country—I assure you there's a match talk'd of by the old People—Well, if he be but as great a Sea beast, as she is a Land-Monster, we shall have a most amphibious breed—The progeny will be all Otters : he has been bred at sea, and she has never been out of the country.

Val.

Val. Pox take 'em, their conjunction bodes me no good, I'm sure.

Frail. Now you talk of conjunction, my Brother *Forefight* has cast both their Nativities, and prognosticates an Admiral and an eminent Justice of the peace to be the issue-male of their two bodies. 'Tis the most superstitious old Fool! He would have persuaded me, that this was an unlucky day, and wou'd not let me come abroad: But I invented a dream, and sent him to *Artimedorus* for interpretation, and so stole out to see you. Well, and what will you give me now? Come, I must have something.

Val. Step into the next room—and I'll give you something.

Scan. Ay, we'll all give you something.

Frail. Well, what will you all give me?

Val. Mine's a secret.

Frail. I thought you would give me something, that would be a trouble to you to keep.

Val. And *Scandal* shall give you a good name.

Frail. That's more than he has for himself. And what will you give me, Mr. *Tattle*?

Tatt. I? My soul, Madam.

Frail. Pooh, No I thank you. I have enough to do to take care of my own. Well; but I'll come and see you one of these mornings: I hear you have a great many Pictures.

Tatt. I have a pretty good collection at your Service; some Originals.

Scan. Hang him, he has nothing but the *Seasons* and the *twelve Casars*, paultry copies; and the *five Senses*, as ill represented as they are in himself: And he himself is the only original you will see there.

Frail. Ay, but I hear he has a closet of Beauties.

Scan. Yes, all that have done him favours, if you will believe him.

Frail.

Frail, Ay, let me see those, Mr. *Tattle*.

Tatt. Oh Madam, those are sacred to love and contemplation. No Man but the Painter and my self was ever blest with the sight.

Frail. Well, but a Woman—

Tatt. Nor Woman, till she consented to have her Picture there too—for then she is obliged to keep the secret.

Scan. No, no; come to me if you 'd see Pictures.

Frail. You?

Scan. Yes Faith, I can shew you your own Picture, and most of your acquaintance, to the life, and as like as at *Knellers*.

Frail O lying creature—*Valentine*, does not he lye? I can't believe a word he says.

Val. No indeed, he speaks truth now: For as *Tattle* has Pictures of all that have granted him favours, he has the Pictures of all that have refus'd him: If Satires, Descriptions, Characters and Lampoons are Pictures.

Scan. Yes, mine are most in black and white—And yet there are some set out in their true colours, both Men and Woman. I can shew you Pride, Folly, Affectation, Wantonness, Inconstancy, Covetousness, Dissimulation, Malice, and Ignorance, all in one piece. Then I can shew you Lying, Foppery, Vanity, Cowardise, Bragging, Lechery, Impotence and Ugliness in another piece; and yet one of these is a celebrated Beauty, and t'other a profest Beau. I have Paintings too, some pleasant enough.

Frail. Come, let's hear'em.

Scan. Why, I have a Beau in a Bagnio, cupping for a complexion, and sweating for a shape.

Frail. So.

Scan. Then I have a Lady burning brandy in a cellar with a Hackney-Coachman.

Frail. O Devil! Well, but that story is not true.

Scan.

Scan. I have some Hieroglyphicks too ; I have a Lawyer with a hundred hands, two heads, and but one face ; a Divin with two faces , and one head ; and I have a Soldier with his brains in his belly , and his heart where his head shou'd be.

Frail. And no head ?

Scan. No head.

Frail. Pooh, this is all invention. Have you ne'er a Poet ?

Scan. Yes , I have a Poet weighing words , and felling praise for praise , and a Critick picking his pocket. I have another large piece too , representing a school ; where there are huge proportion'd Criticks with long wiggs , lac'd coats , *Steinkirk* cravats , and terrible faces ; with cat-calls in their hands , and horn-books about their necks. I have many more of this kind , very well painted , as you shall see.

Frail. Well, I'll come if it be only to disprove you.

SCENE XV.

[*To them*] *Jeremy.*

Jere. Sir , here's the Steward again from your Father.

Val. I'll come to him—will you give me leave ? I'll wait on you again presently.

Frail. No, I'll be gone. Come , who , squires me to the *Exchange* ? I must call my Sister *Forefight* there.

Scan. I will ; I have a mind to your Sister.

Frail. Civil !

Tatt. I will ; because I have a tendre for your Ladyship.

Frail. That's somewhat the better reason , to my opinion.

Scan. Well, if *Tattle* entertains you , I have the better opportunity to engage your Sister.

C

Val.

Val. Tell *Angelica*, I am about making hard conditions to come abroad, and be at liberty to see her.

Scan. I'll give an account of you, and your proceedings. If indiscretion be a sign of love, you are the most a Lover of any body that I know: you fancy that parting with your Estate will help you to your Mistress — In my mind he is a thoughtless Adventurer,

Who hopes to purchase wealth, by selling land,

Or win a Mistress, with a losing hand. [Exeunt.



A C T. II.

S C E N E I.

A Room in Foresight's House.

Foresight and Servant.

FORESIGHT.

Hey day! What are all the Women of my Family abroad? Is not my Wife come home? Nor my Sister, nor my Daughter?

Serv. No, Sir.

Fore. Mercy on us, what can be the meaning of it? Sure the Moon is in all her fortitudes! Is my Neice *Angelica* at home?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Fore. I believe you lie, Sir.

Serv. Sir?

Fore. I say you lie, Sir. It is impossible that any thing should be as I would have it; for I was born,
Sir,

Sir, when the Crab was ascending, and all my affairs go backward.

Serv. I can't tell indeed, Sir.

Fore. No, I know you can't, Sir: But I can tell, and foretell, Sir.

SCENE II.

[to them] *Nurse.*

Fore. *Nurse*, Where's your young Mistress?

Nurse. Wee'ft heart, I know not, they're none of 'em come home yet: Poor Child, I warrant she's fond o'feeing the Town,—Marry, pray Heav' they ha' given her any dinner—Good lack-a day! ha, ha, ha, O strange; I'll vow and swear now, ha, ha, ha, Marry and did you ever see the like?

Fore. Why how now, what's the matter?

Nurse. Pray Heav'n send your Worship good luck, Marry and Amen with all my heart, for you have put on one stocking with the wrong side outward.

Fore. Ha, how? Faith and troth I'm glad of it, and so I have; that may be good luck in troth, in troth it may, very good luck: Nay, I have had some Omens; I got out of bed backwards too this morning, without premeditation; pretty good that too: but then I stumbl'd coming down Stairs, and met a Weasel; bad Omens those: some bad, some good, our lives are chequer'd, mirth and sorrow want and plenty, night and day, make up our time,—But in troth I am pleas'd at my stocking. Very well pleas'd at my stocking—Oh here's my Neice!—

Sirrah, go tell Sir *Sampson Legend* I'll wait on him, if he's at leisure—'tis now three a clock, a very good hour for business, *Mercury* governs this hour.

SCENE III.

Angelica, Foresight, Nurse.

Ang. Is not a good hour for pleasure too? Uncle, pray lend me your Coach, mine's out of order.

Fore. What, wou'd you be gadding too? Sure all Females are mad to day—It is of evil portent, & bodes mischief to the Master of a Family—I remember an old Prophecie written by *Messahalab* the *Arabian*, and thus translated by a Reverend *Buckinghamshire* Bard

*When housewives all the House forsake,
And leave Goodman to brew and bake,
Withouten guile, then be it said,
That House doth stand upon its head;
And when the head is set in ground,
Ne marl, if it be fruitful fond.*

Fruitful, the head fruitful, that bodes Horns; the fruit of the head is Horns—Dear Neice, stay at home—For by the head of the house is meant the Husband; the Prophecy needs no explanation

Ang. Well, but I can neither make you a Cuckold, Uncle, by going abroad; nor secure you from being one, by staying at home.

Fore. Yes yes; while there's one Woman left, the Prophecy is not in full force.

Ang. But my inclinations are in force, I have a mind to go abroad; and if you won't lend me your Coach, I'll take a Hackney, or a Chair, and leave you to erect a Scheme, and find who's in conjunction with your Wife. Why don't you keep her at home, if you're jealous of her when she's abroad? You know my Aunt is a little retrograde (as you call it) in her nature. Uncle, I'm afraid you are not Lord of the Ascendant, ha, ha, ha.

Fore.

Fore. Well, Jill-flirt, you are very pert—and always ridiculing that celestial Science.

Ang. Nay Uncle, don't be angry——If you are, I'll reap up all your false Prophecies, ridiculous Dreams, and idle Divinations. I'll swear you are a nuisance to the Neighbourhood——What a bustle did you keep against the last invisible Eclipse, laying in provision as 'twere for a Siege? What a world of fire and candle, matches and tinder boxes did you purchase! One would have thought we were ever after to live under ground; or at least making a voyage to *Greenland*, to inhabit there all the dark season.

Fore. Why, you malapert Slut—

Ang. Will you lend me your Coach, or I'll go on—Nay, I'll declare how you prophecy'd Popery was coming, only because the Butler had mislaid some of the Apostl's spoons, and thought they were lost. Away when Religion and spoon-meat together——Indeed, Uncle, I'll indite you for a Wizard.

Fore How Hussy! was there ever such a provoking minx?

Nurse. O merciful Father, how she talks!

Ang. Yes, I can make Oath of your unlawful midnight practices; you and the old Nurse there—

Nurse. Marry Heav'n defend—I at midnight practices——O Lord, what's here to do?—I in unlawful doings with my Masters Worship—Why, did you ever hear the like now—Sir, did ever I do any thing of your midnight concerns—but warm your bed, and tuck you up, and set the candle, and your tobacco-box, and your urinal by you, and now and then rub the soles of your feet?—O Lord, I!

Ang. Yes, I saw you together, thro' the key-hole of the Closet, one nigt, like *Saul* and the Witch of *Endor*, turning the sieve and sheers, and pricking your thumbs, to write poor innocent Servants names in blood, about a little nutmeg grater, which she had

forgot in the Caudle-cup—Nay, I know something worse, if I would speak of it—

Fore. I defie you, Huffy; but I'll remember this, I'll be reveng'd on you Cockatrice; I'll hamper you—You have your Fortune in your own hands—But I'll find a way to make your Lover, your prodigal spendthrift Gallant, *Valentine*, pay for all, I will.

Ang. Will you? I care not, but all shal out then—Look to it, Nurse; I can bring witness that you have a great unnatural teat under your left arm, and he another; and that you suckle a young Devil in the shape of a Tabby-Cat, by turns, I can.

Nurse. A teat, a teat, I an unnatural teat! O the false slanderous thing; feel, feel here, if I have any thing but like another Christian, [*crying*]

Fore. I will have patience, since it is the will of the Stars I should be thus tormented—This is the effect of the malicious Conjunctions and Oppositions in the third house of my Nativity; there the curse of Kindred was foretold—But I will have my doors lock'd up—I'll punish you, not a Man shal enter my house.

Ang. Do Uncle, lock 'em up quickly before my Aunt come home—You'll have a Letter for Alimony to morrow morning—But let me be gone first, and then let no Mankind come near the house, but converse with Spirits and the Celestial Signs, the Bull, and the Ram, and the Goat. Bless me! there are a great many horn'd Beasts among the twelve Signs, Uncle. But Cuckolds go to Heav'n.

Fore. But there's but one Virgin among the twelve Signs, Spite-fire; but one Virgin.

Ang. Nor there had not been that one, if she had had to with any thing but Astrologers, Uncle. That makes my Aunt go abroad.

Fore. How? how? is that the reason? Come, you know something; tell me, and I'll forgive you; do,
good

good Neice—Come, you shall have my Coach and Horfes—Faith and Troth you shall—Does my Wife complain? Come, I know Women tell one another—She is young and fanguine, has a wanton hazle eye, and was born under *Gemini*, which may incline her to fociety: ſhe has a Mole upon her lip, with a moiſt palm, and an upon liberality on the Mount o *Venus*.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha.

Fore. Do you laugh?—Well Gentlewoman, I'll—But come, be a good Girl, don't perplex your poor Uncle, tell me—won't you ſpeak? Odd I'll—

S C E N E IV.

[*To them*] *Servant.*

Serv. Sir *Sampſon* is coming down to wait upon you—

Ang. Good bu'y Uncle—Call me a Chair—I'll find out my Aunt, and tell her, ſhe muſt not come home.

Fore. I'm ſo perplex'd and vex'd, I am not fit to receive him. I ſhal ſcarce recover my ſelf before the hour be paſt: Go Nurſe, tell Sir *Sampſon* I'm ready to wait on him.

Nurſe. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Fore. Well—Why, if I was born to be a Cuckold, there's no more to be ſaid—he's here already—

S C E N E V.

Foresight and ſir Sampſon, Legend. with a paper.

Sir *Samp.* Nor no more to be done, Old Boy; that's plain—here 'tis: I have it in my hand, Old *Ptolomee*;

I'll make the ungracious Prodigal know who begat him; I will, old *Nostradamus*. What, I warrant my Son thought nothing belong'd to a Father, but forgiveness and affection; no authority, no correction, no arbitrary power; nothing to be done, but for him to offend, and me to pardon. I warrant you, if he danc'd till Doomsday, he thought I was to pay the Piper. Well, but here it is under black and white, *Signatum*, *Sigillatum*, and *Deliberatum*; that as soon as my Son *Benjamin* is arriv'd, he is to make over to him his right of Inheritance. Where's my Daughter that is to be—hah! old *Merlin*! body o'me, I'm so glad I'm reveng'd on this undutiful Rogue.

Fore. Odso, let me see; Let me see the Paper—Ay, faith and troth, here 'tis, if it will but hold—I wish things were done; And the Conveyance made—When was this sign'd, what hour? Odso, you should have consulted me for the time. Well, but we'll make haste—

Sir *Samp.* Haste, ay, ay, haste enough; my Son *Ben* will be in Town to-night—I have order'd my Lawyer to draw up Writings of settlement and joyn-ture—All shall be done to night—No matter for the time; pr'ythee, Brother *Forefight*, leave Superstition—Pox o'th' time; there's no time but the time present; there's no more to be said of what's past, and all that is to come will happen. If the Sun shine by day, and the Stars by night, why, we shall know one another's faces without the help of a Candle, and that's all the Stars are good for.

Fore. How, how? Sir *Sampson*, that all? Give me leave to contradict you, and tell you, you are ignorant.

Sir *Samp.* I tell you I am wise; and *sapiens dominabitur astris*; there's Latin for you to prove it, and an argument to confound your *Ephemeris*—Ignorant!—I tell you, I have travel'd old *Fircu*, and know the
Globe

Globe. I have seen the *Antipodes*, where the Sun rises at midnight, and sets at noon-day.

Fore. But I tell you, I have travell'd, and travell'd in the coelestial *Spheres*; know the *Sign's* and the *Planets*, and their houses; can judge of motions direct and retrograde, of *sextiles*, *Quadrates*, *Trines* and *Oppositions*, fiery *Trigons* and aquatical *Trigons*: Know whether life shall be long or short, happy or unhappy; whether Diseases are curable or incurable. If Journeys shall be prosperous, Undertakings successful; or Goods stoll'n recover'd. I know—

Sir Samp. I know the length of the Emperor of *China's* foot; have kiss'd the Great *Mogul's* slipper, and rid a hunting upon an Elephant with the Cham of *Tartary*—Body of me, I have made a Cockold of a King, and the present Majesty of *Bantam* is the issue of these loins,

Fore. I know when Travellers lye or speak truth, when they don't know it themselves.

Sir Samp. I have known an Astrologer made a Cuc-kold in the twinkling of a Star; and seen a Conjur-er, that cou'd not keep the Devil out of his Wives Circle.

Fore. What does he twit me with my Wife too, I must be better inform'd of this—[*Aside*]—Do you mean my Wife, *Sir Sampson*? Tho' you made a Cuc-kold of the King of *Bantam*, yet by the body of the Sun—

Sir Samp. By the horns of the Moon, you wou'd say, Brother *Capricorn*.

Fore. *Capricorn* in you teeth, thou Modern *Man-devill*; *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto* was but a Type of thee, thou Liar of the first magnitude. Take back your paper of inheritance; send your Son to sea again. I'll wed my Daughter to an *Egyptian* Mummy, e're she shal incorporate with a Contemner of Sciences, and a defamer of Virtue.

Sir *Samp.* Body o'me, I have gone too far?—I must not provoke honest *Albumazar*—an *Egyptian* Mummy is an illustrious Creature, my trusty Hieroglyphick; and may have significations of futurity about him; Odsbud, I would my Son were an *Egyptian* Mummy for thy sake. What, thou art not angry for a jest, my good *Ha'y*—I reverence the Sun, Moon and Stars with all my heart—What, I'll make thee a present of a Mummy: Now I think on't, Body o me, I have a shoulder of an *Egyptian* King, that I purloin'd from one of the Pyramids, powder'd with Hieroglyphicks, thou shalt have it brought home to thy House, and make an Entertainment for all the *Philomaths*, and Students in Physick and Astronomy in and about *London*.

Fore. But what do you know of my Wife, Sir *Sampson*?

Sir *Samp.* Thy Wife is a Constellation of Virtues, she's the Moon, and thou art the Man in the Moon; Nay, she is more illustrious than the Moon; for she: has her Chastity without her Inconstancy. 's'bud I was but in jest.

SCENE VI.

[*To them*] *Jeremy.*

Sir. *Samp.* How now, who sent for you? Ha! what wou'd you have?

Fore. Nay, if you were but in jest.—Who's that Fellow? I don't like his Physiognomy.

Sir *Samp.* My Son, Sir; what Son, Sir? My Son *Benjamin*, hoh?

Jere. No, Sir, Mr. *Valentine*, my Master,—'tis the first time he has been abroad since his confinement, and he comes to pay his duty to you.

Sir *Samp.* Well, Sir.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

Forefight Sir Sampson, Valentine, Jeremy.

Jere. He is here, Sir.

Val. Your Blessing, Sir.

Sir Samp. You've had 'it already, Sir; I think I sent it you to day in a Bill of four thousand Pound: A great deal of money, Brother *Forefight*.

Fore. Ay indeed, Sir *Sampson*, a great deal of money for a young Man; I wonder what he can do with it!

Sir Samp. Body o'me so do I.—Heark ye, *Valentine*, if there is too much, refund the superfluity; do'ft hear Boy?

Val. Superfluity, Sir, it will scarce pay my debts,—I hope you will have more indulgence, than to oblige me to those hard conditions, which my necessity sign'd to.

Sir Samp. Sir, how I beseech you, what were you pleas'd to intimate, concerning indulgence?

Val. Why, Sir that you wou'd not go to the extremity of the conditions, but release me at least from some part.—

Sir Samp. Oh Sir, I understand you,—that's all, ha?

Val. Yes, Sir, all that I presume to ask.—But what you, out of Fatherly fondness, will be pleas'd to add, shall be doubly welcome.

Sir Samp. No doubt of it, sweet Sir, but your filial Piety, and my Fatherly fondness wou'd fit like two Tallies—Here's a Rogue, Brother *Forefight*, makes a Bargain under hand & seal in the morning, and would be releas'd from it in the afternoon; here's a Rogue, Dog, here's Conscience and Honesty; this is your Wit now, this is the morality of your Wits! You are a Wit, and have been a Beau, and may be a

—Why

—Why Sirrah, is it not here under hand and seal—
can you deny it?

Val. Sir, I don't deny it—

Sir Samp. Sirrah, you'll be hang'd; I shall live to see you go up *Holborn-hill*—Has he not a Rogues face?—Speak, Brother, you understand *Phyfiognomy*; a hanging look to me;—of all my Boys the most unlike me; he has a damn'd *Tyburn* face, without the benefit o' the Clergy.

Fore. Hum—truly I don't care to discourage a young Man—he has a violent death in his face; but I hope no danger of hanging.

Val. Sir, is this usage for your Son?—for that old, Weather headed fool, I know how to laugh at him; but you, Sir—

Sir Samp. You Sir; and you Sir:—Why, who are you Sir?

Val. Your Son Sir.

Sir Samp. That's more than I know, Sir, and I believe not.

Val. Faith, I hope not.

Sir Samp. What, wou'd you have your Mother a Whore! Did you ever hear the like! Did you ever hear the like! Body o' me—

Val. I would have an excuse for your barbarity and unnatural usage.

Sir Samp. Excuse! Impudence! why Sirrah, mayn't I do what I please? Are not you my Slave? Dit not I beget you? And might not I have chosen whether I would have begot you or no? Oons who are you? Whence came you? What brought you into the World? How came you here, Sir? Here, to stand here, upon those two legs, and look erect with that audacious face, hah! Answer me that? Did you come a Volunteer into the world? Or did I beat up for you with the lawful authority of a Parent, and press you to the service?

Val.

Val. I know no more why I came, than you do why you call'd me: But here I am, and if you don't mean to provide for me, I desire you wou'd leave me as you found me.

Sir Samp. With all my heart: Come, uncase, strip, and go naked out of the world as you came into't.

Val. My cloaths are soon put off:—But you must also deprive me of Reason, thought, passions, inclinations, affections, appetites, senses, and te huge train of attendants that you begot along with me.

Sir Samp. Body o' me, what a many headed Monster have I propagated?

Val. I am of my self, a plain easie simple creature; and to be kept at small expence; but the retinue that you gave me are craving and invincible; they are so many Devils that you have rais'd, and will have employment.

Sir Samp. 'Oons, what had I to do to get Children — can't a private man be born without all these followers:— Why nothing under an Emperour should be born with appetites, — Why at this rate a fellow that has but a groat in his pocket, may have a stomach capable of a ten Schilling Ordinary.

Jere. Nay, that's as clear as the Sun, I'll make oath of it before any Justice in *Middlesex*.

Sir Samp. Here's a Cormorant too, — 'S heart this fellow was not born with you? — I did not beget him, did I? —

Jere. By the provision that's made for me, you might have begot me too: — Nay and to tell your Worship another truth, I believe you did, for I find I was born with those same whore son appetites too, that my Master speaks of.

Sir Samp. Why look you there now, — I'll maintain it, that by the rule of right reason, this fellow ought to have been born without a palate. — 'S heart, what shou'd he do with a distinguishing taste? — I war-
rant

rant now he'd rather eat a Pheasant, than a piece of poor *John*: and smell now, why I warrant he can smell, and loves perfumes above a stink.—Why there's it; and Musick, don't you love Musick Scoundrel?

Fere. Yes, I have a reasonable good ear, Sir, as to Jiggs and Country Dances, and the like; I don't much matter your *Sola's* or *Sonata's*, they give me the spleen.

Sir Samp. The Spleen, ha, ha, ha, a Pox confound you—*Sola's* and *Sonata's*? 'Oons whose Son are you? how were you engendred, Muckworm?

Fere. I am by my Father, the Son of a Chair-man, my Mother sold Oysters in winter, and Cucumbers in summer; and I came up stairs into the World; for I was born in a Cellar.

Fore. By your looks, you shou'd go up stairs out of the world too, Friend.

Sir Samp. And if this Rogue were anatomiz'd now, and dissected, he has his Vessels of digestion and connection, and so forth, large enough for the inside of a Cardinal, this Son of a Cucumber.—These things are unaccountable and unreasonable,—Body o'me, why was I not a Bear? that my Cubs might have liv'd upon sucking their paws; Nature has been provident only to Bears and Spiders; the one has its nutriment in his own hands; and t'other spins his habitation out of his entrails.

Val. Fortune was provident enough to supply all the necessities of my nature; if I had my right of inheritance.

Sir Samp. Again! 'Oons han't you four thousand Pound—If I had it again, I wou'd not give thee a groat,—What wouldst thou have me turn Pelican, and feed thee out of my own vitals?—'S heart, live by your wits,—You were always fond of the Wits,—Now let's see, it you have wit enough to keep your self?—Your Brother will be in Town to-night, or to-morrow morning, and then look you perform covenants,

nants, and so your Friend and Servant.—Come Brother *Forefight*.

SCENE VIII.

Valentine, Jeremy.

Jere. I told you what your visit wou'd come to.

Val. 'Tis as much as I expected—I did not come to see him, I came to *Angelica*; but since she was gone abroad, it was easily turn'd another way; and at least look'd well on my side. What's here? *Mrs. Forefight* and *Mrs. Frail*, they are earnest. —I'll avoid 'em, —Come this way, and go and enquire when *Angelica* will return.

SCENE IX.

Mrs. Forefight; and Mrs. Frail.

Mrs. Frail. What have you to do to watch me?—
'S'life I'll do what I please.

Mrs. Fore. You will?

Frail. Yes marry will I—A great piece of business to go to *Covent-Garden Square* in a Hackney-Coach, and take a turn with one's Friend.

Mrs. Fore. Nay, two or three turns, I'll take my oath.

Frail. Well, what if I took twenty—I warrant if you had been there, it had been only innocent recreation—Lord where's the comfort of this life, if we can't have the happiness of conversing where we like?

Mrs. Fore. But can't you converse at home?—I own it, I think there's no happiness like conversing with an agreeable man; I don't quarrel at that, nor I don't think but your Conversation was very innocent; but the place is publick, and to be seen with a man, in a Hackney-Coach

Coach is scandalous: What if any body else shou'd have seen you alite as I did?—How can any body be happy, while they're in perpetual fear of being seen and censur'd—Besides, it wou'd not only reflect upon you, Sister, but me.

Frail, Pooh, here's a clutter—why should it reflect upon you?—I don't doubt but you have thought your self happy in a Hackney-coach before now.—If I had gone to *Knights-bridge*, or to *Chelsey*, or to *Spring-Garden*, or *Barn-Elms* with a man alone—something might have been said.

Mrs. Fore. Why was I ever in any of these places? What do you mean Sister?

Frail. Was I? what do you mean?

Mrs. Fore. You have been at a worse place.

Frail. I at a worse place, and with a Man!

Mrs. Fore. I suppose you would not go alone to the *World's-end*.

Frail. The World's end! What do you mean to banter me?

Mrs. Fore. Poor innocent! you don't know that there's a place call'd the *World's-end*? I'll swear you can keep your countenance purely, you'd make an admirable Player.

Frail. I'll swear you have a great deal of impudence and in my mind too much for the Stage.

Mrs. Fore. Very well, that will appear who has most; you never were at the *World's-end*?

Frail. No.

Mrs. Fore. You deny it positively to my face.

Frail. Your face, what's your face.

Mrs. Fore. No matter for that, it's as good a face as yours.

Frail. Not by a dozen years wearing —But I do deny it positively to your face then.

Mrs. Fore. I'll allow you now to find fault with my face;—for I'll swear your impudence has put me out
of

of countenance ;—But look you here now,—where did you lose this Gold bodkin?—Oh Sister, Sister!

Frail. My Bodkin!

Mrs. Fore. Nay, 'tis yours, look at it.

Frail. Well, if you go to that, where did you find this bodkin?—Oh Sister!—Sister every way.

Mrs. Fore. O Devil on't, that I could not discover her, without betraying my self. [*Aside.*

Frail. I have heard Gentlemen say, Sister that one should take great care when one makes a thrust in Fencing, not to lye open ones self.

Mrs. Fore. It's very true, Sister: Well since all's out, and as you say, since we are both wounded, let us do that is often done in Duels, take care of one another, and grow better Friends than before.

Frail. With all my heart, ours are but slight flesh-wounds, and if we keep'em from air, not at all dangerous. Well, give me your hand in token of sisterly secrecie and affection.

Mrs. Fore. Here 'tis with all my heart.

Frail. Well, as an earnest of Friendship and confidence; I'll acquaint you with a design that I have. To tell truth, and speak openly one to another; I'm afraid the world has observ'd us more than we have observ'd one another. You have a rich Husband, and are provided for; I am at a loss, and have no great Stock either of Fortune or Reputation; and therefore must look sharply about me. Sir *Sampson* has a Son that is expected to night; and by the account I have heard of his education can be no Conjuror: The Estate you know is to be made over to him:—Now if I cou'd wheedle him, Sister, ha? You understand me?

Mrs. Fore. I do; and will help you to the utmost of my power—And I can tell you one thing that falls out luckily enough, my aukward Daughter-in-Law, who you know is design'd to be his wife, is grown fond

of Mr. *Tattle*; now if we can improve that, and make her have an aversion for the Booby, it may go a great way towards his liking of you. Here they come together; and let us contrive some way or other to leave 'em together.

S C E N E X.

[*To them*] *Tattle and Miss Prue.*

Miss Pru. Mother, Mother, Mother, look you here.

Mrs. Fore. Fie, fie, Miss, how you bawl—besides, I have told you, you must not call me Mother.

Miss Pru. What must I call you then, are you not my Father's Wife?

Mrs. Fore. Madam; you must say Madam—By my Soul, I shall fancy my self old indeed, to have this great Gril call me Mother—Well, but Miss, what are you so overjoy'd at?

Miss Pru. Look you here, Madam then, what Mr. *Tattle* has giv'n me—Look you here Cousin, here's a Snuff-box; nay, there's Snuff in 't;—here, will you have any—Oh good! how sweet it is—Mr. *Tattle* is all over sweet, his perruke is sweet, and his gloves are sweet,—and his handkerchief is sweet, pure sweet, sweeter than Roses—Smell him Mother, Madam, I mean—He gave me this Ring for a kiss.

Tatt. O fie Miss, you must not kiss and tell.

Miss Pru. Yes; I may tell my Mother—And he says he'll give me something to make me smell so—Oh pray lend me your handkerchief—Smell Cousin; he says, he'll give me something that will make my smocks smell this way—Is not it pure?—t's better than lavender mun—I'm resolv'd I won't let Nurse put any more lavender among my smocks: ha Cousin!

Frail. Fie, Miss; amongst your linnen, you must say—You must never say smock.

Miss

Miss Pru. Why, it is not bawdy, is it Cousin?

Tatt. Oh Madam; you are too severe upon Miss; you must not find fault with her pretty simplicity, it becomes her strangely—pretty Miss, don't let 'em persuade you out of your Innocency.

Mrs. Fore. Oh, Demm you Toad—I wish you don't persuade her out of her Innocency.

Tatt. Who I, Madam?—Oh Lord, how can your Ladyship have such a thought—sure you don't know me.

Frail. Ah Devil, fly Devil—He's as close, Sister as a Confessor—He thinks we don't observe him.

Mrs. Fore. A cunning Cur; how soon he cou'd find out a fresh harmless Creature; and left us, Sister, presently.

Tatt. Upon Reputation.—

Mrs. Fore. They're all so, Sister, these Men—they love to have the spoiling of a young thing; they are as fond of it, as of being first in the fashion, or of seeing a new Play the first day.—I warrant it would break

Mr. Tattl's heart, to think that any body else shou'd be before hand with him.

Tatt. Oh Lord, I swear I would not for the world—

Frail. O hang you; who'll believe you?—You'd be hang'd before you'd confess—we know you—she's very pretty!—Lord, what pure red and white!—she looks so wholesome; ne'er stir, I don't know, but I fancy, if I were a Man—

Miss Pru. How you love to jeer one, Cousin

Mrs. Fore. Hark'ee, Sister—by my Soul the Girl is spoil'd already—d'ye think she'll ever endure a great lubberly Tarpawlin—Gad I warrant you, she won't let him come near her, after *Mr. Tattle*.

Frail. O' my Soul, I'm afraid not—eh!—filthy Creature, that smells all of pitch and tarr—Devil take you, you confounded Toad—why did you see her, before she was married?

Mrs. Fore. Nay why did we let him—my Husband will hang us—He'll think we brought'em acquainted.

Frail. Come, faith let us be gone—If my Brother *Forefight* shou'd find us with them—he'd think so, sure enough.

Mrs. Fore. So he wou'd—but then leaving 'em together is as bad—And he's such a sly Devil, he'll never miss an opportunity.

Frail. I don't care; I won't be seen in 't.

Mrs. Fore. Well, if you should, Mr. *Tattle*, you'll have a world to answer for: remember I wash my hands of it, I'm thoroughly innocent.

S C E N E XI.

Tattle Miss Pru.

Miss Pru. What makes 'em go away, Mr. *Tattle*. What do they mean, do you know?

Tatt. Yes, my Dear—I think I can guess—But hang me if I know the reason of it.

Miss Pru. Come, must not we go too?

Tatt. No, no, they don't mean that.

Miss Pru. No! what then? what shall you and I do together?

Tatt. I must make love to you, pretty Miss; will you let me make love to you?

Miss Pru. Yes, if you please.

Tatt. Frank, I Gad at least. What a pox does Mrs. *Forefight* mean by this civility? Is it to make a Fool of me? Or does she leave us together out of good morality, and do as she would be done by—Gad I'll understand it so. [Aside.

Miss Pru. Well, and how will you make love to me—Come, I long to have you begin;—must I make love too? You must tell me how.

Tatt. You must let me speak Miss, you must not speak

Speak first; I must ask you questions, and you must answer.

Miss Pru. What, is it like the Catechism? Come then ask me.

Tatt. Dy'e think you can love me?

Miss Pru. Yes.

Tatt. Pooh, pox, you must not say yes already; I shan't care a farthing for you then in a twinkling.

Miss Pru. What must I say then?

Tatt. Why you must say no, or you believe not, or you can't tell—

Miss Pru. Why, must I tell a lie then?

Tatt. Yes, if you'd be well-bred. All well-bred persons lie—Besides, you are a Woman, you must never speak what you think: Your words must contradict your thoughts; but your actions may contradict your words. So, when I ask you, if you can love me, you must say no, but you must love me too—If I tell you you are handsome, you must deny it, and say I flatter you—But you must think your self more charming than I speak you: And like me, for the beauty which I say you have, as much as if I had it my self.—If I ask you to kiss me, you must be angry, but you must not refuse me. If I ask you for more, you must be more angry,—but more complying; and as soon as ever I make you say you'll cry out, you must be sure to hold your tongue.

Miss. pru. O Lord, I swear this is pure,—I like it better than our old fashion'd country way of speaking ones mind,—and must not you lie too?

Tatt. Hum—Yes—But you must believe I speak truth.

Miss. pru. O *Gemini*! well, I always had a great mind to tell lies—but they frightened me, and said it was a sin.

Tatt. Well, my pretty Creature; will you make me happy by giving me a kiss?

Miss. pru. No, indeed; I'm angry at you.—

[*Runs and kisses him.*]

Tatt. Hold, hold, that's pretty well,—but you should not have given it me, but have suffer'd me to take it.

Miss. pru. Well, we'll do it again.

Tatt. With all my heart,—Now then my little Angel.

[*Kisses her.*]

Miss. pru. Pish.

Tatt. That's right, again my Charmer. [*Kisses again.*]

Miss. pru. O fie, nay, now I can't abide you.

Tatt. Admirable! That was as well as if you had been born and bred in *Covent-Garden*,—And won't you shew me, pretty *Miss* where, your bed chamber is?

Miss. No, indeed won't I: But I'll run there, and hide my self from you behind the curtains.

Tatt. I'll follow you.

Miss. pru. Ah, but I'll hold the door with both hands, and be angry;—and you shall push me down before you come in.

Tatt. No, I'll come in first, and push you down afterwards.

Miss. pru. Will you? then I'll be more angry, and more complying.

Tatt. Then I'll make you cry out.

Miss. pru. Oh but you shan't, for I'll hold my tongue.—

Tatt. Oh my dear, apt scholar.

Miss. pru. Well, now I'll run and make more haste than you.

Tatt. You shall not fly so fast, as I'll pursue.



ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. **M**Iss, Miss, Miss *Prue*—Mercy on me, marry and Amen: Why, what's become of the Child?—Why Miss, Miss *Forefight*—Sure she has lock'd her self up in her chamber, and gone to sleep, or to Prayers; Miss, Miss, I hear her—Come to your Father, Child: Open the door—Open the door Miss—I hear you cry husht—O Lord, who's there? [*peeps*] What's here to do?—O the Father! a Man with her!—Why, Miss I say, God's my life, here's fine doings towards—O Lord, we're all undone—O you young Harlotry [*knocks.*] Ods my life, won't you open the door? I'll come in the back way.

SCENE II.

Tattle, Miss, Prue.

Miss. pru. O Lord, she's coming—and she'll tell my Father, what shall I do now?

Tatt. Pox take her; if she had staid two minutes longer, I shou'd have wish'd for her coming.

Miss. pru. O dear, what shall I say? Tell me, Mr. *Tattle*, tell me a lie.

Tatt. There's no occasion for a lie ; I cou'd never tell a lie to no purpose—But since we have done nothing , we must say nothing. I think. I hear her—I'll leave you together, and come off as you can.

[*Thrusts her in, and shuts the door.*]

SCENE III.

Tattle, Valentine, Scandal, Angelica.

Ang. You can't accuse me of inconstancy ; I never told you, that I lov'd you.

Val. But I can accuse you of uncertainty , for not telling me whether you did or not.

Ang. You mistake indifference for uncertainty ; I never had concern enough to ask my self the question.

Scan. Nor good nature enough to answer him that did ask you : I'll say that for you, Madam.

Ang. What, are you setting up for good nature ?

Scan. Only for the affectation of it, as the Women do for ill nature.

Ang. Persuade your Friend, that is all affectation.

Scan. I shall receive no benefit from the opinion : For I know no effectual difference between continued affectation and reality.

Tatt. } *Scandal*, are you in private discourse, any
coming up } thing of secrecie? [*Aside to Scandal.*]

Scan. Yes, but I dare trust you ; We were talking of *Angelica's* love for *Valentine* ; you won't speak of it.

Tatt. No, no, not a syllable—I know that's a secret, for it's whisper'd every where.

Scan. Ha, ha, ha.

Ang. What is, Mr. *Tattle* ? I heard you say something was whisper'd every where.

Tatt. Your love of *Valentine*.

Ang. How !

Tatt.

Tatt. No, Madam, his love for your Ladyship—Gad take me, I beg your pardon—for I never heard a word of your Ladyships Passion, till this instant.

Ang. My Passion! and who told you of my Passion, pray Sir?

Scan. Why, is the Devil in you? Did not I tell it you for a secret?

Tatt. Gadso; but I' thought she might have been trusted with her own affairs.

Scan. Is that your discretion? trust a Woman with her self?

Tatt. You say true, I beg your pardon;—I'll bring all off—It was impossible, Madam, for me to imagine, that a person of your Ladyship's with and gallantry, could have so long receiv'd the passionate addresses of the accomplish'd *Valentine*, and yet remain insensible; therefore you will pardon me, if from a just weight of his merit, with your Ladyships good judgment, I form'd the ballance of a reciprocal affection.

Val. O the Devil, what damn'd costive Poet has given thee this lesson of fustian to get by rote?

Ang. I dare swear you wrong him, it is his own—And Mr. *Tattle* only judges of the success of others, from the effects of his own merit. For certainly Mr. *Tattle* was never deny'd any thing in his life.

Tatt. O Lord! yes indeed, Madam, several times.

Ang. I swear I don't think 'tis possible.

Tatt. Yes, I vow and swear I have: Lord, Madam, I'm the most unfortunate man in the world, and the most cruelly us'd by the Ladies.

Ang. Nay, now you're ungrateful.

Tatt. No, I hope not—'tis as much ingratitude to own some favours, as to conceal others.

Val. There, now it's out.

Ang. I don't understand you now. I thought you
D 5 had

had never ask'd any thing, but what a Lady might modestly grant, and you confess.

Scan. So, faith, your business is done here; now you may go brag somewhere else.

Tatt. Brag! O Heav'ns! Why, did I name any body?

Ang. No; I suppose that is not in your power; but you wou'd if you could, no doubt on't.

Tatt. Not in my power, Madam! What does your Ladyship mean, that I have no Womans reputation in my power?

Scan. Oons, why you wont own it, will you?

[*Aside.*

Tatt. Faith; Madam, you're in the right; no more I have, as I hope to be fav'd; I never had it in my power to say any thing to a Lady's prejudice in my life—For as I was telling you Madam, I have been the most unsuccessful Creature living, in things of that nature; and never had the good fortune to be trusted once with a Lady's secret, not once.

Ang. No.

Val. Not once, I dare answer for him.

Scan. And I'll answer for him; for I'm sure if he had, he would have told me: I find, Madam, you don't know Mr. *Tattle*.

Tatt. No indeed, Madam, you don't know me at all, I find: For sure my intimate Friends wou'd have known—

Ang. Then it seems you would have told, if you had been trusted.

Tatt. O pox, *Scandal*, that was too far put—Never have told particulars, Madam. Perhaps I might have talk'd as of a third person—or have Introduc'd an Amour of my own, in conversation, by way of Novel: but never had explain'd particulars.

Ang. But whence comes the reputation of Mr. *Tatt.* *le's* secrecie, if he was never trusted?

Scan.

Scan. Why thence it arises—The thing is proverbially spoken; but may be apply'd to him—As if we shou'd say in general terms, He only is secret who never was trusted; a fatyrical Proverb upon our Sex—There's another upon yours—As she is chaste, who was never ask'd the question. That's all.

Val. A couple of very civil Proverbs, truly: 'Tis hard to tell whether the Lady or Mr. *Tattle* be the more obliged to you: For you found her virtue, upon the backwardness of the Men; and his secrecie, upon the mistrust of the Women.

Tatt. Gad, it's very true, Madam, I think we are oblig'd to acquit our selves—And for my part—But your Ladyship is to speak first—

Ang. Am I? Well, I freely confess I have resisted a great deal of temptation.

Tatt. And I Gad, I have given some temptation that has not been resisted.

Val. Good.

Ang. I cite *Valentine* here, to declare to the Court, how fruitless he has found his endeavours, and to confess all his sollicitations and my denials.

Val. I am ready to plead, not guilty for you; and guilty, for my self.

Scan. So, why this is fair, here's Demonstration with a witness.

Tatt. Well, my Witnesses are not present—But I confess I have had favours from persons—But as the favours are numberless, so the Persons are nameless.

Scan. Pooh, pox, this proves nothing.

Tatt. No? I can shew Letters, Locketts, Pictures, and Rings; and if there be occasion for witnesses, I can summon the Maids at the Chocolate-Houses, all the Porters of *Pall-Mall* and *Covent-Garden*, the Door-keepers at the Play-House, the Drawers at *Locket's*, *Pontak's*, the *Rummer*, *Spring Garden*; my own Landlady and *Valet de Chambre*; all who shall make oath, that

that I receive more Letters than the Secretary's Office; and that I have more Vizor-masks to enquire for me, than ever went to see the Hermaphrodite, or the naked Prince. And it is notorious, that in a country Church, once, an enquiry being made, who *I* was; it was answer'd, I was the famous *Tattle*, who had ruin'd so many Women.

Val. It was there, I suppose, you got the nick-name of the *Great Turk*.

Tatt. True, I was call'd *Turk-Tattle* all over the Parish—The next *Sunday* all the old Women kept their Daughters at home, and the Parson had not half his Congregation. He would have brought me into the Spiritual Court, but I was reveng'd upon him, for he had a handsom Daughter whom I initiated into the Science. But I repented it afterwards, for it was talk'd of in Town—And a Lady of Quality that shall be name less, in a raging fit of jealousy, came down in her Coach and six Horses, and expos'd her self upon my account. Gad, I was sorry for it with all my heart—You know whom I mean—You know where we raffl'd—

Scan. Mum, *Tattle*.

Ang. 'Sdeath, are you not ashamed?

Ang. O barbarous! I never heart so insolent a piece of vanity—Fie, Mr. *Tattle*—I'll swear I could not have believ'd it—Is this your secrecie?

Tatt. Gad so, the heat of my story carry'd me beyond my discretion, as the heat of the Lady's Passion hurry'd her beyond her Reputation—But I hope you don't know whom I mean; for there were a great many Ladies raffled—Pox on't, now could I bite off my tongue.

Scan. No don't; for then you'll tell us no more—Come, I'll recommend a Song to you upon the hint of my two Proverbs; and I see one in the next room that wil sing it.

[Goes

[Goes to the door.

Tatt. For Heavn's sake, if you do guess, say nothing;
Gad, I'm very unfortunate.

Scan. Pray sing the first Song in the last New Play.

S O N G.

Set by Mr. John Eccles.

A Nymph and a Swain to Apollo once pray'd,
The Swain had been jilted, the Nymph been betray'd:
Their intent was to try if his Oracle knew
E'er a Nymph that was chaste, or a Swain that was true.

2.

Apollo was mute, and had like t' have been pos'd.
But sagely at length he this secret disclos'd:
He alone won't betray in whom none will confide,
And the Nymph may be chaste that has never been try'd;

S C E N E IV.

[to them] *Sir Sampson, Mr. Frail, Miss Prue and
Servant.*

Sir Sam. Is Ben come? Odsso, my Son Ben come?
Odd, I'm glad on't: Where is he? I long to see him.
Now, Mrs. Frail, you shall see my Son Ben—Body
o'me, he's the hopes of my Familly—I han't seen him
these three years—I warrant he's grown—Call him in,
bid

bid him make haste—I'm ready to cry for joy.

Mrs. *Frail*, Now Miss you shall see your Husband.

Miss. *pru*. Pish, he shall be none of my Husband.

[*Aside* to *Frail*.

Mrs. *Frail*. Hush: Well he shan't, leave that to me—I'll beokon Mr. *Tattle* to us.

Ang. Won't you stay and see your Brother?

Val. We are the twin-Stairs, and cannot shine in one Sphere; when he rises I must set—Besides, if I shou'd stay, I don't know but my Father in good nature may press me to the immediate signing the Deed of conveyance of my Estate, and I'll defer it as long as I can—Well, you'll come to a resolution?

Ang. I can't. Resolution must come to me, or I shall never have one.

Scan. Come, *Valentine*, I'll go with you; I've something in my head to communicate to you.

SCENE V.

Angelica, Sir Sampson, Tattle Mrs. Frail Miss Prue.

Sir *Samp*. What, is my Son *Valentine* gone? What, is he sneak'd off, and would not see his Brother? There's an unnatural whelp! There's an ill natur'd dog! What were you here too, Madam, and could not keep him? Cou'd neither Love, nor Duty, nor natural affection oblige him. Obsbud, Madam, have no more to say to him; he is not worth your consideration. The Rogue has not a drachm of generous love about him: All interest, all interest; he's an undone Scoundrel, and courts your Estate: Body o' me, he does not care a doit for your person.

Ang. I'm pretty even with him, Sir *Sampson*; for if ever I cou'd have lik'd any thing in him, it shou'd have been his Estate too: But since that's gone, the
bait's

bait's off, and the naked hook appears.

Sir Samp. Odsbud well spoken ; and you are a wiser Woman than I thought you were : For most young Women now-a-days are to be tempted with a naked hook.

Ang. If I marry , *Sir Sampson* , I'm for a good Estate with any Man , and for any Man with a good Estate : Therefore if I were obliged to make a Choice , I declare I'd rather have you than your Son.

Sir Samp. Faith and Troth you're a wise Woman ; and I'm glad to hear you say so ; I was afraid you were in love with the Reprobate ; Odd , I was sorry for you with all my heart : Hang him , Mungrel ; cast him off ; you shall see the Rogue shew himself , and make love to some desponding *Cadua* of fourscore for sustenance. Odd , I love too see a young Spendthrift forc'd to cling to an old Woman for support , like Ivy round a dead Oak : Faith I do ; I love to see'em hug and cotten together , like down upon a thistle.

S C E N E VI.

[*To them*] *Ben* , *Legend* , and *Servant* .

Ben. Where's Father ?

Serv. There , Sir , his back's towards you.

Sir Samp. My Son *Ben* ! blest thee my dear Boy ; body o' me , thou art heartily welcome.

Ben. Thank you Father , and I'm glad to see you.

Sir Sam. Odsbud , and I'm glad to see thee : kiss me Boy , kiss me again and again , dear *Ben* . [*Kisses him* .

Ben. So , so , enough Father—Mefs , I'd rather kiss these Gentlewomen.

Sir Sam. And so thou shalt ,—Mrs. *Angelica* , my Son *Ben* .

Ben. Forsooth if you please—[*Salutes her* [*Nay* Mistress , I'm not for dropping anchor here ; About Ship.

Ship I faith—[*kisses* Frail.] Nay , and you too , my little
Cock-boat—so— [*Kisses* Miss.

Tatt. Sir , you're welcome a-shore.

Ben. Thank you , thank you Friend.

Sir *Sam.* Thou hast been many a weary league *Ben* ,
since I saw thee.

Ben. Ey , ey , been ! Been far enough , an that be
all—Well Father , and how do all at home ? How
do's Brother , *Dick* , and Brother *Val*.

Sir *Sam.* *Dick* , body o'me , *Dick* has been dead these
two years ; I writ you word , when you were at *Legh-*
horn.

Ben. Miss , that's true ! marry I had forgot.
Dick's dead as you say—well , and how ? I have a many
questions to ask you ; well , you ben't marry'd again ,
Father , be you ?

Sir *Sam.* No , I intend you shall marry , *Ben* ; I would
not marry for thy sake.

Ben. Nay , What do's that signifie ?—an you marry
again—Why then , I'll go to Sea again , so there's one
for t'other , an that be all—Pray don't let me be your
hindrance ; e'en marry a God's name an the wind fit
that way. As for my part , may-hap I have no
mind to marry.

Frail. That wou'd be pity , such a handsome young
Gentleman.

Ben. Handsome ! he , he , he , nay forsooth , an you
be for joking , I'll joke with you , for I love my jest ,
an the Ship were sinking , as we say at Sea. But
I'll tell you why I don't much stand towards Matrimo-
nie. I love to roam about from Port to Port , and from
Land to Land : I could never abide to be port-bound
as we call it : Now a man that is marry'd , has as it
were , d'ye see , his feet in the Bilboes , and may-hap
may-no't get 'em out again when he wou'd.

Sir *Samp.* *Ben*'s a Wagg.

Ben. A Man that is marry'd , d'ye see , is no more
like

like another man, than a Gally - slave is like one of us free Sailors; he is chain'd to an Oar all his life; and may-hap forc'd to tug a leaky Vessel into the bargain.

Sir Samp. A very Wag, *Ben's* a very Wag; only a little rough, he wants a little polishing.

Frail. Not at all; I like his humour mightily; it's plain and honest; I shou'd like such a humour in a Husband extreamly.

Ben. Say'n you so forsooth? Marry and I shou'd like such a handsome Gentlewoman for a Bed fellow hugely; how say you Mistress, wou'd you like going to Sea? Mefs you're a tight Vessel, and well rigg'd, an you were but as well mann'd.

Frail. I shou'd not doubt that, if you were Master of me.

Ben. But I'll tell you one thing, an you come to Sea in a high wind, or that Lady—You mayn't carry so much sail o'your head—Top and Top-gallant by the Mefs.

Frail. No, why so?

Ben. Why an you do, you may run the risk to be overfet, and then you'll carry your keels above water, he, he, he.

Ang. I swear, Mr. *Benjamin* is the verriest Wag in nature; an absolute Sea-wit.

Sir Samp. Nay, *Ben* has parts; but as I told you before, they want a little polishing: you must not take any thing ill, Madam.

Ben. No, I hope the Gentlewoman is not angry; I mean all in good part: For if I give a jest, I'll take a jest: And so forsooth you may be as free with me.

Ang. I thank you, Sir, I am not at all offended;—but methinks *Sir Sampson*, you shou'd leave him alone with his Mistress. Mr. *Tattle*, we must not hinder Lovers.

Tatt. Well *Miss*, I have your promise. [*Aside to Miss.*

Sir Samp. Body o'me, Madam, you say true :—
Look you *Ben*, this is your Mistress;—Come *Miss*,
you must not be shame-fac'd, we'll leave you together.

Miss pru. I can't abide to be left alone; mayn't my Cou-
fin stay with me?

Sir Sam. No, no. Come, let's away.

Ben. Look you Father, may-hap the young Woman
mayn't take a liking to me.

Sir Sam. I warrant thee Boy, Come, come, we'll
be gone; I'll venture that.

SCENE VII.

Ben, and Miss, Prue.

Ben. Come Mistress, will you please to sit down;
for an you stand a stern a that'n, we shall never grapple
together,—Come, I'll haule a chair; there, an you
please to sit, I'll sit by you.

Miss pru. You need not sit so near one; if you have any
thing to say, I can hear you farther off, I an't deaf.

Ben. Why that's true as you say, nor I an't dumb,
I can be heard as far as another,—I'll heave off to please
you. [*Sits further off.*] An we were a league asunder,
I'd undertake to hold discourse with you, an'twere
not a main high wind indeed, and full in my teeth!
Look you forsooth, I am as it were, bound for the
Land of Matrimony; 'tis a Voyage d'ye see that was
none of my seeking, I was commanded by Father;
and if you like of it, may-hap I may steer into your
Harbour. How say you Mistress? The short of the
thing is this, that if you like me, and I like you,
we may chance to swing in a hammock together.

Miss pru. I don't know what to say to you, nor I don't
care to speak with you at all.

Ben.

Ben. No, I'm sorry for that—But pray why are you so scornful?

Miss pru. As long as one must not speak one's mind, one had better not speak at all, I think; and truly I won't tell a lie for the matter.

Ben. Nay, you say true in that, it's but a folly to lie: For to speak one thing, and to think just the contrary way; is as it were, to look one way, and to row another. Now, for my part d'ye see, I'm for carrying things above board, I'm not for keeping any thing under hatches,—so that if you ben't as willing as I, say so a God's name, there's no harm done: may-hap you may be shame-fac'd, some Maidens thof' they love a man well enough, yet they don't care to tell'n so to's face: If that's the case, why silence gives consent.

Miss pru. But I'm sure it is not so, for I'll speak sooner than you should believe that; and I'll speak truth, tho' one should always tell a lie to a man; and I don't care, let my Father do what he will; I'm too big to be whipt, so I'll tell you plainly, I don't like you, nor love you at all, nor never will, that's more. So, there's your answer for you; and don't trouble me no more, you ugly thing.

Ben. Look you young Woman, you may learn to give good words however. I spoke you fair d'ye see; and civil.—As for your love or your liking, I don't value it of a rope's end;—And mayhap I like you as little as you do me:—What I said was in obedience to Father; Gad I fear a whipping no more than you do. But I tell you one thing, if you shou'd give such language at Sea, you'd have a Cat o'nine tails laid cross your shoulders. Flesh who are you? You heard t'other handsome young Woman speak civilly to me, of her own accord: Whatever you think of your self, Gad I don't think you are any more to compare to her, than a Can of small-beer to a Bowl of Punch.

Miss pru. Well, and there's a handsome Gentleman, and a fine Gentleman, and a sweet Gentleman, that was here, that loves me, and I love him; and if he sees you speak to me any more, he'll thrash your jacket for you, he will, you great Sea calf.

Ben. What, do you mean that fair-weather Spark that was here just now? will he thrash my jacket?—let'n, — let'n — But an he comes near me, may-hap I may giv'n a salt Eel for's supper, for all that. What does Father mean to leave me alone as soon as I come home, with such a dirty dowdy.—Sea-calf? I an't Calf enough to lick your chalk'd face, you cheese-curd you,—Marry thee! Oons I'll marry a *Lapland*-Witch as soon, and live upon selling contrary winds, and wreck'd Vessels.

Miss pru. I won't be call'd Names, nor I won't be abus'd thus, so I won't—If I were a man,—[*cries.*]—you durst not talk at this rate—No you durst not, you stinking Tar-barrel. ~

S C E N E VIII.

[*To them*] *Mrs. Foresight, and Mrs. Frail.*

Mrs Fore. They have quarrel'd just as we cou'd wish.

Ben. Tar-barrel? Let your Sweet-heart there call me so, if he'll take your part, your *Tom Essence*; and I'll say something to him; Gad I'll lace his musk-doublet for him, I'll make him stink; he shall smell more like a Weasel than a Civet-Cat, afore I ha'done with 'en.

Mrs. Fore. Bless me, what's the matter? *Miss!* what does she cry?—Mr. *Benjamin*, what have you done to her?

Ben. Let her cry: The more she cries, the less she'll—she has been gathering foul weather in her mouth,

mouth, and now it rains out at her eyes.

Mrs. Fore. Come, *Miss*, come along with me, and tell me, poor Child.

Frail. Lord, what shall we do, there's my Brother *Forefight*, and Sir *Sampson* coming. Sister, do you take *Miss* down into the Parlour, and I'll carry Mr. *Benjamin* into my Chamber; for they must not know that they are fall'n out—Come, Sir, will you venture your self with me? *Looking kindly on him.*

Ben. Venture, *Mess*, and that I will, tho' 'twere to Sea in a storm.

SCENE IX.

Sir Sampson and Forefight

Sir Sam. I left 'em together here; What are they gone? *Ben's* a brisk Boy: He has got her into a corner; Father's own Son faith, he'll touzle her, and mouzle her: The Rogue's sharp fet, coming from Sea: if he should not stay for saying grace, old *Forefight*, but fall too without the help of a Parson, ha? Odd if he should I cou'd not be angry with him; 'twould be but like me, *A Chip of the old block.* Ha! thou'rt melancholick old Prognostication; As melancholick as if thou hadst spilt the salt, or par'd thy nails on a Sunday:—Come, cheer up, look about thee: Look up old Star-Gazer. Now is he poring upon the ground for a crooked pin, or an old horse-nail, with the head towards him.

Fore. Sir *Sampson*, we'll have the Wedding to-morrow morning.

Sir Samp. With all my heart.

Fore. At ten a clock, punctually at ten.

Sir Samp. To a minute, ta a second; thou shall fet thy Watch and the Bridegroom shall observe it's motions; they shall be warried to a minute, go to bed to a minute; and when the alarm strikes, they shall keep

timi like the Figures of St. *Dunstan's* Clock, and *Consummatum est* shall ring all over the Parish.

SCENE X.

[*To them*] *Scandal.*

Scan. Sir *Sampson*, sad news.

Fore. Bless us!

Sir *Samp.* Why, what's the matter?

Scan. Can't you guess at what ought to afflict you and him, and all of us, more than any thing else?

Sir *Samp.* Body o'me, I don't know any universal grievance, but a new Tax, or the loss of the *Canary Fleet*. Unless *Popery* shou'd be landed in the *West*, or the *French Fleet* were at anchor at *Blackwall*.

Scan. No. Undoubtedly Mr *Forefight* knew all this, and might have prevented it.

Fore. 'Tis no earthquake!

Scan. No, not yet; nor *Whirlwind*: But we don't know what it may come to—But it has had a consequence already that touches us all.

Sir *Samp.* Why, body o'me, out with't.

Scan. Something has appear'd to your Son *Valentine* — He's gone to bed upon't, and very ill—He speaks little, yet says he has a world to say. Asks for his Father and the wife *Forefight*; talks of *Raymond Lully*, and the Ghost of *Lilly*. He has secrets to impart I suppose to you two. I can get nothing out of him but sighs. He desires he may see you in the morning, but would not be disturb'd to-night, because he has some business to do in a dream.

Sir *Samp.* Hoity toity! What have I to do with his dreams or his divination—Body o'me, this is a trick to defer signing the Conveyance. I warrant the Devil will tell him in a dream, that he must not part with his Estate: But I'll bring him a Parson to tell him, that

that the Devil's a Liar—Or if that won't do, I'll bring a Lawyer that shall out-lie the Devil. And so I'll try whether my black-Guard or his shall get the better of the day.

SCENE XI.

Scandal, Foresight.

Scan. Alas, Mr. *Foresight*, I'm afraid all is not right—You are a wise Man, and a consciencious Man; a Searcher into obscurity and futurity; and if you commit an error, it is with a great deal of consideration, and discretion, and caution—

Fore. Ah, good Mr. *Scandal*—

Scan. Nay, nay, 'tis manifest; I do not flatter you—But Sir *Sampson* is hasty, very hasty;—I'm afraid he is not scrupulous enough, Mr. *Foresight*—He has been wicked, and Heav'n grant he may mean well in his affair with you—But my mind gives me, these things cannot be wholly insignificant. You are wise, and shou'd not be over-reach'd, methinks you shou'd not—

Fore. Alas, Mr. *Scandal*—*Humanum est errare.*

Scan. You say true, Man will err; meer Man will err—but you are something more—There have been wise Men; but they were such as you—Men who consulted the Stars, and were observers of Omens—*Salomon* was wise, but how?—by his judgment in *Astrology*—So says *Pineda* in his third Book and eighth Chapter—

Fore. You are learn'd, Mr. *Scandal*—

Scan. A trifler—but a Lover of Art—And the Wise Men of the *East* ow'd their instruction to a Star, which is rightly observ'd by *Gregory* the Great in favour of *Astrology*. And *Albertus Magnus* makes it the most valuable Science; because, says he, it teaches us to consider the causation of Causes, in the Causes of things.

Fore. I protest I honour you, *Mr. Scandal*—I did not think you had been read in these matters—Few young Men are inclin'd—

Scan. I thank my Stars that have inclined me—But I fear this Marriage and making over this Estate, this transferring of a rightful inheritance, will bring Judgments upon us, I prophesie it, and I wou'd not have the Fate of *Cassandra*, not to be believ'd. *Valentine* is disturb'd, what can be the cause of that? And Sir *Sampson* is hurry'd-on by an unusual violence—I fear he does not act wholly from himself; methinks he does not look as he used to do.

Fore. He was always of an impetuous nature—But as to this marriage I have consulted the stars; and all appearances are prosperous—

Scan. Come, come, *Mr. Foresight*, let not the prospect of wordly lucre carry you beyond your judgment, nor against your Conscience—You are not fatisfie'd that you act justly.

Fore. How!

Scan. You are not satisfy'd, I say—I am loath to discourage you—But it is palpable that you are not satisfy'd.

Fore. How does it appear, *Mr. Scandal*? I think I am very well satisfy'd.

Scan. Either you suffer your self to deceive your self; or you do not know your self.

Fore. Pray explain your self.

Scan. Do you sleep well o'nights?

Fore. Very well.

Scan. Are you certain? You do not look so.

Fore. I am in health, I think.

Scan. So was *Valentine* this morning? and look'd just so.

Fore. How! Am I alter'd any way? I don't perceive it.

Scan. That may be, but your beard is longer than it was two hours ago.

Fore.

Fore. Indeed! blefs me.

SCENE XII.

[*To them*] *Mrs. Foresight.*

Mrs. Fore. Husband, will you go to bed? It's ten a clock. *Mr. Scandal*, your Servant—

Scan. Pox on her, she has interrupted my design— But I must work her into the project. You keep early hours, Madam.

Mrs. Fore. *Mr. Foresight* is punctal, we sit up after him.

Fore. My Dear, pray lend me your glafs, your little looking-glafs.

Scan. Pray lend it him, Madam—I'll tell you the reason. [*She gives him the glafs: Scandal and she whisper.*] My Passion for you is grown so violent—that I am no longer Master of my self—I was interrupted in the morning, when you had charity enough to give me your attention, and I had hopes of finding another opportunity of explaining my self to you—but was disappointed all' this day; and the uneasiness that has attended me ever since, brings me now hither at this unseasonable hour—

Mrs. Fore. Was there ever such impudence, to make love to me before my Husband's face? I'll swear I'll tell him.

Scan. Do, I'll die a Martyr, rather than disclaim my Passion. But come a little farther this way, and I'll tell you what project I had to get him out of the way; that I might have an opportunity of waiting upon you.

[*Whisper. Foresight looking in the Glafs.*]

Fore. I do not see any revolution here;—Methinks I look with a serene and benign aspect—pale, a little pale—but the roses of these cheeks have been gather'd many years;—ha! I do not like that sudden flushing—

gone already!—hem, hem, hem! faintish. My heart is pretty good; yet it beats; and my pulses ha!—I have none—Mercy on me—hum—Yes, here they are—Gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, hey! Whiter will they hurry me?—Now they're gone again—And now I'm faint again and pale again, and hem! and my hem! —breath, and hem! —grows short, hem! hem! he, he, hem!

Scan. It takes, pursue it in the name of Love and Pleasure.

Mrs. Fore. How do you do, Mr. *Forefight*?

Fore. Hum, not so well as I thought I was. Lend me your hand.

Scan. Look you there now—Your Lady says your Sleep has been unquiet of late.

Fore. Very likely.

Mrs. Fore. O' mighty restless, but I was afraid to tell him so—He has been subject to talking and starting.

Scan. And did not use to be so.

Mrs. Fore. Never, never; till within these three nights; I cannot say that he has once broken my rest, since we have been marry'd.

Fore. I will go to bed.

Scan. Do so, Mr. *Forefight*; and say your Pray'rs;—he looks better than he did.

Mrs. Fore. Nurse, Nurse!

(*Calls.*

Fore. Do you think so Mr. *Scandal*?

Scan. Yes, yes, I hope this will be gone by morning, take it in time.—

Fore. I hope so.

S C E N E XIII.

[*To them*] *Nurse.*

Mrs. Fore. Nurse, your Master is not well; put him to bed.

Scan.

Scan. I hope you will be able to see *Valentine* in the morning,—you had best take a little Diacodion and Cowslip water, and lye upon your back, may be you may dream.

Fore. I thank you Mr. *Scandal*, I will—Nurse, let me have a watch light, and lay the crums of comfort by me.—

Nurse. Yes Sir.

Fore. And—hem, hem! I am very faint.—

Scan. No, no, you look much better.

Fore. Do I? And dye hear—bring me, let me see—within a quarter of twelve—hem—he, hem!—just upon the turning of the tide, bring me the urinal;—and I hope, neither the Lord of my Ascendant, nor the Moon will be combust; and then I may do well.

Scan. I hope so—Leave that to me; I will erect a Scheme; and I hope I shall find both *Sol* and *Venus* in the sixth House.

Fore. I thank you, Mr. *Scandal*, indeed that wou'd be a great comfort to me. Hem, hem! good night.

SCENE XIV.

Scandal, Mrs. Foresight.

Scan. Good—night, good Mr. *Foresight*;—and I hope *Mars* and *Venus* will be in conjunction;—while your Wife and I are together.

Mrs. Fore. Well, and what use do you hope to make of this project? You don't think, that you are ever-like to succeed in your design upon me?

Scan. Yes, Faith I do; I have a better opinion both of you and my self, than to despair.

Mrs. Fore. Did you ever hear such a Toad—hark'ee Devil; do you think any Woman honest?

Scan. Yes, several, very honest;—they'll cheat a little at Cards, sometimes, but that's nothing.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Fore*. Pshaw ! but virtuous, I mean.

Scan. Yes , Faith , I believe some Women are virtuous too ; but 'tis as I believe some Men are valiant , thro' fear — For why shou'd a Man court danger , or a Woman shun pleasure.

Mr. *Fore*. O Monstrous ! What are Conscience and Honour ?

Scan. Why , Honour is a publick Enemy ; and Conscience a domestick Thief ; and he that wou'd secure his pleasure , must pay a tribute to one , and go halves with t'other. As for Honour , that you have secur'd , for you have purchas'd a perpetual opportunity for pleasure.

Mrs. *Fore*. An opportunity for pleasure !

Scan. Aye , your Husband , a Husband is an opportunity for pleasure ; so you have taken care of Honour , and 'tis the least I can do to take care of Conscience.

Mrs. *Fore*. And so you think we are free for one another ?

Scan. Yes Faith , I think so ; I love to speak my mind.

Mrs. *Fore*. Why then I'll speak my mind now as to this affair between you and me. Here you make love to me ; why , I'll confess it does not displease me. Your person is well enough , and your understanding is not amiss.

Scan. I have no great opinion of my self ; yet I think , I'm neither deform'd , nor a Fool.

Mrs. *Fore*. But you have a villanous character ; you are a Libertine in speech , as well as practice.

Scan. Come , I know what you wou'd say , — you think it more dangerous to be seen in conversation with me , than to allow some other Men the last favour : you mistake , the liberty I take in talking , is purely affected , for the service of your Sex. He that first cries out stop Thief , is often he that has stolen the Treasure. I am a Jugler , that act by confederacy ; and if you please , we'll put a trick upon the world.

Mrs. *Fore*. Ay ; but you are such an universal Jugler , — that I'm afraid you have a great many Confederates.

Scan.

Scan. Faith, I'm found.

Mrs. Fore. O, fie—I'll swear you're impudent.

Scan. I'll swear your handsome.

Mrs. Fore. Pish, you'd tell me so, tho' you did not think so.

Scan. And you'd think so, tho' I should not tell you so: And now I think we know one another pretty well.

Mrs. Fore. O Lord, who's here?

SCENE XV.

[to them] *Mrs. Frail, and Ben.*

Ben. Mefs, I love to speak my mind—Father has nothing to do with me—Nay, I can't say that neither; he has something to do with me. But what do's that signifie? If so be, that I ben't minded to be steer'd by him; 'tis as tho'f he should strive against Wind and Tide.

Mrs. Frail. Ay, but my Dear, we must keep it secret, till the Estate be settled; for you know, marrying without an Estate, is like failing in a Ship without Ballast.

Ben. He, he, he; why that's true; just so for all the world it is indeed, as like as two cable ropes.

Mrs. Frail. And tho I have a good portion; you know one wou'd not venture all in one bottom.

Ben. Why that's true again; for may-hap one bottom may spring a leak. You have hit it indeed, Mefs you've nick'd the Channel.

Mrs. Frail. Well, but if you shou'd forsake me after all, you'd break my heart.

Ben. Break your heart? I'd rather the *Mary-gold* shou'd break her Cable in a storm, as well as I love her. Flesh, you don't think I'm false-hearted, like a Land-man. A Sailer will be honest, tho'f may-hap he has never a penny of mony in his Pocket—May-hap I may not have so fair a face, as a Citizen or a Courtier; but for all that,
I've

I've as good blood in my veins, and a heart as found as a Bisket.

Mrs. *Frail*. And will you love me always?

Ben. Nay, an I love once, I'll stick like pitch; I'll tell you that. Come, I'll sing you a Song of a Sailor.

Mrs. *Frail*. Hold, there's my Sister, I'll call her to hear it.

Mrs. *Fore*. Well; I won't go to bed to my Husband to night; because I'll retire to my own Chamber, and think of what you have said.

Scan. Well; You'll give me leave to wait upon you to your Chamber-door, and leave you my last Instructions?

Mrs. *Fore*. Hold, here's my Sister coming toward us.

Mrs. *Frail*. If it won't interrupt you, I'll entertain you with a Song.

Ben. The Song was made upon one of our Ships-Crew's Wife; our Boat-swain made the Song: may-hap you may know her, Sir; before she was marry'd, she was call'd buxom *Joan* of *Deptford*.

Scan. I have heard of her. [*Ben*. Sings.

BALLAD.

Set by Mr. *John Eccles*.

A Soldier and a Sailor
 A Tinker and a Tailor,
 Had once a doubtful strife, Sir;
 To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,
 Whose name was Buxom Joan.
 For now the time was ended,
 When she no more intended,
 To lick her lips at men, Sir;

And

*And gnaw the sheets in vain, Sir,
And le o' nights alone.*

2.

*The Soldier swore like Thunder,
He lov'd her more than Plunder;
And shew'd her many a Scar, Sir,
That he had brought from far, Sir.*

*With fighting for her sake
The Tailor thought to please her,
With off'ring her his measure.
The Tinker too with mettle,
Said he could mend her ketile,
And stop up ev'ry leak.*

3

*But while these three were prating,
The Sailor sily waiting,
Thought if it came about, Sir,
That they should all fall out, Sir:*

*He then migh play his part.
And just e'en as he meant, Sir,
To Loggerheads they went, Sir,
And then he let fly at her,
A shot 'twixt wind and water,
That won this fair Maids heart.*

Ben. If some of our Crew that cam to see me, are
not gone, you shall see, that we Sailors can dance so-
metimes, as well as other folks. *Whistles.*
I warrant that brings'em, an they be within hearing.

Enter Seamen.

Oh here they by—And Fiddles along with'em ; come,
my

my Lads, let's have a round, and I'll make one. [*Dance.*

Ben. We're merry folks, we Sailors, we han't much to care for. Thus we live at Sea; eat Bisket, and dirnk Flip; put on a clean shirt once a Quarter—Come home and lie with our Landladies once a year, get rid of a little mony; and then put off with the next fair wind. Hou d'ye like us?

Mrs Frail. O'you are the happyest, merriest men alive.

Mr. Fore We're beholdding to Mr. *Benjamin* for this entertainment. I believe it's late

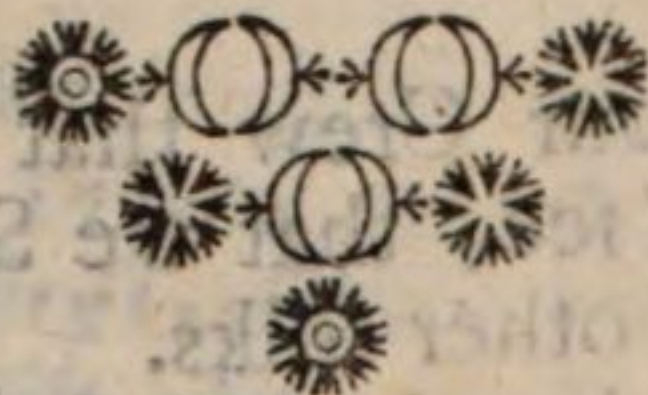
Een Why, forsooth, an you think so, you had best go to bed. For my part, I mean to tofs a Can, and remember my Sweet-heart, a-fore I turn in; may-hap I may dream of her.

Mrs. Fore. Mr. *Scandal*, you had best go to bed and dream too.

Scan. Why Faith, I have a good lively imagination, and can dream as much to the purpose as another, if I set about it: But dreaming is the poor retreat of a lazy, hopeless, and imperfect Lover; 'tis the last glimpse of love to worn out Sinners, and the faint dawning of a blis to wishing Girls, and growing Boys.

*There's nought but willing, waking Love that can
Make blest the ripen'd Maid, and finish'd Man.*

[*Exeunt.*



A C T.



A C T. IV.

S C E N E I.

Valentine's Lodging.

Scandel, and Jeremy.

Scan. **W**ELL, Is your Master ready? does he look madly, and talk madly?

Fer. Yes, Sir; you need make no great doubt of that; he that was so near turning Poet yesterday morning, can't be much to seek in playing the Madman to-day.

Scan. Would he have *Angelica* acquainted with the reason of his design?

Fer. No, Sir, not yet;—He has a mind to try, whether his playing the Madman, won't make her play the Fool, and fall in love with him; or at least own that she has lov'd him all this while, and conceal'd it.

Scan. I saw her take coach just now with her Maid; and think I heard her bid the Coach man drive hither.

Fer. Like enough, Sir, for I told her Maid this morning, my Master was run stark mad only for love of her Mistress; I hear a Coach stop; if it should be she, Sir, I believe he would not see her, till he hears how she takes it.

Scan. Well, I'll try her—'tis she, here she comes.

SCENE II.

[To them] *Angelica with Jenny*

Ang. Mr. *Scandal*, I suppose you don't think it a novelty, to see a Woman visit a Man at his own lodgings in a morning.

Scan. Not upon a kind occasion Madam; but when a Lady comes tyrannically to insult aruin'd Lover, and make manifest the cruel triumphs of her Beauty; the barbarity of it, something surprizes me.

Ang. I don't like Raillery from a serious face—pray tell me what is the matter.

Jere. No strange matter, Madam; my Master's mad, that's all: I suppose your Ladyship has thought him so a great while.

Ang. How d'ye mean, mad?

Jere. Why faith, Madam, he's mad for want of his wits just as he was poor for want of money; his head is e'en as light as his pockets; and any body that has a mind to a bad bargain, can't do better than to beg him for his Estate.

Ang. If you speak truth, your endeavouring at wit is verry unseasonable—

Scan. She's concern'd, and loves him. (*Aside*

Ang. Mr. *Scandal*, you can't think me guilty of so much inhumanity, as not to be concern'd for a Man I must own my self oblig'd to—pray tell me truth.

Scan. Faith, Madam, I wish telling a lie would mend the matter. But this is no new effect of an unsuccessful Passion.

Ang. aside.] I know not what to think—Yet I shou'd be vex't to have a trick put upon me—May I not see him?

Scan. I'm afraid the Physician is not willing you shou'd see him yet—*Jeremy*, go in and enquire.

SCE-

SCENE III.

Scandal Angelica Jenny

Ang. Ha! I saw him wink and smile—I fancy 'tis a trick—I'll try—I would disguise to all the world a failing, which I must own to you—I fear my happiness depends upon the recovery of *Valentine*: therefore I conjure you, as you are his Friend, and as you have compassion upon one fearful of affliction, to tell me what I am to hope for—I cannot speak—But you may tell me, for you know what I wou'd ask?

Scan. So, this is pretty plain—Be not too much concern'd, Madam; I hope his condition is not desperate: an acknowledgment of love from you, perhaps, may work a cure; as the fear of your aversion'd occasion'd his distemper.

Ang. aside] Say you so; nay, then I'm convinc'd: And if I don't play trick for trick may I never taste the pleasure of revenge—Acknowledgement of love! I find you have mistaken my compassion, and think me guilty of a weakness I am a stranger to. But I have too much sincerity to deceive you, and too much charity to suffer him to be deluded with vain hopes. Good nature and humanity oblige me to be concern'd for him; but to love is neither in my power nor inclination; and if he can't be cur'd without I suck the poison from his wounds, I'm afraid he won't recover his senses till I lose mine.

Scan. Hey, brave Woman, I faith—Won't you see him then, if he desire it?

Ang. What signifie a Madman's desires? Besides, 'twou'd make me uneasy—If I don't see him, perhaps my concern for him may lessen—If I forget him, 'tis no more than he has done by himself: and now the surprise is over, methinks. I am not half so sorry for him as I was—

Scan. So, faith good Nature works apace; you were confessing just now an obligation to his love.

Ang. But I have consider'd that Passions are unreasonable and involuntary; if he love's, he can't help it; and if I don't love, I can't help it; no more than he can help his being a Man, or I my being a Woman or no more than I can help my want of inclination to stay longer here—Come, *Fenny*.

SCENE IV.

Scandal Jeremy

Scan. Humh!—An ad admirable composition, faith, this same Womankind.

Fere. What, is she gone, Sir?

Scan. Gone; why she was never here, nor any where else; nor I don't know her if I see her; nor you neither.

Fere. Good lack! What's the matter now? Are any more of us to be mad? Why, Sir, my Master longs to see her; and is almost mad in good earnest, with the joyful news of her being here.

Scan. We are all under a mistake—Ask no questions for I can't resolve you; but I'll inform your Master. In, the mean time, if our Project succeed no better with his Father, than it does with his Mistress, he may descend from his exaltation of madness into the road of common sense, and be content only to be made a fool with other reasonable people. I hear Sir *Sampson*, you know your cue; I'll to your Master.

SCENE V.

Jeremy Sir Sampson L. end with a Lawyer.

Sir *Samp* D'ye see, Mr. *Buckram*, here's the paper sign'd with his own hand.

Buck.

Buck. Good, Sir. And the Conveyance is ready draw in this box, if he be ready to sign and seal.

Sir Samp. Ready body o'me, he must be ready; his sham sickness shan't excuse him—O, here's his scoundrel. Sirrah, where's your Master?

Fere. Ah, Sir, he's quite gone.

Sir Samp. Gone! What, he is not dead?

Fere. No, Sir, not dead.

Sir Samp. What, is he gone out of Town, run away, ha! has he trick't me? speak, Varlet.

Fere. No, no, Sir; he's safe enough, Sir, an he were but as found, poor Gentleman. He is indeed here, Sir, and not here, Sir.

Sir Samp. Hey day, Rascal, do you banter me? Sirrah, d'ye banter me—Speak Sirrah, where is he, for I will find him.

Fere. Would you could, Sir, for he has lost himself. Indeed, Sir, I have almost broke my heart about him—I can't refrain tears when I think of him, Sir; I'm as melancholy for him as a passing-bell, Sir; or a horse in a pound.

Sir Samp. A Pox confound your similitudes, Sir—Speak to be understood, and tell me in plain terms what the matter is with him, or I'll crack your fools skull.

Fere. Ah, you've hit it, Sir; that's the matter with him, Sir; his skull's crack'd, poor Gentleman; he's stark mad, Sir.

Sir Samp. Mad!

Buckram. What, is he *non compos*?

Fere. Quite *non compos*, Sir.

Buckr. Why then all's obliterated, Sir *Sampson*, if he be *non compos mentis*, his act and deed will be of no effect, it is not good in Law.

Sir Samp. Oo'ns, I won't believe it; let me see him, Sir—Mad, I'll make him find his senses.

Fere. Mr. *Scandal* is with him, Sir; I'll knock at the door.

(Goes to the Scene , which opens Valentine
upon a couch disorderly dres'd ,

S C E N E VI.

Sir Sampson Valentine Scandal Jeremy and Lawyer

Sir Samp. How now , what's here to do?—

Val. Ha ! who's that? [starting.]

Scan. For Heav'ns sake softly , Sir , and gently ; don't provoke him.

Val. Answer me ; Who is that ? and that ?

Sir Samp. Gods bobs , does he not know me ? Is he mischievous ? I'll speak gently—*Val* , *Val* , do'st thou not know me , Boy ? Not know thy own Father , *Val* ! I am thy own Father , and this is honest *Brief Buckram* the lawyer

Val. It may be so—I did not know you—the world is full—There are people that we do know , and people that we do not know ; and yet the Sun shines upon all alike—There are Fathers that have many Children ; and there are Children that have many Fathers—'tis strange ! But I am Truth , and come to give the world the lie.

Sir Samp. Body o'me , I know not what to say to him.

Val. Why does that Lawyer wear black?—Does he carry his Conscience with'out side?—Lawyer , what art thou ? Dost thou know me ?

Buckr. O Lord , what must I say?—Yes , Sir ,

Val. Thou liest , for I am Truth. 'Tis hard I cannot get a livelyhood amongst you. I have been sworn out of *Westminster-Hall* the first day of every Term—Let me see—no matter how long—But I'll tell you one thing ; it's a question that would puzzle an Arithmetician , if you should ask him , whether the Bible saves more Souls in *Westminster-Abby* , or damns more in *Westminster-Hall* : For my part , I am Truth , and can't tell ; I have very few acquaintance.

Sir

Sir *Samp.* Body o'me, he talks sensibly in his madness—Has he no intervals?

Ferr. Very short, Sir.

Buckr. Sir, I can do you no service while he's in this condition: here's your paper, Sir—He may do me a mischief if I stay—The Conveyance is ready, Sir. If he recover his senses.

S C E N E VII

Sir Sampson Valentine Scandal Jeremy

Sir *Samp.* Hold, hold, don't you go yet.

Scan. You'd better let him go, Sir; and send for him if there be occasion; for I fancy his presence provokes him more.

Val. Is the Lawyer gone? 'Tis well, then we may drink about without going together by the ears—Heigh ho! What a clock is't My Father here! Your blessing, Sir?

Sir *Samp.* He recovers—bless thee, *Val.*—How do'st thou do, boy?

Val. Thank you, Sir, pretty well—I have been a little out of order; won't you please to sit, Sir?

Sir *Samp.* Ay, boy—Come, thou shalt sit down by me.

Val. Sir, 'tis my duty to wait.

Sir *Samp.* No, no, come, come, sit you down; honest *Val*; How do'st thou do? let me feel thy pulse—Oh, pretty well now, *Val*: Body o'me, I was sorry to see thee indisposed: But I'm glad thou'art better, honest *Val*.

Val. I thank you, Sir.

Scan. Miracle! the Monster grows loving. [*Aside.*

Sir *Samp.* Let me feel thy hand again, *Val*: it does not shake—I believe thou can'st write. *Val*: Ha, boy? Thou can'st write thy name, *Val*,—*Jeremy*, step and overtake

overtake Mr. *Buckram*, bid him make haste back with the Conveyance—quick—quick [*In whisper to Jeremy.*]

SCENE VIII.

Sir Sampson, Valentine, Scandal.

Scan. That ever I shou'd suspect such a Heathen of any remorse! [*Aside.*]

Sir Samp. Do'st thou know this paper, *Val.* I know thou'rt honest, and wil't perform articles.

[*Shews him the paper, but holds it out of his reach.*]

Val. Pray let me see it, Sir. You hold it so far off, that I can't tell whether I know it or no.

Sir Samp. See it, boy? Aye, aye, why thou do'st see—'tis thy own hand, *Val.* Why, let me see, I can read it as plain as can be: Look you here [*reads*] *The Condition of this Obligation*—Look you, as plain as can be, so it begins—And then at the bottom—*As witness my hand, VALENTINE LEGEND*, in great Letters. Why, 'tis as plain as the nose in one's face: What, are my eyes better than thine? I believe I can read it farther off yet—let me see. [*Stretches his arm as far as he can.*]

Val. Will you please to let me hold it, Sir?

Sir Samp. Let thee hold it, say'st thou—Ay, with all my heart—What matter is it who holds it? What need any body hold it?—I'll put it in up in my pocket, *Val:* And then no body need hold it [*puts the paper in his pocket.*] There *Val;* it's safe enough, boy—But thou shalt have it as soon as thou hast set thy hand to another paper, little *Val.*

SCENE IX.

[*To them*] *Jeremy with Buckram.*

Val. What, is my bad genius here again! Oh no, 'tis the
the

the Lawyer with an itching palm; and he's come to be scratch'd—My nails are not long enough—Let me have a pair of red hot tongues quickly, quickly, and you shall see me act St. *Dunstan*, and lead the Devil by the nose.

Buckr. O Lord, let me be gone; I'll not venture myself with a Madman.

S C E N E X.

Sr. Sampson, Valentine, Scandal, Jeremy.

Val. Ha, ha, ha; you need not run so fast, Honesty will not overtake you—Ha, ha, ha, the Rogue found me out to be in *forma Pauperis* presently.

Sir Samp. Oo'ns! what a vexation is here! I know not what to do, or say, nor which way to go.

Val. Who's that, that's out of his way;—I am Truth, and can set him right—Hearkee, Friend, the strait road is the worst way you can go—He that follows his nose always, will very often be led into a sink. *Probatum est.* But what are you for? Religion or Politicks? There's a couple of topicks for you, no more like one another than oil and vinegar, and yet those two beaten together by a State-Cook, make sauce for the whole nation.

Sir Samp. What the Devil had I to do, ever to beget Sons? Why did I ever marry?

Val. Because thou wer't a Monster; old boy.—The two greatest Monsters in the world are a Man and a Woman? what's thy opinion?

Sir Samp. Why, my opinion is, that those two Monsters join'd together, make yet a greater, that's a Man and his Wife.

Val. A ha! old truepenny, say'st thou so? thou hast nick'd it—But its wonderful strange, *Jeremy!*

Jere. What is, Sir?

Val. That gray hairs should cover a green head—and I make a Fool of my Father. What's here! *Erra Pater*? or a bearded Sybil? If Prophecy comes, Truth must give place.

S C E N E XI.

Sir Sampson, Scandal, Foresight, Mrs. Foresight Mrs. Frail.

Fore. What says he? What, did he prophesie? Ha, *Sir Sampson*, bless us! How are we?

Sir Samp. Are we; Apox o' your prognostication—Why, we are Fools as we use to be—Oo'ns, that you cou'd not foresee that the Moon wou'd predominate, and my Son be mad—Where's your Oppositions, your Trines, and your Quadrats?—What did your *Gardan* and your *Ptolomee* tell you? Your *Messahalab* and your *Longemon-tanus*: your Harmony of Chiromancy with Astrology? Ah! pox on't, that I that know the World, and Men and Manners, that don't believe a syllable in the sky and Stars, and Sun and Almanacks, and trash, should be directed by a Dreamer, an Omen-hunter, and defer business in expectation of a lucky hour. When, body o'me, there never was a lucky hour after the first opportunity.

S C E N E XII.

Scandal, Foresight, Mrs. Foresight, Mrs. Frail,

Fore. Ah, *Sir Sampson*, Heav'n help your head—This is none of your lucky hour; *Nemo omnibus horis sapit*. What, is he gone, and in contempt of Science! I'll Stars and unconvertible ignorance attend him.

Scan. You must excuse his passion, *Mr. Foresight*; for he has been heartily vex'd—His Son is *non compos mentis*, and thereby incapable of making any conveyance in
Law;

Law; so that all his measures are disappointed.

Fore. Ha? say you so?

Frail. What, has my Sea-Lover lost his anchor of hope then?

Aside to Mrs. Foresight.

Mrs. Fore. Oh Sister, what will you do with him?

Frail. Do with him, send him to sea again in the next foul weather—He's us'd to an inconstant element, and won't be surpriz'd to see the tide turn'd.

Fore. Wherein was I mistaken, not to foresee this?

[Consider's.]

Scan. Madam, you and I can tell him something else—that he did not foresee, and more particularly relating to his own fortune.

[Aside to Mrs. Foresight.]

Mrs. Fore. What do you mean? I don't understand you.

Scan. Hush, softly—the pleasures of last night, my Dear, too considerable to be forgot so soon.

Mrs. Fore. Last night! and what wou'd your impudence infer from last night? last night was like the night before, I think.

Scan. 'S death do you make no difference between me and your Husband?

Mrs. Fore. Not much,—he's superstitious, and you are mad in my opinion.

Scan. You make me mad—You are not serious—Pray recollect your self.

Mrs. Fore. O yes, now I remember, you were very impertinent and impudent,—and would have come to bed to me.

Scan. And did not?

Mrs. Fore. Did not! with what face can you ask the question?

Scan. 'This I have heard of before, but never believ'd. I have been told she had that admirable quality of forgetting to a man's face in the morning, that she had lain with him all night, and denying favours with more impudence, than she cou'd grant 'em.—Madam, I'm
your

your humble Servant, and honour you. — You look pretty well, Mr. *Forefight*; — How did you rest last night?

Fore. Truly Mr. *Scandal*, I was so taken up with broken dreams and distracted visions, that I remember little.

Scan. 'Twas a very forgetting night. — But would you not talk with *Valentine*? perhaps you may understand him; I'm apt to believe there is something mysterious in his discourses, and sometimes rather think him inspir'd than mad.

Fore. You speak with singular good judgment, Mr. *Scandal*, truly — I am inclining to your *Turkish* opinion in this matter, and do reverence a man whom the vulgar think mad. Let us go in to him.

Frail. Sister, do you stay with them; I'll find out my Lover, and give him his discharge, and come to you. O' my conscience here he comes.

S C E N E XIII.

Mrs. Frail, Ben.

Ben. All mad, I think — Flesh, I believe all the *Calentures* of the sea are come ashore, for my part.

Frail. Mr. *Benjamin* in choler!

Ben. No, I'm pleas'd well enough, now I have found you, — Mefs, I've had such a hurricane upon your account yonder. —

Frail. My account, pray what's the matter?

Ben. Why, Father came and found me squabbling with you chitty fac'd thing, as he would have me marry, — so he ask'd what was the matter. — He ask'd in a furly sort of a way — (It seems Brother *Val* is gone mad, and so that put'n into a passion; but what did I know that, what's that to me?) — So he ask'd in a furly sort of manner, — and Gad I answer'd 'en as furlily. What tho'f he be my Father, I an't bound Prentice to 'en: — so faith I told'n in plain

plain terms, if I were minded to marry, I'd marry to please my self, not him; and for the young woman that he provided for me, I thought it more fitting for her to learn her Sampler, and make dirt-pies, than to look after a Husband; for my part I was none of her man.—I had another voyage to make, let him take it as he will.

Frail. So then you intend to go to sea again?

Ben. Nay, nay, my mind run upon you,—but I wou'd not tell him so much.—So he said he'd make my heart ake; and if so be that he cou'd get a Woman to his mind, he'd marry himself. Gad, says I, an you play the fool and marry at these years, there's more danger of your head's aking than my heart.—He was woundy angry when I gav'n that wipe.—He had 'nt a word to say, and so I left 'n, and the green Girl together;—May-hap thee Bee may bite, and he'll marry her himself, with all my heart.

Frail. And were you this undutiful and graceless wretch to your Father?

Ben. Then why was he graceless first?—if I am undutiful and graceless: why did he beget me so? I did not get my self.

Frail. O Impiety! how have I been mistaken! what an inhumane merciless creature have I set my heart upon? O I am happy to have discover'd the shelves and quicksands that lurk beneath that faithless smiling face.

Ben. Hey tofs! what's the matter now? why you ben't angry, be you?

Frail. O see me no more,—for thou wert born amongst Rocks, suckl'd by Whales, cradled in a tempest, and whistled to by Winds; and thou art come forth with fins and scales, and three rows of teeth, a most outrageous Fish of prey.

Ben. O Lord, O Lord, she's mad, poor young Woman, Love has turn'd her senses, her brain is quite over-set. Well-a-day, how shall I do to set her to rights?

Frail. No, no, I am not mad, Monster, I am wise enough

enough to find you out.—Had'st thou the impudence to aspire at being a Husband with that stubborn and disobedient temper?—You that know not how to submit to a Father, presume to have a sufficient stock of duty to undergo a Wife? I should have been finely fobb'd indeed, very finely fobb'd.

Ben. Harkee forsooth: If so be that you are in your right senses, d'ye see; for ought as I perceive I'm like to be finely fobb'd,—if I have got anger here upon your account, and you are tack'd about already—What d'ye mean, after all your fair speeches, and stroaking my cheeks, and kissing and hugging, what wou'd you sheer off so? wou'd you, and leave me a ground?

Frail. No, I'll leave you a-drift, and go which way you will.

Ben. What, are you false-hearted then?

Frail. Only the wind's chang'd.

Ben. More shame for you,—the wind's chang'd?—it's an ill wind blows no body good,—may-hap I have good riddance on you, if these be your tricks,—What d'ye mean all this while, to make a fool of me?

Frail. Any fool, but a Husband.

Ben. Husband! Gad I wou'd not be your Husband, if you wou'd have me; now I know your mind, thof' you had your weight in Gold and Jewels, and thof' I lov'd you never so well.

Frail. Why canst thou love, Porpusse?

Ben. No matter what I can do? don't eall names,—I don't love you so well as to bear that, whatever I did,—I'm glad you shew yourself, Mistrefs:—Let them marry you, as don't know you:—Gad I know you too well, by sad experience,—I believe he that marries you will go to sea in a hen peck'd Frigat—I believe that, young Woman—and may-hap may come to an-anchor at *Cuckold's-point*; so there's a dash for you, take it as you will: may-hap you may holla after me when I won't come too.

Frail.

Frail. Ha, ha, ha, no doubt on't.—
My true Love is gone to sea.

SCENE XIV.

Mrs. Frail, and Foresight.

O Sister, had you come a minute sooner, you would have seen the resolution of a Lover,—Honest *Tarr* and I are parted;—and with the same indifference that we met:—O'my life I am half vex'd at the insensibility of a Brute that I despis'd.

Mrs. Fore. What then, he bore it most heroically?

Frail. Most tyrannically,—for you see he has got the start of me; and I the poor forsaken Maid am left complaining on the shore. But I'll tell you a hint that he has given me; Sir *Sampson* is enrag'd, and talks desperately of committing Matrimony himself.—If he has a mind to throw himself away, he can't do it more effectually than upon me, if we could bring it about.

Mrs. Fore. Oh hang him old Fox, he's too cunning; besides he hates both you and me. But I have a project in my head for you, and I have gone a good way towards it. I have almost made a bargain with *Jeremy Valentine's* man, to sell his Master to us.

Frail. Sell him, how?

Mrs. Fore. *Valentine* raves upon *Angelica*, and took me for her, and *Jeremy* says will take any body for her that he imposes on him.—Now I have promis'd him mountains, if in one of his mad fits he will bring you to him in her stead, and get you married together, and put to bed together; and after consummation, Girl, there's no revoking. And if he should recover his senses, he'll be glad at least to make you a good Settlement.—Here they come, stand aside a little, and tell me how you like the design.

S C E N E XV,

Mrs. Foresight, Mrs. Frail, Valentine, Scandal, Foresight, and Jeremy.

Scan. And have you given your Master a hint of their Plot upon him? [To Jere.

Jere. Yes, Sir; he says he'll favour it, and mistake her for *Angelica*.

Scan. It may make us sport.

Fore. Mercy on us!

Val. Husht— Interrupt me not— I'll whisper prediction to thee, and thou shalt prophesie;—I am Truth, and can teach thy tongue a new trick,—I have told thee what's past,— Now I tell what's to come;— Dost thou know what will happen to morrow?— Answer me not— for I will tell thee. To morrow, Knaves will thrive thro' craft, and Fools thro' fortune; and Honesty will go as it did, frost-nip't in a summer suit. Ask me questions concerning to morrow.

Scan. Ask him, Mr. *Foresight*.

Fore. Pray what will be done at Court?

Val. *Scandal* will tell you; — I am Truth, I never come there.

Fore. In the City?

Val. Oh, Prayers will be said in empty Churches, at the usual hours. Yet you will see such zealous faces behind counters, as if Religion were to be sold in every shop. Oh things will go methodically in the City, the Clocks will strike twelve at noon, and the horn'd Herd buz in the Exchange at two. Husbands and Wives will drive distinct trades, and care and pleasure separately occupy the family. Coffee-Houses will be full of smock and stratagem. And the cropt Prentice, that sweeps his Master's shop in the morning, may ten to one dirty his sheets before night. But there are two things that you will see very strange; which are wanton Wives, with their

their legs at liberty, and tame Cuckolds, with chains about their necks. But hold, I must examine you before I go further; You look suspiciously. Are you a Husband?

Fore I am married.

Val. Poor Creature! Is your Wife of *Covent-Garden* Parish!

Fore. No; *St. Martins* in the Fields.

Val. Alas, poor Man; his eyes are sunk, and his hands shrivell'd; his legs dwindle, and his back bow'd, Pray, pray, for a Metamorphosis—Change thy shape, and shake off age; get thee *Medea's* kettle, and be boil'd a-new, come forth with lab'ring *Calious* hands, a chine of steel, and *Atlas's* shoulders. Let *Tallacotius* trim the calves of twenty Chairmen, and make thee Pedestals to stand erect upon, and look Matrimony in the face. Ha, ha, ha! That a Man shou'd have a stomach to a Wedding supper, when the Pidgeons ought rather to be laid to his feet, ha, ha, ha.

Fore. His frenzy is very high now, *Mr. Scandal.*

Scan. I believe it is a spring tide.

Fore. Very likely truly; You understand these matters—*Mr. Scandal*, I shall be very glad to confer with you about these things which he has utter'd.—His sayings are very mysterious and hieroglyphical.

Val. Oh, why would *Angelica* be absent from my eyes so long?

Jere. She's here, Sir.

Mrs. Fore. Now, Sister.

Frail. O Lord, what must I say?

Scan. Humour him, Madam, by all means.

Val. Where is she? Oh I see her—she comes, like Riches, Health, and Liberty at once, to a despairing, starving, and abandon'd wretch.

Oh welcome, welcome.

Frail. How d'ye you, Sir? Can I serve you?

Val. Hark'ee;—I have a secret to tell you—

mion and the Moon shall meet us upon Mount *Latmos* ; and we'll be marry'd in the dead of night.—But say not a word. *Hymen* shall put his Torch into a dark lanthorn, that it may be secret ; and *Juno* shall give her *Peacock* poppy-water, that he may fold his ogling tail, and *Argus's* hundred eyes be shut, ha? No body shall know, but *Jeremy*.

Frail. No, no, we'll keep it secret, it shall be done presently.

Val. The sooner the better—*Jeremy*, come hither—closer—that none may over-hear us;—*Jeremy*, I can tell you news;—*Angelica* is turn'd Nun; and I am turning Fryar, and yet we'll marry one another in spite of the Pope—Get me a coul and beads, that I may play my part,—For she'll meet me two hours hence in black and white, and a long Veil to cover the project, and we won't see one anothers faces, till we have done something to be asham'd of; and then we'll blush once for all.

S C E N E X V I.

[To them] *Tattle* and *Angelica*.

Jere. I'll take care, and—

Val. Whisper.

Ang. Nay, Mr. *Tattle*, if you make love to me, you spoil my design, for I intend to make you my Confident.

Tat. But, Madam, to throw away your person, such a person! and such a fortune, on a Madman!

Ang. I never lov'd him till he was mad; but don't tell any body so.

Scan. How's this! *Tattle* making love to *Angelica*!

Tatt. Tell, Madam! alas you don't know me—I have much ado to tell your Ladyship, how long I have been in love with you—but encourag'd by the impossibility of *Valentine's* making any more addresses to you, I have ventur'd to declare the very inmost passion of my heart.

heart. Oh, Madam, look upon us both. There you see the ruins of a poor decay'd Creature—Here, a compleat and lively Figure, with youth and health & all his five senses in perfection, Madam; and to all this, the most passionate Lover—

Ang. O fie for shame, hold your tongue, A passionate Lover, and five senses in perfection! when you are as mad as *Valentine*, I'll believe you love me, and the maddest shall take me.

Val. It is enough. Ha! who's here?

Frail. O Lord, her coming will spoil all. [To *Jeremy*.

Jere. No, no, Madam, he won't know her; if he shou'd, I can persuade him.

Val. *Scandal*, who are all these? Foreigners? If they are, I'll tell you what I think—Get away all the Company but *Angelica*, that I may discover my design to her—

[*Whisper.*

Scan. I wil,—I have discover'd something of *Tattle*, that is of a piece with Mrs. *Frail*. He Courts *Angelica*. If we cou'd contrive to couple 'em together—Hark'ee.—

[*Whisper.*

Mrs. Fore. He won't know you, Cousin, he knows no body.

Fore. But he knows more than any body,—Oh Neice, he knows things past and to come, and all the profound secrets of time.

Tatt. Look you, Mr. *Forefight*, It is not my way to make many words of mattets, and so I shan't say much,—But in short, dy'e see, I will hold you a hundred Pound now, that I know more secrets than he.

Fore. How! I cannot read that knowledge in your face, Mr. *Tattle*— Pray, what do you know?

Tat. Why dy'e think I'll tell you, Sir! Read it in my face? No, Sir, 'tis written in my heart. And safer there, Sir, than Letters writ in juice of lemon, for no fire can fetch it out. I am no blab, Sir.

Val. Acquaint *Jeremy* with it, he may easily bring it about,

about,— They are welcome , and I'll tell 'em so my self. [*To Scandal*] What , do you look strange upon me?— Then I must be plain. [*Coming up to them.*] I am Truth , and hate an old Acquaintance with a new face.

[*Scandal goes aside with Jeremy.*]

Tatt. Do you know me , *Valentine*?

Val. You? Who are you? No , I hope not.

Tatt. I am *Jack Tattle* , your Friend.

Val. My Friend , what to do ? I am no married Man , and thou can'st not lye with my Wife : I am very poor , and thou can'st not borrow money of me : Then what employment have I for a Friend.

Tatt. Hah ! A good open speaker , and not to be trust-
ed with a secret.

Ang. Do you know me , *Valentine*?

Val. Oh very well.

Ang. Who am I ?

Val. You're a Woman— One to whom Heav'n gave beauty , when it grafted Roses on a Briar. You are the reflection of Heav'n in a Pond , and he that leaps at you is sunk. You are all white , a sheet of lovely spotless paper , when you first are born ; but you are to be scrawl'd and blotted by every goose's quill. I know you ; for I lov'd a Woman , and lov'd her so long , that I found out a strange thing : I found out what a Woman was good for.

Tatt. Ay , prythee , what's that?

Val. Why to keep a secret.

Tatt. O Lord !

Val. O exceeding good to keep a secret : For tho' she should tell , yet she is not to be believ'd.

Tatt. Hah ! good again , faith.

Val. I would have Musick— Sing me the Song that I like—

S O N G.

SONG.

Set by Mr. Finger.

I Tell thee, Charmion, could I time retrieve,
And could again begin to love and live,
To you I should my earliest Off'ring give;
I know my eyes would lead my heart to you,
And I should all my vows and oaths renew,
But to be plain, I never would be true.

2.

For by our weak and weary truth, I find,
Love hates to center in a point assign'd,
But runs with joy the circle of the mind.
Then never let us chain what shou'd be free,
But for relief of either Sex agree,
Since Women love to change, and so do we.

No more, for I am melancholly.

[Walks musing.

Fere. I'll do't, Sir.

[To Scandal.

Scan. Mr. Foresight, we had best leave him. He may grow outrageous, and do mischief.

Fore. I will be directed by you.

Fere. You'll meet, Madam;—I'll take care every
to *Frail.* thing shall be ready.

Frail. Thou shalt do what thou wilt, in short, I will deny thee nothing.

Tatt. Madam, shall I wait upon you? [To Angelica.

Ang. No, I'll stay with him—Mr. Scandal will protect me. Aunt. Mr. Tattle desires you would give him leave to wait on you.

Tatt. Pox on't, there's no coming off, now she has
said

said that—Madam, will you do me the honour?

Mrs. Fore. Mr. Tattle might have us'd less ceremony.

S C E N E X V I I.

Angelica, Valentine, Scandal.

Scan. Jeremy, follow Tattle.

Ang. Mr. Scandal, I only stay till my Maid comes, and because I had a mind to be rid of Mr. Tattle.

Scan. Madam, I am very glad that I overheard a better reason, which you gave to Mr. Tattle; for his impertinence forc'd you to acknowledge a kindness for *Valentine*, which you deny'd to all his sufferings and my solicitations. So I'll leave him to make use of the discovery; and your Ladyship to the free confession of your inclinations.

Ang. Oh Heavens! You wont leave me alone with a Madman?

Scan. No, Madam; I only leave a Madman to his remedy.

S C E N E X V I I I.

Angelica, Valentine.

Val. Madam, you need not be very much afraid, for I fancy I begin to come to my self.

Ang. Ay; but if I don't fit you, I'll be hang'd [*Aside.*

Val. You see what disguises Love makes us put on; Gods have been in counterfeited shapes for the same reason; and the divine part of me, my mind, has worn this masque of madness, and this motly livery, only as the Slave of Love, and menial creature of your Beauty.

Ang. Mercy on me, how he talks! poor *Valentine*!

Val. Nay faith, now let us understand one another, Hypocrisie apart, — The Comedy draws toward an end, and let us think of leaving acting, and be our selves; and
since

since you have lov'd me, you must own I have at length deserv'd you shou'd confess it.

Ang. Sighs.] I would I had lov'd you—for Heaven knows I pity you; and could I have foreseen the sad effects, I wou'd have striven; but that's too late. [*Sighs.*

Val. What sad effects?—What's too late? my seeming madness has deceiv'd my Father, and procur'd me time to think of means to reconcile me to him; and preserve the right of my Inheritance to his Estate; which otherwise by articles, I must this morning have resign'd: And this I had inform'd you of to day, but you were gone, before I knew you had been here.

Ang. How! I thought your love of me had caus'd this transport in your soul; which, it seems, you only counterfeited, for mercenary ends and sordid interest

Val. Nay, now you do me wrong for if any Interest was considered, it was yours; since I thought I wanted more than Love, to make me worthy of you.

Ang. Then you thought me mercenary— But how am I deluded by this interval of sense, to reason with a Madman?

Val. Oh, 'tis barbarous to misunderstand me longer.

SCENE XIX.

[*To them*] *Jeremy.*

Ang. Oh here's a reasonable Creature—sure he will not have the impudence to persevere— Come, *Jeremy*, acknowledge your trick, and confess your Master's Madness counterfeit.

Fere. Counterfeit, Madam! I'll maintain him to be as absolutely and substantially mad, as any Freeholder in *Bethlehem*: Nay, he's as mad as any Projector, Fanatick, Chymist, Lover or Poet in *Europe*.

Val. Sirrah, you lie; I am not mad.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, you see he denies it.

Fere. O Lord, Madam did you ever know any Mad-man mad enoug to own it?

Val. Sot, can't you apprehend?

Ang. Why he talk'd very sensibly just now.

Fere. Yes, Madam; he has intervals: But you see he begins to look wild again now.

Val. Why you thick-skull'd Rascal, I tell you the Farce is done, and I will be mad no longer. [*Beats him.*

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, is he mad, or no, *Jeremy?*

Fere. Partly I think—for he does not know his own mind two hours. I'm sure I left him just now in the humour to be mad: And I think I have not found him very quiet at this present. Who's there? [*One knocks.*

Val. Go see, you Sot. I'm very glad that I can move your mirth, tho' not your compassion.

Ang. I did not think you had apprehension enough to be exceptious: But Madmen shew themselves most, by over pretending to a sound understanding; as Drunken men do by over acting sobriety. I was half inclining to believe you, till I accidentally touch'd upon your tender part: But now you have restor'd me to my former opinion and compassion.

Fere. Sir, your Father has sent to know if you are any better yet— Will you please to be mad, Sir, or how?

Val. Stupidity! You know the penalty of all I'm worth must pay for the confession of my senses: I'm mad, and will be mad to every Body but this Lady.

Fere. So— Just the very backside of Truth,— But lying is a figure in speech, that interlards the greatest part of my conversation— Madam, your Ladyships Woman.
[*Goes to the Door.*

S C E N E XX.

Valentine, Angelica, Jenny.

Ang. Well, have you been there?— Come hither.
Jen-

Jenny. Yes, Madam, Sir *Sampson* will wait upon you presently. [*Aside to Angelica.*

Val. You are not leaving me in this uncertainty?

Ang. Wou'd any thing but a Madman complain of uncertainty? Uncertainty and expectation are the joys of life. Security is an insipid thing, and the overtaking and possessing of a wish, discovers the folly of the chase. Never let us know one another better; for the pleasure of a Masquerade is done, when we come to shew our faces. But I'll tell you two things before I leave you; I am not the Fool you take me for; and you are mad and don't know it.

SCENE XXI.

Valentine, Jeremy.

Val. From a Riddle, you can expect nothing but a Riddle. There's my instruction, and the Moral of my lesson.

Jere. What, is the Lady gone again, Sir? I hope you understood one another before she went.

Val. Understood! Shee is harder to be understood than a piece of *Aegyptian* Antiquity, or an *Irish* Manuscript; you may pore till you spoil your eyes, and not improve your knowledge.

Jere. I have heard 'em say, Sir, they read hard *Hebrew* books backwards; may be you begin to read at the wrong end.

Val. They say so of a Witch's pray'r; and dreams and *Dutch* Almanacks are to be understood by contraries. But there's regularity and method in that; she is a Medal without a Reverse or Inscription; for indifference has both sides alike. Yet while she does not seem to hate me, I will pursue her, and know her if it be possible, in spite of the opinion of my satyrical Friend, *Scandal*, who says

*That Women are like Tricks by slight of hand,
Which, to admire, we should not understand.*



A C T V.

S C E N E I.

A room in Foresight's house.

Angelica and Jenny.

Ang. **W**Here is Sir *Sampson*? Did you not tell me, he would be here before me?

Jenny. He's at the great glass in the dining room, Madam, setting his cravat and wig.

Ang. How! I'm glad on 't—If he has a mind I should like him, it's a sign he likes me; and that's more than half my design.

Jenny. I hear him, Madam.

Ang. Leave me, and d'ye hear, if *Valentine* shou'd come, or send, I am not to be spoken with.

[Exit Jenny.]

S C E N E II.

Angelica, Sir Sampson.

Sir Samp. I have not been honour'd with the commands of a fair Lady: a great while—Odd, Madam, you have reviv'd me—not since I was five and thirty.

Ang. Why you have no great reason to complain, *Sir Sampson*, that is not long ago.

Sir

Sir *Samp.* Zooks, but it is, Madam, a very great while; to a Man that admires a fine Woman, as much as I do.

Ang. You're an absolute Courtier, Sir *Sampson*.

Sir *Samp.* Not at all, Madam: Odsbud you wrong me; I am not so old neither, to be a bare Courtier, only a Man of words. Odd, I have warm blood about me yet, I can serve a Lady any way—Come, come, let me tell you, you Women think a Man old too soon; faith and troth you do—Come, don't despise fifty; old fifty, in a hale constitution, is no such contemptible age.

Ang. Fifty a contemptible age! not at all, a very fashionable age I think—I assure you I know very considerable Beaus, that set a good face upon fifty. Fifty! I have seen fifty in a side box by candle-light, out-blossom five and twenty.

Sir *Samp.* O Pox, outsid'es, outsid'es; a pize take 'em, meer outsid'es. Hang your side-Box Beaus; no, I'm none of those, none of your forc'd trees, that pretend to blossom in the fall; and bud when they should bring forth fruit. I am of a long liv'd race, and inherit vigour: none of my Family married till fifty; yet they begot Sons and Daughters till fourscore. I am of your Patriarchs; I, a branch of one of your *Antideluvian* Families, Fellows, that the Flood could not wash away—Well, Madam, what are your commands? Has any young Rogue affronted you, and shall I cut his throat? or—

Ang. No, Sir *Sampson*, I have no quarrel upon my hands—I have more occasion for your conduct than your courage at this time. To tell you the thruth, I'm weary of living single, and want a Husband.

Sir *Samp.* Odsbud, and 'tis pity you should—Odd, wou'd she wou'd like me, then I shou'd hamper my young Rogues: Odd, wou'd she wou'd; faith and troth she's divilish handsome. [*Aside.*] Madam, you deserve a good Husband, and 'twere pity you shou'd be thrown away

away upon any of these young idle Rogues about the Town. Odd, there's ne'er a young Fellow worth hanging— that's a very young Fellow— Pize on 'em they never think beforehand of any thing;— And if they commit Matrimony, 'tis as they commit Murder, out of a frolick: and are ready to hang themselves, or to be hang'd by the Law, the next morning.— Odso, have a care, Madam.

Ang. Therefore I ask your advice, Sir *Sampson*: I have Fortune enough to make any Man easie that I can like; If there were such a thing as a young agreeable Man, with a reasonable stock of good-nature and sense— For I would neither have an absolute Wit, nor a Fool.

Sir *Samp.* Odd, you are hard to please, Madam; to find a young Fellow that is neither a Wit in his own eyes, nor a Fool in the eye of the World, is a very hard task. But, faith and troth you speak very discreetly; for I hate both a Wit and a Fool.

Angl. She that marries a Fool, Sir *Sampson*, forfeits the reputation of her honesty or understanding: And she that marries a very witty Man, is a slave to the severity and insolent conduct of her Husband. I should like a Man of wit for a Lover, because I would have such an one in my power; but I would no more be his Wife, than his Enemy. For his malice is not a more terrible consequence of his aversion, than his Jealousie is of his Love.

Sir *Samp.* None of old *Forefight's* *Sybills* ever utter'd such a truth. Odsbud, you have won my heart; I hate a Wit; I had a Son that was spoil'd among'em; a good hopeful Lad, till he learn'd to be a Wit—And might have risen in the State—But, a pox on't, his wit run him out of his money, and now his poverty has run him out of his wits.

Ang. Sir *Sampson*, as your Friend, I must tell you, you are very much abus'd in that matter: He's no more mad than you are.

Sir

Sir *Samp.* How, Madam! Wou'd I cou'd prove it.

Ang. I can tell you how that may be done—But it is a thing that wou'd make me appear to be too much concern'd in your affairs.

Sir *Samp.* Odsbud I believe she likes me— [*Aside.*]—Ah, Madam, all my affairs are scarce worthy to be laid at your feet: And I wish, Madam, they stood in a better posture, that I might make a more becoming offer to a Lady of your incomparable beauty and merit.—If I had *Peru* in one hand, and *Mexico* in t'other, and the *Eastern* Empire under my feet, it would make me only a more glorious Victim to be offer'd at the Shrine of your beauty.

Ang. Bless me, Sir *Sampson*, what's the matter?

Sir *Samp.* Odd, Madam, I love you—And if you wou'd take my advice in a Husband—

Ang. Hold, hold, Sir *Sampson*. I ask'd your advice for a Husband, and you are giving me your consent—I was indeed thinking to propose something like it in jest, to satisfie you about *Valentine*: For if a Match were seemingly carried on, between you and me, it would oblige him to throw off his disguise of madness, in apprehension of losing me: For you know he has long pretended a passion for me.

Sir *Samp.* Gadzooks, a most ingenious contrivance—If we were to go through with it. But why must the Match only be seemingly carried on?—Odd, let it be a real Contract.

Ang. O fie, Sir *Sampson*, what would the World say?

Sir *Samp.* Say, they would say, you were a wise Woman, and I a happy Man. Odd, Madam, I'll love you as long as I live; and leave you a good jointure when I die.

Ang. Ay; But that is not in your power, Sir *Sampson*; for when *Valentine* confesses himself in his senses, he must make over his inheritance to his younger Brother.

Sir *Samp.* Odd, you're cunning, a wary baggage!
Faith

Faith and Troth I like you the better—But, I warrant you, I have a Provifo in the Obligation in favour of my felf—Body o'me, I have a trick to turn the fettlement upon the Ifue male of our two bodies begotten. Odsbud, let us find Children, and I'll find an Eftate.

Ang. Will you? well, do you find the Eftate, and leave the t'other to me—

Sir Samp. O Rogue! But I'll trust you. And will you confent? Is it a match then?

Ang. Let me confult my Lawyer concerning this Obligation; and if I find what you propofe practicable, I'll give you my answer.

Sir Samp. With all my heart;—Come in with me, and I'll lend you the Bond,—You fhall confult your Lawyer. and I'll confult a Parfon. Odzooks I'm a young Man; Odzooks I'm a young Man and I'll make it appear—Odd, you're devilifh handfom; faith and throth you're very handfom, and I'm very young, and very lufly—Odsbud, Huffy, you know how to chufe, and fo do I Odd, I think we are very well met;—Give me your hand, Odd let me kifs it; 'tis as warm and as foft—as what?—Od as t'other hand—give me t'other hand, and I'll mumble 'em, and kifs 'em till they melt in my mouth.

Ang. Hold, *Sir Sampfon*—You're profufe of your vigour before your time: You'll fpend your Eftate before you come to it.

Sir Samp. No, no, I only give you a Rent-roll of my poffeffions—Ah! Baggage—I warrant you for little *Sampfon*: Odd, *Sampfon's* a very good name for an able Fellow: Your *Sampfons* were ftrong dogs from the beginning.

Ang. Have a care, and don't over-act your part—If you remember, the ftrongeft *Sampfon* of your name, pull'd an old houfe over his head at laft.

Sir Samp. Say you fo, Huffy?—Come lets go then; Odd, I long to be pulling down too; come away—Odfo, here's fome body coming.

(*Exeunt.*
S C E-

SCENE III.

Tattle, Jeremy.

Tatt. Is not that she, gone out just now?

Jere. Ay, Sir, she's just going to the place of appointment. Ah Sir, if you are not very faithful and close in this business, you'll certainly be the death of a Person that has a most extraordinary passion for your Honour's service.

Tatt. Ay, who's that?

Jere. Even my unworthy self, Sir—Sir, I have had an appetite to be fed with your commands a great while;—And now, Sir, my former Master, having much troubled the fountain of his understanding, it is a very plausible occasion for me to quench my thirst at the spring of your bounty—I thought I cou'd not recommend my self better to you, Sir, than by the delivery of a great Beauty and Fortune into your arms, whom I have heard you sigh for.

Tatt. I'll make thy Fortune; say no more—Thou art a pretty Fellow, and can'st carry a message to a Lady, in a pretty soft kind of phrase, and with a good persuading accent.

Jere. Sir, I have the feeds of Rhetorick and Oratory in my head—I have been at *Cambridge*.

Tatt. Ay; 'tis well enough for a Servant to be bred at an University: But the Education is a little too pedantick for a Gentleman. I hope you are secret in your nature, private, close, ha?

Jere. O Sir, for that Sir, 'tis my chief talent; I'm as secret as the head of *Nilus*.

Tatt. Ay? Who's he, tho? A Privy Confellor?

Jere. O Ignorance! [*aside*] A cunning *Ægyptian*, Sir, that with his arms would over run the Country, yet no body could ever find out his head-Quarters.

Tatt.

Tatt. Close Dog! A good Whoremaster, I warrant him—the time draws nigh, *Jeremy.* *Angelica* will be veil'd like a Nun; and I must be hooded like a Friar; ha, *Jeremy?*

Fere. Ay, Sir, hooded like a Hawk, to seize at first sight upon the quarry. It is the whim of my Master's madness to be so dress'd; and she is so in love with him, she'll comply with any thing to please him. Poor Lady, I'm sure she'll have reason to pray for me, when she finds what a happy exchange she has made, between a Madman and so accomplish'd a Gentleman.

Tatt. Ay faith, so she will, *Jeremy*: You're a good Friend to her, poor creature—I swear I do it hardly so much in consideration of my self, as compassion to her.

Fere. 'Tis an act of Charity, Sir, to save a fine Woman with thirty thousand Pound, from throwing her self away.

Tatt. So 'tis, faith—I might have sav'd several others in my time; but I Gad I could never find in my heart to marry any body before.

Fere. Well, Sir, I'll go and tell her my Master's coming; and meet you in half a quarter of an hour, with your disguise, at your own lodgings. You must talk a little madly, she won't distinguish the tone of your voice.

Tatt. No, no, let me alone for a Counterfeit;— I'll be ready for you.

SCENE IV.

Tattle, Miss Prue.

Miss pru. O Mr. *Tattle*, are you here! I'm glad I have found you; I have been looking up and down for you like any thing, till I'm as tierd as any thing in the world.

Tatt. O Pox, how shall I get rid of this foolish girl?

[*Aside,*
Miss pru. O I have pure news, I can tell you pure news—

I must not marry the Seaman now—my Father says so. Why won't you be my Husband? You say you love me, and you won't be my Husband. And I know you may be my Husband now if you please.

Tatt. O fie, Miss: Who told you so, Child?

Miss pru. Why, my Father—I told him that you lov'd me.

Tatt. O fie, Miss, why did you do so? and who told you so, Child?

Miss pru. Who? Why you did; did not you?

Tatt. O Pox, that was yesterday, Miss, that was a great while ago, Child. I have been asleep since; slept a whole night, and did not so much as dream of the matter.

Miss pru. Pshaw, O but I dreamt that it was so tho.

Tatt. Ay, but your Father will tell you that dreams come by contraries, Child—O fie; what, we must not love one another now—Pshaw, that would be a foolish thing indeed—Fie, fie, you're a Woman now, and must think of a new Man every morning, and forget him every night—No, no, to marry, is to be a Child again, and play with the same rattle always. O fie, marrying is a paw thing.

Miss pru. Well, but don't you love me as well as you did last night then?

Tatt. No, no, Child, you would not have me.

Miss pru. No? Yes but I would tho.

Tatt. Pshaw, but I tell you, you would not—You forget you're a Woman, and don't know your own mind.

Miss pru. But here's my Father, and he knows my mind.

S C E N E V.

[*To them*] *Forefight.*

Fore. O, Mr. *Tattle*, your Servant, you are a close
H
Man,

Man, but methinks your love to my Daughter was a secret I might have been trusted with,—Or had you a mind to try if I could discover it by my Art—hum, ha! I think there is something in your phyfiognomy, that has a resemblance of her; and the Girl is like me.

Tatt. And so you wou'd infer, that you and I are a like—what does the old Prig mean? I'll banter him, and laugh at him, and leave him. [*Aside.*] I fancy you have a wrong notion of faces.

Fore. How? What? A wrong notion! How so?

Tatt. In the way of Art: I have some taking features, not obvious to vulgar eyes; that are indications of a sudden turn of good fortune, in the lottery of Wives; and promise a great Beauty and great Fortune reserved alone for me, by a private intrigue of Destiny, kept secret from the piercing eye of perspicuity; from all Astrologers, and the Stars themselves.

Fore. How! I will make it appear that what you say is impossible.

Tatt. Sir, I beg your pardon, I'm in haste—

Fore. For what?

Tatt. To be marry'd, Sir, marry'd.

Fore. Ay, but pray take me along with you, Sir—

Tatt. No, Sir; 'tis to be done privately—I never make Confidents.

Fore. Well; but my consent I mean—You won't marry my Daughter without my consent?

Tatt. Who I, Sir? I'm an absolute stranger to you and your daughter, Sir.

Fore. Hey day! What time of the Moon is this?

Tatt. Very true, Sir, and desire to continue so. I have no more love for your Daughter, than I have likeness of you; and I have a secret in my heart, which you wou'd be glad to know, and shan't know; and yet you shall know it too, and be sorry for't afterwards. I'd have you to know, Sir, that I am as knowing as the Stars, and as secret as the Night,—And I'm going to be married
just

just now, yet did not know of it half an hour ago; and the Lady stays for me, and does not know of it yet—There's a mystery for you,—I know you love to untie difficulties—Or if you can't solve this; stay here a quarter of an hour, and I'll come and explain it to you.

SCENE VI.

Forefight, Miss Prue.

Miss pru. O Father, why will you let him go? Won't you make him to be my Husband?

Fore. Mercy on us, what do these Lunacies portend? Alas! he's mad, Child, stark wild.

Miss pru. What, and must not I have e'er a Husband then? What, must I go to bed to Nurse again, and be a Child as long as she's an old Woman? Indeed but I won't: For now my mind is set upon a Man, I will have a Man some way or other. Oh! methinks I'm sick when I think of a Man; and if I can't have one, I wou'd go to sleep all my life: For when I'm awake, it makes me wish and long, and don't know for what—And I'd rather be always a sleeping, than sick with thinking.

Fore. O fearful! I think the Girl's influenc'd too,—Hussy you shall have a rod.

Miss pru. A fiddle of a rod, I'll have a Husband; and if you won't get me one, I'll get one for my self: I'll marry our *Robbin* the Butler, he says he loves me, and he's a handsome Man, and shall be my Husband: I warrant he'll be my Husband and thank me too, for he told me so.

SCENE VII.

[*to them*] *Scandal, Mrs. Forefight, and Nurse.*

Fore. Did he so— I'll dispatch him for't presently;

Rogue! Oh, Nurse, come hither.

Nurse What is your Worship's pleasure?

Fore. Here, take your young Mistress, and lock her up presently, till farther orders from me—not a word Huffy—Do what I bid you, no reply, away. And bid *Robin* make ready to give an account of his Plate and Linen, d'ye hear, be gone when I bid you.

[*Ex. Nurse and Miss.*

Mrs. Fore. What's the matter, Husband?

Fore. 'Tis not convenient to tell you now—*Mr. Scandal*, Heav'n keep us all in our senses—I fear there is a contagious Frenzy abroad. How does *Valentine*?

Scan. O I hope he will do wel again—I have a message from him to your Niece *Angelica*.

Fore. I think she has not return'd, since she went abroad with Sir *Sampson* Nurse why are you not gone.

SCENE VIII.

Foreſight, Scandal, Mrs. Foreſight, and Ben.

Mrs. Fore. Here's Mr. *Benjamin*, he can tell us if his father be come home.

Ben. Who, Father? ay, he's come home with a vengeance.

Mrs. Fore. Why, what's the matter?

Ben. Matter? Why he's mad.

Fore. Mercy on us, I was afraid of this.

Ben. And there's the handsome young Woman, she, as they say, Brother *Val.* wend mad for, she's mad too, I think.

Fore. O my poor Niece, my poor Niece, is she gone too? Well, I shall run mad next.

Mrs. Fore. Well, but how mad? how d'ye mean?

Ben. Nay, I'll give you leave to guess—I'll undertake to make a voyage to *Antegoa*—No, hold, I mayn't say so neither—But I'll sail as far as *Lyghorn*, and back again,

again, before you shall guess at the matter, and do nothing else: Mese you may take in all the points of the Compass, and not hit right.

Mrs. Fore. Your experiment will take up a little too much time.

Ben. Why then I'll tell you: There's a new wedding upon the stocks, and they two are going to be married to rights.

Scan. Who?

Ben. Why Father and—the young Woman. I can't hit of her name.

Scan. *Angelica*?

Ben. Ay, the same.

Mrs. Fore. Sir *Sampson* and *Angelica*, impossible!

Ben. That may be—but I'm sure it is as I tell you.

Scan. 'S death it's a jest. I can't believe it.

Ben. Look you, Friend, it's nothing to me, whether you believe it or no. What I say is true, d'ye see; they are married, or just going to be married, I know not which.

Fore. Well, but they are not mad, that is, not Lunatick?

Ben. I don't know what you may call Madnefs—But she's mad for a Husband, and he's horn mad, I think, or they'd ne'er make a match together—Here they come.

S C E N E IX.

[*To them*] *Sir Sampson, Angelica, Buckram.*

Sir Samp. Where is this old Soothfayer? this Uncle of mine elect? a ha! old *Forefight*, Uncle *Forefight*, wish me joy Uncle *Forefight*, double joy, both as Uncle and Astrologer; here's a conjunction that was not foretold in all your *Ephemeris*—The brightest Star in the blew firmament—is shot from above, in a jelly of love, and so forth; and I'm Lord of the Ascendant.

Odd, you're an old Fellow, *Forefight*; Uncle I mean, a very old Fellow, Uncle *Forefight*; and yet you shall live to dance at my wedding; faith and troth you shall. Odd we'll have the musick of the Speres for thee, old *Lilly*, that we will, and thou shalt lead up a Dance in *via lactea*.

Fore. I'm thunder-struck! You are not married to my Niece?

Sir Samp. Not absolutely married, Uncle; but very near it, within a kifs of the matter, as you see.

(*Kisses Ang.*)

Ang. 'Tis very true indeed, Uncle; I hope you'll be my Father, and give me.

Sir Samp. That he shall, or I'll burn his Globes—Body o'me, he shall be they Father. I'll make him thy Father, and thou shalt make me a Father, and I'll make thee a Mother, and we'll beget Sons and Daughters enough to put the weekly Bills out of countenance.

Scan. Death and Hell! Where's *Valentine*?

SCENE X.

Sir Sampson, Angelica, Forefight, Mrs. Forefight, Ben Buckram.

Mrs. Fore. This is so surprising—

Sir Samp. How! What does my Aunt say? Surprising, Aunt? Not at all, for a young couple to make a match in Winter? Not at all—It's a plot to undermine cold weather; and destroy that Ufurper of a bed call'd a warming pan.

Mrs. Fore. I'm glad to hear you have so much fire in you, *Sir Sampson*.

Ben. Mefs, I fear his fire's little better than tinder; may hap it will only serve to light up a match for some body else. The young woman's a handfom young woman, I can't deny it: But, Father, if y might be your Pilot

Pilot in this case, you should not marry her. It's just the same thing, as if so be you should sail so far as the *Straights* without provision.

Sir Samp. Who gave you authority to speak, Sirrah? To your element, Fish, be mute, Fish, and to Sea; rule your helm, Sirrah, don't direct me.

Ben. Well, well, take you care of your own helm, or you mayn't keep your new Vessel steady.

Sir Samp. Why you impudent Tarpaulin! Sirrah, do you bring your fore-castle jests upon your Father? But I shall be even with you, I won't give you a groat. Mr. *Buckram* is the conveyance so worded, that nothing can possibly descend to this Scoundrel? I would not so much as have him have the prospect of an Estate; tho' there were no way to come to it, but by the *North east* passage.

Buckr. Sir, it is drawn according to your directions; there is not the least cranny of the Law unstopt.

Ben. Lawyer, I believe there's many a cranny and leak unstopt in your Conscience— If so be that one had a pump to your bosom, I believe we shou'd discover a foul hold. They say a Witch will sail in a sieve— But I believe the Devil wou'd not venture aboard o' your Conscience. And that's for you.

Sir Samp. Hold your tongue, Sirrah. How now, who's there?

SCENE XI.

[To them] *Tattle, and Mrs. Frail.*

Frail. O, Sister, the most unlucky accident!

Mrs. Fore. What's the matter?

Tatt. O, the two most unfortunate poor Creatures in the world we are.

Fore. Bless us! How so?

Frail. Ah Mr. *Tattle* and I, poor Mr. *Tattle* and I are—I can't speak it out.

Tatt. Nor I— But poor Mrs. *Frail.* and I are—

Frail. Married.

Mrs. *Fore.* Married! How?

Tatt. Suddenly— before we knew where we were—that villain *Jeremy*, by the help of disguises, trickt us into one another.

Fore. Why, you told me just now, you went hence in haste to be married.

Ang. But I believe Mr. *Tattle* meant the favour to me, I thank him.

Tatt. I did, as I hope to be fav'd, Madam, my intentions were good— But this is the most cruel thing, to marry one does not know how, nor why, nor wherefore— The Devill take me if ever I was so much concern'd at any thing in my life.

Ang. 'Tis very unhappy, if you don't care for one another.

Tatt. The least in the world— That is for my part, I speak for my self. Gad, I never had the least thought of serious kindness— I never lik'd any body less in my life. Poor Woman! Gad I'm sorry for her too; for I have no reason to hate her neither; but I believe I shall lead her a damn'd sort of a life.

Mrs. *Fore.* He's better than no Husband at all—tho he's a Coxcomb. [*Aside to Frail.*

Frail. { Ay, ay, it's well it's no worfe— Nay, to her { for my part I always despised Mr. *Tattle* of all things; nothing but his being my Husband could have made me like him less.

Tatt. Look you there, I thought as much—pox on't, I wish we could keep it secret, why I don't believe any of this company wou'd speak of it.

Frail. But, my Dear, that's impossible; the Parson and that Rogue *Jeremy* will publish it.

Tatt. Ay, my Dear, so they will as you say.

Ang.

Ang. O you'll agree very well in a little time; Custom will make it easie to you.

Tatt. Easie! Pox on't, I don't believe I shall sleep to-night.

Sir Samp. Sleep quotha! No, why you would not sleep o' your Wedding night? I'm an older Fellow than you, and don't mean to sleep.

Ben. Why there's another match now, as tho' a couple of Privateers were looking for a prize, and should fall foul of one another. I'm sorry for the young Man with all my heart. Look you, Friend, if I may advise you, when she's going, for that you must expect, I have experience of her, when she's going, let her go: For no *Matremony* is tough enough to hold her, and if she can't drag her Anchor along with her, she'll break her cable; I can tell you that. Who's here? the Mad-man?

S C E N E the last.

Valentine, Scandal, Sir Sampson, Angelica, Foresight, Mrs. Foresight, Tattle, Mrs. Frail, Ben, Jeremy, Buckram.

Val. No; here's the Fool; and if occasion be, I'll give it under my hand.

Sir Samp. How now?

Val. Sir, I'm come to acknowledge my errors, and ask your pardon.

Sir Samp. What have you found your senses at last then? In good time, Sir.

Val. You were abus'd, Sir, I never was distracted.

Fore. How! Not mad! Mr. *Scandal*.

Scan. No really, Sir; I'm his Witness, it was all counterfeit.

Val. I thought I had reasons—But it was a poor contrivance, the effect has shewn it such.

Sir Samp. Contrivance, what to cheat me? to cheat your Father! Sirrah, could you hope to prosper?

Val. Indeed, I thought, Sir, when the Father endeavoured to undo the Son, it was a reasonable return of Nature.

Sir Samp. Very good, Sir—Mr. *Buckram*, are you redy?—Come Sir, will you sign and seal?

Val. If you please, Sir; but first I would ask this Lady one question.

Sir Samp. Sir, you must ask my leave first; that Lady, No, Sir; you shall ask that Lady no questions, till you have ask'd, her blessing, Sir; that Lady is to be my Wife.

Val. I have heard as much Sir; but I wou'd have it from her own mouth.

Sir Samp. That's as much as to say, I lie, Sir; and you don't believe what I say.

Val. Pardon me, Sir; but I reflect that I very lately counterfeid madness; I don't know but the frolick may go round.

Sir Samp. Come, Chuck, fatisfie him, answer him;—Come, come, *Buckram*, the pen and Ink.

Buck. Here it is, Sir, with the Deed, all is ready.

[*Val*, goes to *Ang*.

Ang. 'Tis true, you have a great while pretended love to me; nay, what if you were sincere? still you must pardon me, if I think my own inclinations have a better right to dispose of my parson, than yours.

Sir Samp. Are you answer'd now, Sir?

Val. Yes, Sir.

Sir Samp. Where's your Plot, Sir? and your contrivance now, Sir? Will you sign, Sir? Come, will you sign and seal?

Val. With all my heart, Sir.

Scan. 'S'death, you are not mad indeed, to ruine your self?

Val. I have been disappointed of my only hope; and he

he that loses hope may part with any thing. I never valu'd Fortune, but as it was subservient to my pleasure; and my only pleasure was to please this Lady: I have made many vain attempts, and find at last, that nothing but my ruine can effect it: which, for that reason, I will sign to—Give me the paper.

Ang. Generous *Valentine*! (*Aside.*

Buck. Here is the Deed, Sir.

Val. But where is the Bond, by which I am oblig'd to sign this?

Buck. Sir *Sampson* you have it.

Ang. No, I have it; and I'll use it, as I would every thing that is an Enemy to *Valentine*.

[*Tears the paper.*

Sir Samp. How now!

Val. Ha!

Ang. Had I the World to give you, it cou'd not make we worthy of so generous and faithful a passion. Here's my hand, my heart was always yours, and struggled very hard to make this utmost tryal of your virtue. [*To Val.*

Val. Between pleasure and amazement, I am lost—But on my knees I take the blessing.

Sir Samp. Oons, what is the meaning of this?

Ben. Mefs, here's the wind chang'd again. Father, you and I may make a Voyage together now.

Ang. Well, Sir *Sampson*, since I have plaid you a trick, I'll advise you, how you may avoid such another. Learn to be a good Father, or you'll never get a second Wife. I always lov'd your Son, and hated your unforgiving nature. I was resolv'd to try him to the utmost; I have try'd you too, and know you both. You have not more faults than he has virtues; and 'tis hardly more pleasure to me, that I can make him and my self happy, than that I can punish you.

Val. If my happiness cou'd receive addition, this kind surprize would make it double.

Sir Samp. Oons you're a *Crocodile*.

Fore

Fore. Really, Sir *Sampson*, this is a sudden eclipse—

Sir Samp. You're an illiterate old Fool, and I'm another, and the Stars are lyars; and if I had breath enough, I'd curse them and you, my self and every body—Oons, cully'd, dubbl'd, jilted, Woman-bobb'd at last—I have not patience. [Exit Sir Samp.]

Tatt. If the Gentleman is in this disorder for want of a Wife, I can spare him mine. Oh are you there, Sir? I'm indebted to you for my happiness. (To *Jere.*)

Jere. Sir, I ask you ten thousand pardons, 't was an errant mistake— You see, Sir, my Master was never mad, nor any thing like it— Then how could it be otherwise?

Val. Tattle, I thank you, you would have interposed between me and Heav'n; but Providence laid Purgatory in your way— You have but justice.

Scan. I hear the Fiddles that Sir *Sampson* provided for his own Wedding; methinks 'tis pity thy should not be employ'd when the match is so much mended. *Valentine,* tho' it be morning, we may have a dance.

Val. Any thing, my Friend, every thing that looks like joy and transport.

Scan. Call'em, *Jeremy.*

Ang. I have done dissembling now, *Valentine*; and if that coldness which I have always worn before you, should turn to an extream fondness, you must not suspect it.

Val. I'll prevent that suspicion— For I intend to doat to that immoderate degree, that your fondness shall never distinguish it self enough, to be taken notice of. If ever you seem to love too much, it must be only when I can't love enough.

Ang. Have a care of promises; you know you are apt to run more in debt than you are able to pay.

Val. Therefore I yield my body as your prisoner, and make your best on't.

Scan. The Musick stays for you.

Dance

Dance.

Scan. Well, Madam, You have done exemplary justice, in punishing an inhumane Father, and rewarding a faithful Lover: But there is a third good work, which I, in particular, must thank you for; I was an infidel to your Sex; and you have converted me— For now I am convinc'd that all Women are not like Fortune, blind in bestowing favours, either on those who do not merit, or who do not want 'em.

Ang. 'Tis an unreasonable accusation, that you lay upon our Sex: You tax us with injustice, only to cover your own want of merit. You would all have the reward of Love; but few have the constancy to stay till it becomes your due. Men are generally Hypocrites and Infidels, they pretend to worship, but have neither Zeal nor Faith: How few, like *Valentine*, would persevere even to Martyrdom, and sacrifice their interest to their constancy? In admiring me, you misplace the novelty;

*The Miracle to-day is, that we find.
A Lover true; not that a Woman's kind.*

F I N I S.

L O N D O N.

Printed for T. Tonson, in the Strand.

M DCC LII.

I am, Well, Madam, You have done excellently
 justice, in punishing an infamous flatterer, and reward-
 ing a faithful Lover: But there is a third good work,
 which I, in particular, must thank you for; I was an
 intruder to your sex; and you have converted me—For
 now I am convinced that all Women are not like Hortensia,
 but in bestowing favours, either on those who do not
 merit, or who do not want 'em.
 Madam, 'Tis an unreasonable request, that you lay
 upon our sex: You are as with justice, only to cover
 your own want of merit. You would all have the reward
 of Love; but few have the company to stay till the
 comes your due. Men are generally hypocrites and in-
 deis, they pretend to friendship, but have neither: And
 for Love, how few, like Valerius, would persevere
 even to martyrdom, and sacrifice themselves to their
 Mistress: In admiring me, you misplace the novelty;

The Miracle to-day is, that we find
 no longer true; nor that a Woman's kind.

P I N I S.

THE
WORKS

OF

Mr. *William Congreve.*

VOLUME *the* SECOND.

CONTAINING

LOVE *for* LOVE, - - - a Comedy.
The MOURNING-BRIDE, - Tragedy.
The JUGEMENT of PARIS, Masque.



L O N D O N:

Printed for T O N S O N, in the *Strand.*

M D C C L I I.

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M D C C L I I I .

THE
MOURNING BRIDE.
A
TRAGEDY.

— *Neque enim lex æquior ulla,
Quàm necis artifices arte perire sua.*

Ovid. de Arte Am.



LONDON,

Printed for H: SCHEURLEER, F-Z.

1752.

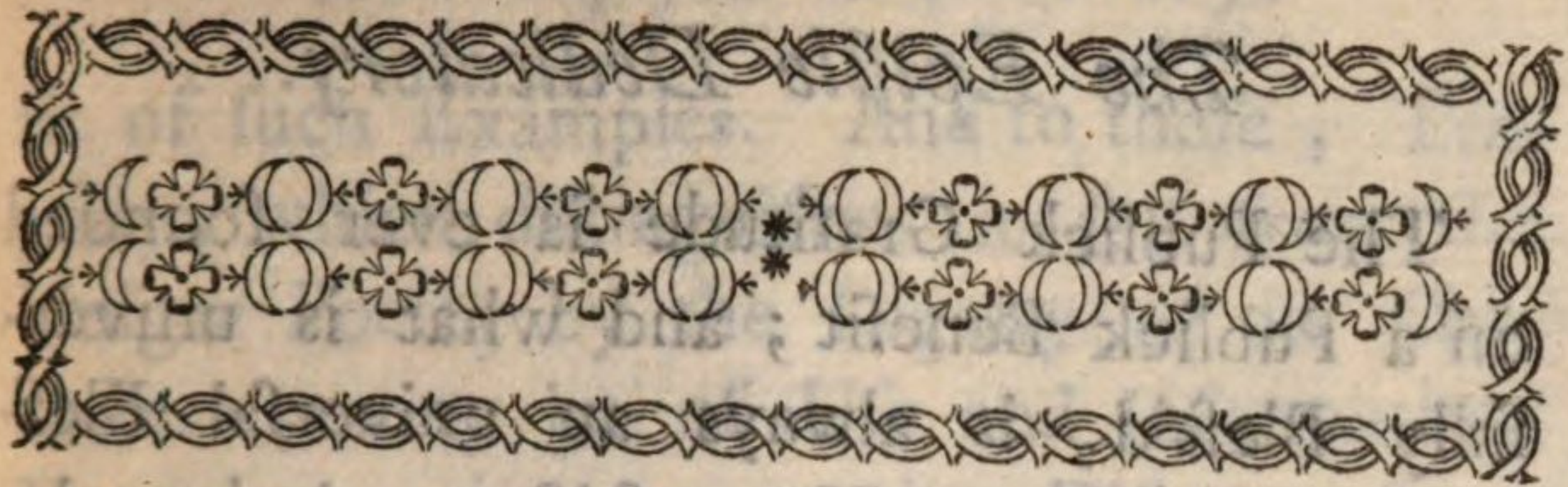
THE
MOURNING BRIDE.
A
TRAGEDY.

—
Nepheus enim lex expulsi nulla,
Quam necis artibus ante perire sua.
Ovid. de Arte Am.



LONDON,
Printed for H. SCHUBERTER, F.S.

1755.



To Her Royal Highness the
PRINCESS.

M A D A M,

☼(☼)☼ H A T high Station, which by
☼ T ☼ Your Birth You hold above the
☼(☼)☼ People, exacts from every one,
as a Duty, whatever Honours
they are capable of Paying to Your Royal
Highness: But that more exalted Place, to
which Your Virtues have rais'd You, a-
bove the rest of Princes, makes the Tri-
bute of our Admiration and Praise, ra-
ther a Choice more immediately preven-
ting that Duty.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

The Publick Gratitude is ever founded on a Publick Benefit ; and what is universally Bless'd, is always an universal Blessing. Thus from Your self we derive the Offerings which we bring ; and that Incense which arises to Your Name , only returns to its Original , and but naturally requires the Parent of its Being.

From hence it is that this Poem, constituted on a Moral , whose End is to recommend and to encourage Virtue , of consequence has recourse to Your Royal Highness's Patronage ; aspiring to cast itself beneath Your Feet, and declining Approbation, 'till You shall condescend to own it, and vouchsafe to shine upon it as on a Creature of Your Influence.

'Tis from the Example of Princes that Virtue becomes a Fashion in the People, for even they who are averse to Instruction, will yet be fond of Imitation.

But there are Multitudes , who never can have Means nor Opportunities of so near an Access, as to partake of the Benefit

The Epistle Dedicatory.

fit of such Examples. And to these , Tragedy, which distinguishes it self from the Vulgar Poetry by the Dignity of its Characters , may be of Use and Information. For they who are at that Distance from original Greatness , as to be depriv'd of the Happiness of contemplating the Perfections and real Excellencies of Your Royal Highness's Person in Your Court , may yet behold some small Sketches and Imagings of the Virtues of Your Mind , abstracted and represented on the Theatre.

Thus Poets are instructed , and instruct ; not alone by Precepts which persuade, but also by Examples which illustrate. Thus is Delight interwoven with Instruction : when not only Virtue is prescrib'd , but also represented.

But if we are delighted with the Liveliness of a feign'd Representation of Great and Good Persons and their Actions , how must we be charm'd with beholding the Persons themselves ? If one or two excel-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ling Qualities, barely touch'd in the single Action and small Compass of a Play, can warm an Audience, with a Concern and Regard even for the seeming Success and Prosperity of the Actor; with what Zeal must the Hearts of all be fill'd, for the continued and encreasing Happiness of those, who are the true and living Instances of elevated and persisting Virtue? Even the Vicious themselves must have a secret Veneration for those peculiar Graces and Endowments, which are daily so eminently conspicuous in Your Royal Highness; and though repining, feel a Pleasure which in spite of Envy they per-force approve.

If in this Piece, humbly offer'd to Your Royal Highness, there shall appear the Resemblance of any of those many Excellencies which You so promiscuously possess, to be drawn so as to merit Your least Approbation, it has the End and Accomplishment of its Design. And however imperfect it may be in the Whole, through the
Inexperience

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Inexperience or Incapacity of the Author, yet, if there is so much as to convince Your Royal Highness, that a Play may be with Industry so dispos'd (in spite of the licentious Practice of the Modern Theatre) as to become sometimes an Innocent, and not Unprofitable Entertainment; it will abundantly gratifie the Ambition, and recompence the Endeavours of,

Your Royal Highness's

Most Obedient, and

Most humbly Devoted Servant,

William Congreve.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

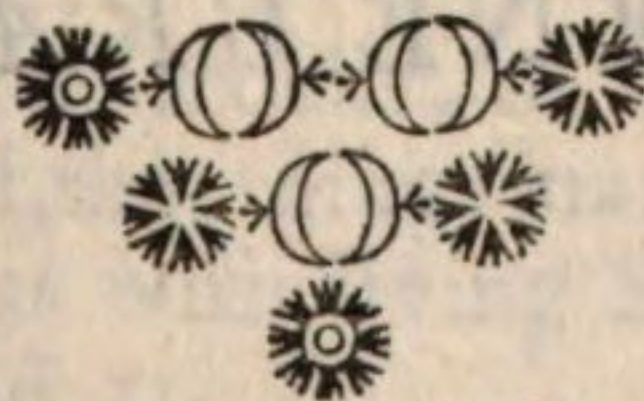
THE Time has been when Plays were not so plenty,
And a less Number new would well content ye.
New Plays did then like Almanacks appear;
And one was thought sufficient for a Tear:
Tho' they are more like Almanacks of late;
For in one Tear, I think, they're out of Date.
Nor were they without Reason join'd together;
For just as one prognosticates the Weather,
How plentiful the Crop, or scarce the Grain,
What Peals of Thunder, and what Show'rs of Rain;
So t'other can foretel, by certain Rules,
What Crops of Coxcombs, or what Floods of Fools.
In such like Prophecies were Poets skill'd,
Which now they find in their own Tribe fulfill'd:
The Dearth of Wit they did so long presage,
Is fallen on us, and almost starves the Stage.
Were you not griev'd, as often as you saw
Poor Actors thrash such empty Sheafs of Straw?
Toiling and lab'ring at their Lungs Expence,
To start a Jest, or force a little Sense.
Hard Fate for us! still harder in th' Event;
Our Authors Sin, but we alone Repent.

Still

PROLOGUE

*Still they proceed, and at our Charge, write worse;
'Twere some Amends if they could reimburse:
But there's the Devil, tho' their Cause is lost,
There's no recov'ring Damages or Cost.*

*Good Wits, forgive this Liberty we take,
Since Custom gives the Losers leave to speak.
But if, provok'd, your dreadful Wrath remains,
Take your Revenge upon the coming Scenes:
For that damn'd Poet's spar'd who damns a Brother,
As one Thief 'scapes that executes another.
Thus far alone does to the Wits relate;
But from the rest we hope a better Fate.
To please and move has been our Poet's Theme,
Art may direct, but Nature is his Aim;
And Nature miss'd, in vain he boasts his Art,
For only Nature can affect the Heart.
Then freely judge the Scenes that shall ensue,
But as with Freedom, judge with Candour too.
He wou'd not lose thro' Prejudice his Cause;
Nor wou'd obtain precariously Applause.
Impartial Censure he requests from all,
Prepar'd, by just Decrees to stand or fall.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Manuel</i> , the King of <i>Granada</i> .	Mr. <i>Verbruggen</i> .
<i>Gonzalez</i> , his Favourite.	Mr. <i>Sandford</i> .
<i>Garcia</i> , Son to <i>Gonzalez</i> .	Mr. <i>Scudamour</i> .
<i>Perez</i> , Captain of the Guards.	Mr. <i>Freeman</i> .
<i>Alonzo</i> , an Officer, Creature to <i>Gonzalez</i> .	Mr. <i>Arnold</i> .
<i>Osmyn</i> , a Noble Prisoner.	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
<i>Heli</i> , a Prisoner, his Friend.	Mr. <i>Bowman</i> .
<i>Selim</i> , an Eunuch.	Mr. <i>Baily</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Almeria</i> , the Princess of <i>Granada</i> .	Mrs. <i>Bracegirdle</i> .
<i>Zara</i> , a Captive Queen.	Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
<i>Leonora</i> , chief Attendant on the Princess.	Mrs. <i>Bowman</i> .

Women, Eunuchs, and Mutes attending Zara, Guards, &c.

The SCENE *GRANADA.*

THE



THE
MOURNING BRIDE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

*The Curtain rising slowly to soft Musick, discovers
ALMERIA in Mourning, LEONORA
waiting in Mourning.*

*After the Musick, ALMERIA rises from her chair,
and comes forward.*

ALMERIA.

USICK has Charms to sooth a savage
Breast,
M To soften Rocks, or bend a knotted Oak.
I've read, that things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living Souls, have been in-
form'd,
By Magick Numbers and persuasive Sound.

What

What then am I? Am I more senseless grown
 Than Trees, or Flint? O force of constant Woe!
 'Tis not in Harmony to calm my Grievs:
Anselmo sleeps, and is at Peace; last Night
 The silent Tomb receiv'd the good old King;
 He and his Sorrows now are safely lodg'd
 Within its cold, but hospitable Bosom.
 Why am not I at Peace?

LEONORA.

Dear Madam, cease,
 Or moderate your Grievs; there is no Cause——

ALMERIA.

No Cause! Peace, Peace; there is Eternal Cause,
 And Misery Eternal will succeed.
 Thou canst not tell—thou hast indeed no Cause.

LEONORA

Believe me, Madam, I lament *Anselmo*.
 And always did compassionate his Fortune;
 Have often wept, to see how cruelly
 Your Father kept in chains his Fellow-King:
 And oft at Night, when all have been retir'd,
 Have stol'n from Bed, and to his Prison crept;
 Where, while his Goaler slept, I thro' the Grate
 Have softly whisper'd, and enquir'd his Health;
 Sent in my Sighs and Pray'rs for his Deliv'rance;
 For Sighs and Pray'rs were all that I cou'd offer.

ALMERIA.

Indeed thou hast a soft and gentle Nature,
 That thus cou'dst melt to see a Stranger's Wrongs.
 O *Leonora*, hadst thou known *Anselmo*,
 How wou'd thy Heart have bled to see his Suff'rings.
 Thou hadst no Cause, but general Compassion.

LEONORA.

Love of my Royal Mistress gave me Cause,
 My Love of you begot my Grief for him;
 For I had heard, that when the Chance of War
 Had bless'd *Anselmo's* Arms with Victory,

And

And the rich Spoil of all the Field, and you,
The Glory of the whole, were made the Prey
Of his Success; that then, in spite of Hate,
Revenge, and that Hereditary Feud
Between *Valentia's* and *Granada's* Kings,
He did endear himself to your Affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent Ways
His most industrious Goodness cou'd invent;
Proposing By a Match between *Alphonso*
His Son, the brave *Valentia* Prince, and you,
To end the long Diffention, and unite
The jarring Crowns.

A L M E R I A.

Alphonso! O Alphonso!

Thou too art quiet——long hast been at Peace——
Both, both——Father and Son are now no more.
Then why am I? O when shall I have Rest?
Why do I live to say you are no more?
Why are all these Things thus——Is it of Force?
Is there Necessity, I must be miserable?
Is it of Moment to the Peace of Heav'n
That I shou'd be afflicted thus?——If not,
Why is it thus contriv'd? Why are things laid
By some unseen Hand, so, as of sure Consequence;
They must to me bring Curses, Grief of Heart,
The last Distress of Life, and sure Despair?

L E O N O R A.

Alas, you search too far, and think too deeply.

A L M E R I A.

Why was I carry'd to *Anselmo's* Court?
Or there, why was I us'd so tenderly?
Why not ill treated, like an Enemy?
For so my Father wou'd have us'd his Child.
O Alphonso, Alphonso!
Devouring Seas have wash'd thee from my Sight,
No Time shall rase thee from my Memory;
No, I will live to be thy Monument:

The

The cruel Ocean is no more thy Tomb:
But in my Heart thou art interr'd; there, there,
Thy dear Resemblance is for ever fix'd;
My Love, my Lord, my Husband still, tho' lost.

LEONORA.

Husband! O Heav'ns!

ALMERIA.

Alas! What have I said?
My Grief has hurry'd me beyond all Thought.
I wou'd have kept that Secret; though I know
Thy Love and Faith to me deserve all Confidence.
But 'tis the Wretch's Comfort still to have
Some small Reserve of near and inward Woe,
Some unsuspected Hoard of darling Grief,
Which they unseen may wail, and weep and mourn,
And Glutton-like alone devour.

LEONORA.

Indeed
-I knew not this.

ALMERIA.

O no, thou know'st not half,
Know'st nothing of my Sorrows—if thou didst—
If I shou'd tell thee, wou'dst thou pity me?
Tell me: I know thou wou'dst, thou art compassionate.

LEONORA.

Witness these Tears—

ALMERIA.

I thank thee—*Leonora.*

Indeed I do, for pitying thy sad Mistress:
For, 'tis, alas, the poor Prerogative
Of Greatness, to be wretched and unpitied—
But I did promise I would tell thee—What?
My Miseries? Thou dost already know 'em:
And when I told thee thou didst nothing know,
It was because thou didst not know *Alphonso*:
For to have known my Loss, thou must have known
His Worth, his Truth, and Tendernefs of Love.

LEO-

LEONORA.

The Memory of that brave Prince stands fair
In all Report——
And I have heard imperfectly his Loss;
But fearful to renew your Troubles past,
I never did presume to ask the Story.

ALMERIA.

If for my swelling Heart I can, I'll tell thee.
I was a welcome Captive in *Valentia*,
Ev'n on the Day when *Manuel*, my Father,
Led on his conqu'ring Troops, high as the Gates
Of King *Anselmo's* Palace; which in Rage,
And Heat of War, and dire Revenge, he fir'd.
The good King flying to avoid the Flames,
Started amidst his Foes, and made Captivity
His fatal Refuge——Wou'd that I had fall'n
Amidst those Flames——but 'twas not so decreed.
Alphonso, who foresaw my Father's Cruelty,
Had born the Queen and me on board a Ship
Ready to sail; and when this News was brought
We put to Sea; but being betray'd by some
Who knew our Flight, we closely were pursu'd,
And almost taken; when a sudden Storm
Drove us, and those that follow'd, on the Coast
Of *Africk*: There our Vessel struck the Shoar,
And bulging 'gainst a Rock was dash'd in Pieces.
But Heav'n spar'd me for yet much more affliction!
Conducting them who follow'd us, to shun
The Shoal, and save me floating on the Waves.
While the good Queen and my *Alphonso* perish'd.

LEONORA.

Alas! were you then wedded to *Alphonso*?

ALMERIA.

That Day, that fatal Day, our hands were join'd;
For when my Lord beheld the Ship pursuing,
And saw her Rate so far exceeding ours;
He came to me, and begg'd me by my Love.

I would consent the Priest should make us one;
 That whether Death or Victory ensu'd,
 I might be his, beyond the Power of future Fate:
 The Queen too did assist his Suit—— I granted;
 And in one Day, was wedded, and a Widow.

LEONORA.

Indeed 'twas mournful——

ALMERIA.

'Twas——as I have told the——
 For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
 Nor will I change these black and dismal Robes,
 Or ever dry these swollen and watry Eyes;
 Or ever taste Content, or Peace of Heart,
 While I have Life, and Thought of my *Alphonso*.

LEONORA.

Look down, good Heav'n, with Pity on her Sorrows,
 And grant, that Time may bring her some Relief.

ALMERIA.

O no! Time gives encrease to my Afflictions.
 The circling Hours that gather all the Woes,
 Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving Year,
 Come heavy-laden with th' oppressing Weight,
 To me; with me, successively, they leave
 The Sighs, the Tears, the Groans, the restless Cares,
 And all the Damps of Grief, that did retard their Flight;
 They shake their downy Wings, and scatter all
 The dire collected Dews on my poor Head;
 Then fly with Joy and Swiftnefs from me.

LEONORA.

Hark!
 The distant Shouts proclaim your Father's Triumph;
 [Shouts at a distance.]

O cease, for Heaven's sake, assuage a little
 This Torrent of your Grief; for, much I fear,
 'Twill urge his Wrath, to see you drown'd in Tears,
 When Joy appears in ev'ry other Face.

AL-

ALMERIA.

And Joy he brings to ev'ry other Heart,
But double, double Weight of Woe to mine;
For with him *Garcia* comes——*Garcia*, to whom
I must be sacrific'd, and all the Vows
I gave my dear *Alphonso* basely broken.
No, it shall never be; for I will die,
First die ten thousand Deaths—Look down, look down,
[Kneels.

Alphonso, hear the sacred Vow I make;
One Moment, cease to gaze on perfect Bliss,
And bend thy glorious Eyes to Earth and me;
And thou *Anselmo*, if yet thou art arriv'd
Thro' all Impediments of purging Fire,
To that bright Heav'n, where my *Alphonso* reigns,
Behold thou also, and attend my Vow.
If ever I do yield, or give Consent,
By any Action, Word or Thought, to wed
Another Lord; may then just Heav'n show'r down
Unheard-of Curses on me, greater far
(If such there be in angry Heav'n's Vengeance)
Than any I have yet endur'd——And now [Rising.
My Heart has some Relief; having so well
Discharg'd this Debt, incumbent on my Love.
Yet one thing more I wou'd engage from thee.

LEONORA.

My Heart, my Life and Will, are only yours.

ALMERIA.

I thank thee. 'Tis but this; anon, when all
Are rap'd and buſied in the general Joy,
Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me.
Steal forth, to visit good *Anselmo's* Tomb.

LEONORA.

Alas! I fear some fatal Resolution.

ALMERIA.

No, on my Life, my Faith, I mean no I'll.
Nor Violence——I feel my self more light.

B

And

And more at large, since I have made this Vow.
 Perhaps I would repeat it there more solemnly.
 'Tis that, or some such melancholy Thought,
 Upon my Word, no more.

LEONORA.

I will attend you.



SCENE II.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, ALONZO.

ALONZO.

THe Lord *Gonzalez* comes to tell your Highness
 The King is just arriv'd.

ALMERIA.

Conduct him in.

[Exit Alon.]

That's his Pretence; his Errand is, I know.
 To fill my Ears with *Garcia's* valiant Deeds;
 And gild and magnifie his Son's Exploits.
 But I am arm'd with Ice around my Heart,
 Not to be warm'd with Words, or idle Eloquence.



SCENE III.

GONSALEZ, ALMERIA, LEONORA.

GONSALEZ.

BE ev'ry Day of your long Life like this.
 The Sun, bright Conquest, and your brighter Eyes,
 Have all conspir'd to blaze promiscuous Light,
 And

And blefs this Day with moft unequal'd Luftre.
 Your Royal Father, my Victorious Lord,
 Loaden with Spoils and ever-living Laurel,
 Is entring now in Martial Pomp the Palace.
 Five hundred Mules precede his folemn March,
 Which groan beneath the Weight of *Moorish* Wealth!
 Chariots of War, adorn'd with glittering Gems,
 Succeed; and next, a hundred neighing Steeds,
 White as the fleecy Cain on *Alpine* Hills;
 That bound and foam, and champ the golden Bit,
 As they difdain'd the Victory they grace.
 Prifoners of War in fhining Fetters follow;
 And Captains of the nobleft Blood of *Africk*
 Sweat by his Chariot Wheel, and lick and grind,
 With gnafhing Teeth, the Duft his Triumphs raife.
 The fwarming Populace fpread every Wall,
 And cling, as if with Claws they did enforce
 Their Hold, thro' clefted Stones, ftretching and ftaring,
 As if they were all Eyes, and every Limb
 Would feed its Faculty of Admiration.
 While you alone retire, and fhun this Sight;
 This Sight, which is indeed not feen (tho' twice
 The Multitude fhould gaze) in Abfence of your Eyes.

A L M E R I A.

My Lord, my Eyes ungratefully behold
 The gilded Trophies of exterior Honours.
 Nor will my Ears be charm'd with founding Words,
 Or pompous Phrafe; the Pageantry of Souls.
 But that my Father is return'd in Safety,
 I bend to Heav'n with Thanks.

G O N Z A L E Z.

Excellent Princefs!
 But 'tis a Task unfit for my weak Age,
 With dying Words to offer at your Praise.
Garcia, my Son, your Beauty's loweft Slave,
 Has better done: in proving with his Sword
 The Force and Influence of your matchlefs Charms.

The MOURNING BRIDE.

A L M E R I A.

I doubt not of the Worth of *Garcia's* Deeds,
Which had been brave, tho' I had ne'er been born.

L E O N O R A.

Madam, the King.

[*Flourish.*]

A L M E R I A.

My Women. I would meet him.

[*Attendants to Almeria enter in Mourning.*]

S C E N E IV.

Symphony of Warlike Musick. Enter the King, attended by Garcia and several Officers. Files of Prisoners in Chains, and Guards, who are ranged in Order round the Stage. Almeria meets the King, and kneels; afterwards Gonfalez kneels and kisses the King's Hand, while Garcia does the same to the Princess.

K I N G.

Almeria rise——my best *Gonfalez*, rise.
What, Tears! my good old Friend!

G O N S A L E Z.

But Tears of Joy.
Believe me, Sir, to see you thus has fill'd
My Eyes with more Delight than they can hold.

K I N G.

By Heav'n thou lov'st me, and I'm pleas'd thou dost:
Take it for Thanks, old Man, that I rejoice
To see thee weep on this Occasion——some
Here are, who seem to mourn at our Success!
Why is't, *Elmeria*, that you meet our Eyes,
Upon this solemn Day, in these sad Weeds?
In Opposition to my Brightness, you

And

And yours are all like Daughters of Affliction.

A L M E R I A.

Forgive me, Sir, if I in this offend.

The Year, which I have vow'd to pay to Heav'n,
In Mourning and strict Life, for my Deliverance
From Wreck and Death, wants yet to be expired.

K I N G.

Your Zeal to Heav'n is great, so is your Debt:
Yet something too is due to me, who gave
That Life, which Heav'n preserv'd. A day bestow'd
In Filial Duty, had aton'd and giv'n
A Dispensation to your Vow——No more.
'Twas weak and wilful——and a Woman's Error.
Yet——upon Thought, it doubly wounds my Sight,
To see that Sable worn upon the Day
Succeeding that, in which our deadliest Foe,
Hated *Anselmo*, was interr'd——By Heav'n,
It looks as thou didst mourn for him: Just so,
Thy senseless Vow appear'd to bear its Date,
Not from that Hour wherein thou wer't preserv'd,
But that wherein the curs'd *Alphonso* perish'd.
Ha! What? thou dost not weep to think of that?

G O N S A L E Z.

Have Patience, Royal Sir; the Princess weeps
To have offended you. If Fate decreed,
One pointed Hour should be *Alphonso's* Loss,
And her Deliverance; is she to blame?

K I N G.

I tell thee she's to blame, not to have feasted
When my first Foe was laid in Earth, such Enmity;
Such Detestation, bears my Blood to his;
My Daughter should have revell'd at his Death,
She should have made these Palace Walls to shake,
And all this high and ample Roof to ring
With her Rejoicings. What, to mourn, and weep!
Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve? By Heav'n,
There's not a Slave, a shackled Slave of mine,

But should have smil'd that Hour, through all his care,
And shook his chains in transport and rude harmony.

G O N S A L E Z.

What she has done, was in Excess of Goodness;
Betray'd by too much Piety, to seem
As if she had offended.———Sure, no more.

K I N G.

To seem is to commit, at this Conjunction.
I wonot have a seeming Sorrow seen.

To-day——Retire, divest your self with Speed
Of that Offensive Black; on me be all
The Violation of your Vow: For you,
It shall be your Excuse, that I command it.

G A R C I A kneeling

Your Pardon, Sir, if I presume so far,
As to remind you of your gracious Promise.

K I N G.

Rise, *Garcia*——I forgot. Yet stay, *Almeria*.

A L M E R I A.

My boding Heart!———What is your Pleasure, Sir?

K I N G.

Draw near, and give your Hand; and *Garcia*, yours;
Receive this Lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy to be your Husband, and my Son.

G A R C I A.

Thus let me kneel to take——O not to take——
But to devote, and yield my self for ever
The Slave and Creature of my Royal Mistress.

G O N S A L E Z.

O let me prostrate pay my worthless Thanks———

K I N G.

No more; my Promise long since pass'd, thy Services,
And *Garcia's* well-try'd Valour, all oblige me.
This Day we triumph; but to-morrow's Sun,
Garcia, shall shine to grace thy Nuptials———

A L M E R I A.

Oh!

[Faints.]

G A R-

GARCIA.

She faints! help to support her.

GONSALEZ.

She recovers.

KING.

A Fit of Bridal Fear: How is't, *Almeria*?

ALMERIA.

A sudden Chilnefs feizes on my Spirits.
Your Leave, Sir, to retire.

KING.

Garcia, Conduct her.

[*Garcia leads Almeria to the Door, and returns.*

This idle Vow hangs on her Woman's Fears.
I'll have a Priest shall preach her from her Faith,
And make it a Sin not to renounce that Vow
Which I'd have broken. Now, what would *Alonzo*?



SCENE V.

KING, GONSALEZ, GARCIA, ALONZO, *Attendants.*

ALONZO.

YOUR beauteous Captive, *Zara*, is arriv'd,
And with a Train as if she still were Wife
To *Albucacim*, and the Moor had conquer'd.

KING.

It is our Will she should be so attended.
Bear hence these Prisoners. *Garcia*, which is he,
Of whose mute Valour you relate such Wonders?

[*Prisoners led of.*

GARCIA.

Osmyn, who led the *Moorish* Horse; but he,
Great Sir, at her Request, attends on *Zara*.

B 4

KING.

K I N G.

He is your Prisoner; as you please dispose him.

G A R C I A.

I would oblige him, but he shuns my Kindness;
And with a haughty Mien, and stern Civility,
Dumbly declines all Offers: If he speak,
'Tis scarce above a Word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did disdain to talk;
At least, to talk where he must not command.

K I N G.

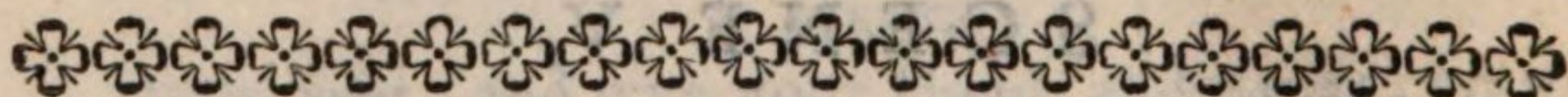
Such Sullenness, and in a Man so brave,
Must have some other Cause than his Captivity.
Did *Zara* then, request he might attend her?

G A R C I A.

My Lord, she did.

K I N G.

That, join'd with his Behaviour,
Begets a Doubt. I'd have 'em watch'd; perhaps
Her Chains hang heavier on him than his own.



S C E N E VI.

KING, GONSALEZ, GARCIA, ALONZO, ZARA *and*
OSMYN *bound, conducted by PEREZ and a Guard, and*
attended by SELIM and several Mutes and Eunuchs in a
Train.

K I N G.

WHAT Welcome, and what Honours, beauteous
Zara,
A King and Conqueror can give, are yours.
A Conqueror indeed, where you are won;
Who with such Lustre strike admiring Eyes,
That

That had our Pomp been with your Prefence grac'd,
Th'expecting Crowd had been deceiv'd; and seen
Their Monarch enter not Triumphant, but
In pleasing Triumph led; your Beauty's Slave.

Z A R A.

If I on any Terms could condescend
To like Captivity, or think those Honours,
Which Conquerors in Courtesie bestow,
Of equal Value with unborrow'd Rule,
And Native Right to Arbitrary Sway;
I might be pleas'd, when I behold this Train
With usual Homage wait. But when I feel
These Bonds, I look with loathing on my self;
And scorn vile Slavery, tho' doubly hid
Beneath Mock-Praises, and dissembled State.

K I N G.

Those Bonds! 'Twas my Command you should be free.
How durst you, *Perez*, disobey?

P E R E Z.

Great Sir,
Your Order was, she should not wait your Triumph;
But at some Distance follow, thus attended.

K I N G.

'Tis false; 'twas more; I bid she should be free:
If not in Words, I bid it by my Eyes.
Her Eyes did more than bid——Free her and hers
With Speed——yet stay——my Hands alone can make
Fit Restitution here——Thus I release you,
And by releasing you enslave my self.

Z A R A.

Such Favours so conferr'd, tho' when unfought,
Deserve Acknowledgment from noble Minds.
Such Thanks, as one hating to be oblig'd——
Yet hating more Ingratitude, can pay,
I offer.

K I N G.

Born to excel, and to command:

B 5

As

As by transcendent Beauty to attract
All Eyes, so by Preheminence of Soul
To rule all Hearts.

[Beholding Osmyn as they unbind him.

Garcia, what's he, who with contracted Brow,
And fullen Port, glooms downward with his Eyes;
At once regardless of his Chains, or Liberty?

G A R C I A.

That, Sir, is he of whom I spoke; that's *Osmyn*.

K I N G.

He answers well the Character you gave him.
Whence comes it, valiant *Osmyn*, that a Man
So great in Arms, as thou art said to be,
So hardly can endure Captivity,
The common Chance of War?

O S M Y N.

Because Captivity
Has robb'd me of a dear and just Revenge.

K I N G.

I understand not that.

O S M Y N.

I would not have you.

Z A R A.

That Gallant *Moor* in Battel lost a Friend,
Whom more than Life he lov'd; and the Regret,
Of not revenging on his Foes that Loss,
Has caus'd this Melancholy and Despair.

K I N G.

She does excuse him; 'tis as I suspected. [To *Gonz.*

G O N S A L E Z.

That Friend may be her self; seem not to heed
His arrogant Reply: She looks concern'd.

K I N G.

I'll have Enquiry made; perhaps his Friend
Yet lives, and is a Prisoner. His Name?

Z A R A.

Heli.

K I N G.

K I N G.

Garcia, that Search shall be your Care:
It shall be mine to pay Devotion here;
At this fair Shrine to lay my Laurels down;
And raise Love's Altar on the Spoils of War.
Couquest and Triumph, now, are mine no more;
Nor will I Victory in Camps adore.
For, ling'ring there, in long suspense she stands,
Shifting the Prize in unresolving Hands:
Unus'd to wait, I broke through her Delay,
Fix'd her by Force, and snatch'd the doubtful Day.
Now, late I find that War is but her Sport;
In Love the Goddess keeps her awful Court:
Fickle in Fields, unsteadily she flies,
But rules with settled Sway in *Zara's* Eyes.

End of the First Act.



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Representing the Isle of a Temple.

GARCIA, HELI, PEREZ.

G A R C I A.

☼ (☼) ☼ HIS Way, we're told, *Osmyn* was seen to
walk;

☼ T ☼ Chusing this lonely Mansion of the Dead,
To mourn, brave *Heli*, thy mistaken Fate.

H E L I.

☼ (☼) ☼ Let Heav'n with Thunder to the Cen-
tre strike me,

If to arise in very deed from Death,
And to revisit with my long-clos'd Eyes
This living Light, cou'd to my Soul, or Sense,
Afford a Thought, or show a Glimpse of Joy,
In least Proportion to the vast Delight
I feel, to hear of *Osmyn's* Name; to hear
That *Osmyn* lives, and I again shall see him:

G A R C I A.

I've heard, with Admiration, of your Friendship.

P E R E Z.

Yonder, my Lord, behold the noble *Moor*.

H E L I.

Where? where?

G A R-

G A R C I A.

I saw him not, nor any like him——

P E R E Z.

I saw him when I spoke, thwarting my View,
And striding with distemper'd haste; his Eyes
Seem'd Flame, and flash'd upon me with a Glance;
Then forward shot their Fires, which he pursu'd,
As to some Object frightful, yet not fear'd.

G A R C I A.

Let's haste to follow him, and know the Cause.

H E L I.

My Lord, let me entreat you to forbear:
Leave me alone, to find and cure the Cause.
I know his Melancholly, and such Starts
Are usual to his Temper. It might raise him
To act some Violence upon himself.
So to be caught in an ungarded Hour,
And when his Soul gives all her Passion way,
Secure and loose in friendly Solitude.
I know his Noble Heart would burst with Shame,
To be surpris'd by Strangers in its Frailty.

G A R C I A.

Go, gen'rous *Heli*, and relieve your Friend.
Far be it from me, officiously to pry
Or press upon the Privacies of others.



S C E N E II.

G A R C I A, P E R E Z.

G A R C I A.

P*Erez*, the King expects from our Return
To have his Jealousie confirm'd, or clear'd,

Of

Of that appearing Love which *Zara* bears
To *Osmyn*; but some other Opportunity
Must make that plain.

P E R R E Z.

To me 'twas long since plain,
And every Look from him and her confirms it.

G A R C I A.

If so, Unhappiness attends their Love,
And I cou'd pity 'em. I hear some coming,
The Friends perhaps are met; let us avoid 'em.



SCENE III.

A L M E R I A, L E O N O R A.

A L M E R I A.

IT was a fancy'd Noise, for all is hush'd.

L E O N O R A.

It bore the Accent of a Human Voice.

A L M E R I A.

It was thy Fear, or else some transient Wind
Whistling thro' Hollows of this vaulted Isle.

We'll listen——

L E O N O R A.

Hark!

A L M E R I A.

No, all is hush'd, and still as Death—'Tis dreadful!
How reverend is the Face of this tall Pile,
Whose ancient Pillars rear their Marble Heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous Roof,
By its own Weight made stedfast and immoveable,
Looking Tranquility. It strikes an Awe
And Terror on my aking Sight; the Tombs

And

And Monumental Caves of Death look cold,
And shoot a Chillness to my trembling Heart.
Give me thy Hand, and let me hear thy Voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy Voice——my own affrights me with its Echo's.

LEONORA.

Let us return; the Horror of this Place
And Silence, will encrease your Melancholy.

ALMERIA.

It may my Fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; shew me *Anselmo's* Tomb,
Lead me o'er Bones and Skulls and mould'ring Earth
Of Human Bodies; for I'll mix with them,
Or wind me in the Shroud of some pale Coarse
Yet green in Earth, rather than be the Bride
Of *Garcia's* more detested Bed: That Thought
Exerts my Spirits; and my present Fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill. Then shew me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown: Lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my Vows again
To him, to Heav'n, and my *Alphonso's* Soul.

LEONORA.

I go; but Heaven can tell with what Regret.



SCENE IV.

The SCENE opening, discovers a Place of Tombs. One Monument fronting the View greater than the rest.

HEL I.

I Wander thro' this Maze of Monuments,
Yet cannot find him——Hark! sure 'tis the Voice
Of one complaining——There it sounds——I'll fol-
low it.

S C E-



SCENE V.

ALMERIA, LEONORA.

LEONORA.

BEhold the Sacred Vault, within whose Womb.
 The poor Remains of good *Anselmo* rest;
 Yet fresh and unconsum'd by Time or Worms.
 What do I see? O Heav'n! either my Eyes
 Are false, or still the Marble Door remains
 Unclos'd; the Iron Grates that lead to Death
 Beneath, are still wide stretch'd upon their Hinge,
 And staring on us with unfolded Leaves.

ALMERIA.

Sure 'tis the friendly Yawn of Death for me;
 And that dumb Mouth, significant in Show,
 Invites me to the Bed where I alone
 Shall rest; shews me the Grave, where Nature, weary
 And long oppress'd with Woes and bending Cares,
 May lay the Burden down, and sink in Slumbers
 Of Peace Eternal. Death, grim Death, will fold
 Me in his leaden Arms, and press me close
 To his cold clayie Breast: My Father then
 Will cease his Tyranny; and *Garcia* too
 Will fly my pale Deformity with loathing.
 My Soul, enlarg'd from its vile Bonds, will mount,
 And range the Starry Orbs, and Milky Ways,
 Of that refulgent World, where I shall swim
 In liquid Light, and float on Seas of bliss
 To my *Alphonso's* Soul. O Joy too great!
 O extasie of Thought! Help me, *Anselmo*;
 Help me, *Alphonso*; take me, reach thy Hand;

To

To thee, to thee I call, to thee, *Alphonso*:
O *Alphonso*!



SCENE VI.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, OSMYN *ascending from the Tomb.*

OSMYN.

WHO calls that wretched Thing that was *Alphonso*?

ALMERIA.

Angels, and all the Host of Heav'n, support me!

OSMYN.

Whence is that Voice, whose Shirlness, from the Grave,
And growing to his Father's Shrowd, roots up
Alphonso?

ALMERIA.

Mercy! Providence! O speak,
Speak to it quickly, quickly; speak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy Bosom, from the Light,
And from my Eyes.

OSMYN.

Amazement and Illusion!
Rivet me, nail me where I stand, ye Pow'rs,
[*Coming forward.*

That motionless I may be still deceiv'd.
Let me not stir, nor breath, lest I dissolve
That tender, lovely Form of painted Air,
So like *Almeria*. Ha! it sinks, it falls;
I'll catch it e'er it goes, and grasp her Shade.
'Tis Life! 'tis warm! 'tis she! 'tis she herself!
Nor Dead, nor Shade, but breathing and alive!
It is *Almeria*, 'tis, it is my Wife!

C

S C E-



SCENE VII.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, OSMYN, HELI.

LEONORA.

ALAS, she stirs not yet, nor lifts her Eyes;
He too is fainting—Help me, help me, Stranger,
Who e'er thou art, and lend thy Hand to raise
These Bodies.

HELI.

Ha! 'tis he! and with—*Almeria!*
O Miracle of Happiness! O Joy
Unhop'd for! does *Almeria* live!

OSMYN.

Where is she?
Let me behold and touch her, and be sure
Tis she; shew me her Face, and let me feel
Her Lips with mine—'Tis she, I'm not deceiv'd;
I taste her Breath, I warm'd her and am warm'd.
Look up, *Almeria*, bless me with thy Eyes;
Look on thy Love, thy Lover, and thy Husband.

ALMERIA.

I've sworn I'll not wed *Garcia*; why d'ye force me?
Is this a Father?—

OSMYN.

Look on thy *Alphonso*.
Thy Father is not here, my Love, nor *Garcia*:
Nor am I what I seem, but thy *Alphonso*.
Wilt thou not know me? Hast thou then forgot me?
Hast thou thy Eyes, yet can't not see *Alphonso*?
Am I so alter'd, or art thou so chang'd,
That seeing my Disguise, thou seest not me?

AL-

ALMERIA.

It is, it is *Alphonso*! 'tis his Face,
His Voice, I know him now, I know him all.
O take me to thy Arms, and bear me hence,
Back to the Bottom of the boundless Deep,
To Seas beneath, where thou so long hast dwelt.
O how hast thou return'd? How hast thou charm'd
The Wildness of the Waves and Rocks to this?
That thus relenting, they have giv'n thee back
To Earth, to Light and Life, to Love and me.

OSMYN.

O I'll not ask, nor answer how, or why,
We both have backward trod the Paths of Fate,
To meet again in Life; to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any Circumstance
Or Means by which I have thee——
To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy Lips,
And gaze upon thy Eyes, is so much Joy,
I have not Leisure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle Time in thinking.

ALMERIA.

Stay a while——
Let me look on thee, yet a little more,

OSMYN.

What would'st thou? thou dost put me from thee.

ALMERIA.

Yes.

OSMYN.

And why? What dost thou mean? Why dost thou
gaze so?

ALMERIA.

I know not; 'tis to see thy Face, I think——
It is too much! too much to bear and live!
To see him thus again is such Profusion
Of Joy, of Bliss——I cannot bear——I must
Be mad——I cannot be transported thus.

O S M Y N.

Thou Excellence, thou Joy, thou Heav'n of Love!

A L M E R I A.

Where hast thou been? and how art thou alive?
 How is all this? All-powerful Heav'n, what are we!
 O my strain'd Heart——let me again behold thee,
 For I weep to see thee——Art thou not paler?
 Much, much; how thou art chang'd!

O S M Y N.

Not in my Love.

A L M E R I A.

No, no, thy Griefs, I know, have done this to thee.
 Thou hast wept much, *Alphonso*; and I fear,
 Too much, too tenderly lamented me.

O S M Y N.

Wrong not my Love, to say too tenderly.
 No more, my Life; talk not of Tears or Grief;
 Affliction is no more, now thou art found.
 Why dost thou weep, and hold thee from my Arms,
 My Arms which ake to fold the fast, and grow
 To thee with twining? Come, come to my Heart.

A L M E R I A.

I will, for I should never look enough.
 They would have marry'd me; but I had sworn
 To Heav'n and the, and sooner wou'd have d'yd——

O S M Y N.

Perfection of all Faithfulness and Love!

A L M E R I A.

Indeed I wou'd——Nay, I would tell thee all,
 If I cou'd speak; how I have mourn'd and pray'd;
 For I have pray'd to thee, as to a Saint:
 And thou hast heard my Prayer; for thou art come
 To my Distress, to my Despair, which Heav'n
 Could only by restoring thee have cur'd.

O S M Y N.

Grant me but Life, good Heav'n, but Length of Days,
 To pay some Part, some little of this Debt,

This

This countless Sum of Tendernefs and Love,
For which I ftand engag'd to this All-Excellence:
Then bear me in a Whirlwind to my Fate,
Snatch me from Life, and cut me fhort unwarn'd;
Then, then 'twill be enough——I fhall be old,
I fhall have liv'd beyond all *Æra's* then
Of yet unmeasur'd Time; when I have made
This exquisite, this moft amazing Goodnefs,
Some recompence of Love and matchlefs Truth.

A L M E R I A.

'Tis more than Recompence, to fee thy Face:
If Heav'n is greater Joy it is no Happinefs,
For 'tis not to be born——What fhall I fay?
I have a thoufand things to know, and ask,
And fpeak——That thou art here, beyond all Hope,
All Thought; that all at once thou art before me,
And with fuch Suddennefs haft hit my Sight,
Is fuch Surprise, fuch Myftery, fuch Extafie!
It hurries all my Soul, and ftuns my Senfe.
Sure from thy Father's Tomb thou didft arife!

O S M Y N.

I did; and thou, my Love, didft call me; thence.

A L M E R I A.

True; but how cam'ft thou there? Wert thou alone?

O S M Y N.

I was, and lying on my Father's Lead,
When broken Echoes of a diftant Voice
Disturb'd the facred Silence of the Vault,
In Murmurs round my Head. I rofe and liftned,
And thought I heard thy Spirit call *Alphonfo*;
I thought I faw thee too; but O, I thought not
That I indeed fhould be fo bleft to fee thee——

A L M E R I A.

But ftill, how cam'ft thou hither? How thus?—Ha!
What's he, who like thy felf is ftarted here
Ere feen?

O S M Y N.

Where? ha! What do I see? *Antonio?*
I'm fortunate indeed——my Friend too safe!

H E L I.

Most happily, in finding you thus blest'd.

A L M E R I A.

More Miracles! *Antonio* too escap'd!

O S M Y N.

And twice escap'd, both from the Rage of Seas
And War. For in the Fight I saw him fall.

H E L I.

But fell unhurt, a Prisoner as your self,
And as your self made free; hither I came
Impatiently to seek you, where I knew
Your Grief would lead you, to lament *Anselmo*.

O S M Y N.

There are no Wonders, or else all is Wonder.

H E L I.

I saw you on the Ground, and rais'd you up;
When with Astonishment, I saw *Almeria*.

O S M Y N.

I saw her too, and therefore saw not thee.

A L M E R I A.

Nor I; nor could I, for my Eyes were yours.

O S M Y N.

What means the Bounty of All-gracious Heav'n,
That persevering still, with open Hand,
It scatters Good, as in a Waste of Mercy!
Where will this end! but Heav'n is Infinite
In all, and can continue to bestow,
When scanty Number shall be spent in telling.

L E O N O R A.

Or I'm deceiv'd, or I beheld the Glimpse
Of two in shining Habits cross the Isle;
Who by their pointing seem to mark this Place.

A L M E R I A.

Sure I have dreamt, if we must part so soon.

O S-

O S M Y N.

I wish at least, our Parting were a Dream,
Or we could sleep 'till we again were met.

H E L I.

Zara with *Selim*, Sir? I saw and knew 'em:
You must be quick, for Love will lend her Wings.

A T M E R I A.

What Love? Who is she? Why are you alarm'd?

O S M Y N.

She's the Reverse of thee; she's my Unhappiness.
Harbour no Thought that may disturb thy Peace;
But gently take thy self away, lest she
Should come and see the straining of my Eyes
To follow thee. I'll think how we may meet
To part no more; my Friend will tell thee all;
How I escap'd, how I am here, and thus;
How I'm not call'd *Alphonso* now, but *Osmyn*;
And he *Heli*. All, all he will unfold,
Ere next we meet——

A L M E R I A.

Sure we shall meet again——

O S M Y N.

We shall; we part not but to meet again.
Gladness and Warmth of ever-kindling Love:
Dwell with thee, and revive thy Heart in Absence.



SCENE VIII.

O S M Y N alone.

YET I behold her——yet——And now no more;
Turn your lights inward, Eyes, and view my
Thought,

So shall you still behold her———'twill not be.
 O impotence of Sight! Mechanick Sense,
 Which to exterior Objects ow'th thy faculty,
 Not seeing of Election, but Necessity.
 Thus do our Eyes, as do all common Mirrours,
 Successively reflect succeeding images:
 Not what they would, but must; a Star, or Toad;
 Just as the hand of chance administers.
 Not so the Mind, whose undetermin'd View
 Revolves, and to the present adds the past;
 Essay'ing further to Futurity;
 But that in vain. I have *Almeria* here
 At once, as I before have seen her often—



S C E N E IX.

Z A R A, S E L I M, O S M Y N.

Z A R A.

SEE where he stands, folded and fix'd to Earth,
 Stiff'ning in Thought; a Statue among Statues.
 Why, cruel *Osmyn*, dost thou fly me thus?
 Is it well done? Is this then the return
 For Fame, for Honour, and for Empire lost?
 But what is loss of Honour, Fame and Empire?
 Is this the Recompence reserv'd for Love?
 Why dost thou leave my Eyes, and fly my Arms.
 To find this Place of Horror and Obscurity?
 Am I more loathsome to thee than the Grave,
 That thou dost seek to shield thee there, and shun
 My Love? But to the Grave I'll follow thee—
 He looks not, minds not, hears not; barbarous Man;
 Am I neglected thus? Am I despis'd?

Not

Not heard! ungrateful *Osmyn*.

O S M Y N.

Ha, 'tis *Zara*!

Z A R A.

Yes, Traitor; *Zara*, lost, abandon'd *Zara*.
Is a regardless Suppliant, now to *Osmyn*.
The Slave, the Wretch that she redeem'd from Death,
Disdains to listen now, or look on *Zara*.

O S M Y N.

Far be the Guilt of such Reproaches from me;
Lost in my self, and blinded by my Thoughts,
I saw you not, 'till now.

Z A R A.

Now then you see me——
But with such dumb and thankless Eyes you look,
Better I was unseen, than seen thus coldly.

O S M Y N.

What would you from a Wretch who came to mourn;
And only for his Sorrows chose this Solitude?
Look round; Joy is not here, nor Chearfulness.
You have pursu'd Misfortune to its Dwelling,
Yet look for Gaiety and Gladness there.

Z A R A.

Inhuman! Why, why dost thou rack me thus?
And with Perverseness, from the Purpose, answer?
What is't to me, this House of Misery?
What Joy do I require? If thou dost mourn,
I come to mourn with thee; to share thy Grievs,
And give thee, for 'em, in Exchange, my Love.

O S M Y N.

O that's the greatest Grief——I am so poor,
I have not wherewithal to give again.

Z A R A.

Thou hast a Heart, though 'tis a Savage one;
Give it me as it is; I ask no more
For all I've done, and all I have endur'd:
For saving thee, when I beheld the first,

Driven by the Tide upon my country's coast,
 Pale and expiring, drench'd in briny Waves,
 Thou and thy Friend, 'till my compassion found thee;
 Compassion! scarce will't own that name, so soon,
 So quickly was it love; for thou wert God-like
 Ev'n then. Kneeling on earth I loos'd my Hair,
 And with it dry'd thy watry cheeks; then chaf'd
 Thy Temples, 'till reviving Blood arose,
 And like the Morn vermillion'd o'er thy Face.
 O Heav'n! how did my Heart rejoice and ake,
 When I beheld the Day-break of thy Eyes,
 And felt the Balm of thy respiring Lips!

O S M Y N.

O call not to my Mind what you have done;
 It sets a Debt of that Account before me,
 Which shews me poor and Bankrupt ev'n in Hopes.

Z A R A.

The faithful *Selim*, and my Women know
 The Dangers which I tempted to conceal you.
 You know how I abus'd the credulous King;
 What Arts I us'd to make you pass on him,
 When he received you as the Prince of *Fez*;
 And as my Kinsman, honour'd and advanc'd you.
 O, why do I relate what I have done?
 What did I not? Was't not for you this War
 Commenc'd? not knowing who you were, nor why
 You hated *Manuel*, I urg'd my Husband
 To this Invasion; where he late was lost,
 Where all is lost, and I am made a Slave.
 Look on me now, from Empire fall'n to Slavery;
 Think on my Suff'rings first, then look on me;
 Think on the cause of all, then view thy self:
 Reflect on *Osmyn*, and then look on *Zara*,
 The fall'n, the lost, and now the Captive *Zara*,
 And now abandon'd——say, what then is *Osmyn*?

O S M Y N.

A fatal Wretch—a huge stupenduous ruin,
 That

That tumbling on its Prop, crush'd all beneath,
And bore contiguous Palaces to earth.

Z A R A.

Yet thus, thus fall'n, thus levell'd with the vilest,
If I have gain'd thy Love, 'tis glorious ruin;
Ruin! 'tis still to reign, and to be more
A Queen; for what are Riches, Empire, Power,
But larger Means to gratifie the Will?
The Steps on which we tread, to rise, and reach
Our wish; and that obtained, down with the scaffolding
Of Scepters, Crowns, and Thrones; they've serv'd their
End.

And are, like lumber, to be left and scorn'd.

O S M Y N.

Why was I made the instrument, to throw
In bonds the frame of this exalted mind?

Z A R A.

We may be free, the Conqueror is mine;
In chains unseen I hold him by the heart,
And can unwind or strain him as I please.
Give me thy Love, I'll give thee Liberty.

O S M Y N.

In vain you offer, and in vain require
What neither can bestow. Set free your self,
And leave a Slave the wretch that would be so.

Z A R A.

Thou canst not mean so poorly as thou talk'st.

O S M Y N.

Alas, you know me not.

Z A R A.

Not who thou art:
But what, this last Ingratitude declares,
This groveling Baseness—thou say'st true, I know
Thee not; for what thou art yet wants a Name:
But something so unworthy, and so vile,
That to have lov'd thee makes me yet more lost,
Than all the Malice of my other Fate.

Trai-

44 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Traitor, Monster, cold and perfidious Slave;
A Slave, not daring to be free! nor dares
To love above him, for 'tis dangerous;
'Tis that, I know; for thou dost look, with Eyes
Sparkling Desire, and trembling to possess.
I know my Charms have reach'd thy very Soul,
And thrill'd thee through with darted Fires; but thou
Dost fear so much, thou dar'st not wish. The King!
There, there's the dreadful Sound, the King's thy Rival!

S E L I M.

Madam, the King is here, and entring now.

Z A R A.

As I could wish; by Heav'n I'll be reveng'd.



S C E N E X.

ZARA, OSMYN, SELIM, the KING, PEREZ, and Attendants.

K I N G.

WHY does the fairest of her Kind withdraw
Her shining from the Day, to gild this Scene
Of Death and Night? Ha! what Disorder's this?
Somewhat I heard of King and Rival mention'd,
What's he that dares be Rival to the King?
Or lift his Eyes to like, where I adore?

Z A R A.

There, he; your Prisoner, and that was my Slave.

K I N G.

How? Better than my Hopes! Does she accuse him?

[Aside.

Z A R A.

Am I become so low by my Captivity,
And do your Arms so lessen what they conquer,
That

That *Zara* must be made the sport of Slaves?
And shall the Wretch, whom yester Sun beheld
Waiting my nod, the creature of my pow'r,
Presume to-day to plead audacious Love,
And build bold Hopes on my dejected Fate?

K I N G.

Better for him to tempt the rage of Heav'n,
And wrench the bolt red-hissing from the Hand
Of him that thunders, than but think that insolence.
'Tis daring for a God. Hence, to the Wheel
With that *Ixion*, who aspires to hold
Divinity embrac'd; to Whips and Prisons
Drag him with speed; and rid me of his Face.

[*Guards seize Osmyn.*]

Z A R A.

Compassion led me to bemoan his state,
Whose former faith had merited much more;
And through my hopes in yon, I undertook
He should be set at large; thence sprung his Insolence;
And what was charity, he constru'd Love.

K I N G.

Enough; his Punishment be what you please.
But let me lead you from this place of sorrow,
To one, where young delights attend; and Joys
Yet new, unborn, and blooming in the bud,
Which wait to be full-blown at your approach,
And spread like Roses to the Morning Sun:
Where ev'ry Hour shall roll in circling Joys,
And Love shall wing the tedious-wasting day.
Life without love is a load; and time stands still:
What we refuse to him, to Death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT



A C T III. S C E N E I.

A P R I S O N.

OSMYN *alone with a paper in his hand.*

OSMYN.

UT now , and I was clos'd within the
Tomb
B That holds my Father's Ashes ; and but
now ,
Where he was Pris'ner I am too impri-
son'd.

Sure 'tis the hand of Heav'n that leads me thus ,
And for some purpose points out these remembrances.
In a dark corner of my cell I found
This paper , what it is this light will show.
If my Alphonso———Ha ! [Reading.

*If my Alphonso live , restore him , Heav'n ;
Give me more Weight , crush my declining Years
With Bolts , with Chains , Imprisonment and Want ;
But bless my Son , visit not him for me.*

It is his Hand ; this was his Pray'r——yet more :

*Let ev'ry Hair , which Sorrow by the Roots
Tears from my hoary and devoted Head ,* [Reading.

Be

*Be doubled in thy Mercies to my Son:
Not for my self, but him, hear me, All-gracious——*

'Tis wanting what should follow—*Heav'n* shou'd follow,
But 'tis torn off—Why shou'd that Word alone
Be torn from his Petition? 'Twas to *Heav'n*,
But *Heav'n* was deaf, *Heav'n* heard him not; but thus,
Thus as the name of *Heav'n* from this is torn,
So did it tear the ears of mercy from
His voice, shutting the gates of pray'r against him.
If Piety be thus debarr'd Access
On high, and of good Men the very best
Is singled out to bleed, and bear the Scourge,
What is Reward? or what is Punishment?
But who shall dare to tax Eternal Justice!
Yet I may think—I may, I must; for Thought
Precedes the Will to think, and Error lives
Ere Reason can be born. Reason, the Power
To guess at Right and Wrong; the twinkling Lamp
Of wand'ring Life, that winks and wakes by Turns,
Fooling the follower, betwixt shade and shining.
What noise! Who's there? my Friend! How cam'st thou
hither?



SCENE II.

OSMYN, HELI.

HELI.

THE time's too precious to be spent in telling:
The Captain, influenc'd by *Almeria's* Power,
Gave Order to the Guards for my admittance.

O S-

O S M Y N.

How does *Almeria*? But I know, she is
As I am. Tell me, may I hope to see her?

H E L I.

You may; anon, at Midnight when the King
Is gone to Rest, and *Garcia* is retir'd,
(Who takes the Privilege to visit late,
Presuming on a Bridegroom's Right) she'll come.

O S M Y N.

She'll come! 'tis what I wish, yet what I fear.
She'll come; but whither, and to whom? O Heav'n!
To a vile Prison, and a captiv'd Wretch;
To one, whom had she never known she had
Been happy: Why, why was that heav'nly Creature
Abandon'd o'er to love what Heav'n forsakes?
Why does she follow, with unwearied steps,
One, who has tir'd Misfortune with pursuing?
One, driv'n about the World like blasted Leaves
And Chaff, the Sport of adverse Winds; 'till late
At length, imprison'd in some cleft of a rock,
Or earth, it rests, and rots to silent dust.

H E L I.

Have hopes, and hear the voice of better Fate.
I've learn'd there are Disorders ripe for mutiny
Among the Troops, who thought to share the plunder,
Which *Manuel* to his own use and avarice
Converts. This News has reach'd *Valentia's* frontiers;
Where many of your Subjects, long oppress'd
With Tyranny and grievous Impositions,
Are risen in Arms, and call for Chiefs to head
And lead 'em, to regain their Rights and Liberty.

O S M Y N.

By Heav'n thou'st rous'd me from my Lethargy.
The Spirit which was deaf to my own wrongs,
And the loud cries of my dead father's blood;
Deaf to revenge—nay, which refus'd to hear
The piercing sighs and murmurs of my love

Yet

Yet unenjoy'd; what not *Almeria* could
Revive, or raise, my People's Voice has waken'd.
O my *Antonio*, I am all on Fire.
My Soul is up in Arms, ready to charge
And bear amidst the Foe, with conqu'ring Troops.
I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to Liberty,
To Victory; their shouts and clamours rend
My ears, and reach the Heav'ns. Where is the King?
Where is *Alphonso*? ha! where? where indeed?
O I could tear and burst the strings of life,
To break these Chains. Off, off, ye stains of Royalty.
Off Slavery. O curse! that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my cage, when I
Would soar, and stoop at victory beneath.

H E L I.

Our posture of affairs, and scanty time,
My Lord, require you should compose your self,
And think on what we may reduce to practice.
Zara, the Cause of your restraint, may be
The Means of liberty restor'd. That gain'd,
Occasion will not fail to point out ways
For your escape. Mean time, I've thought already
With speed and safety, to convey my self
Where not far off some Mal-contents hold council
Nightly; who hate this Tyrant: Some, who love
Anselmo's memory, and will, for certain,
When they shall know you live, assist your cause.

O S M Y N.

My friend and counsellor, as thou think'st fit,
So do. I will with patience wait my fortune.

H E L I.

When *Zara* comes, abate of your aversion.

O S M Y N.

I hate her not, nor can dissemble Love:
But as I may, I'll do. I have a paper
Which I would shew thee, Friend, but that the Sight
Would hold thee here, and clog thy expedition.

D

Wi

Within I found it, by my Father's hand
 'Twas writ; a pray'r for me, wherein appears
 Paternal love prevailing o'er his sorrows;
 Such Sanctity, such tenderness, so mix'd
 With Grief, as wou'd draw tears from inhumanity.

H E L I.

The care of Providence sure left it there,
 To arm your mind with hope. Such piety
 Was never heard in vain: Heav'n has in store
 For you, those blessings it with-held from him.
 In that assurance live; which time, I hope,
 And our next meeting will confirm.

O S M Y N.

Farewel,
 My Friend; the good thou dost deserve attend thee.



SCENE III.

O S M Y N, *alone.*

I'VE been to blame, and question'd with impiety
 The care of Heav'n. Not so my Father bore
 More anxious grief. This should have better taught me;
 This lesson, in some hour of inspiration,
 By him set down, when his pure Thoughts were born,
 Like fumes of sacred incense, o'er the clouds,
 And wafted thence, on Angels wings, thro' ways
 Of light, to the bright source of all. For there
 He in the book of prescience saw this day;
 And waking to the world and mortal sense,
 Left this example of his resignation,
 This his last legacy to me, which, here,
 I'll treasure, as more worth than diadems,
 Or all extended rule of Regal pow'r.

S C E



SCENE IV.

OSMYN, ZARA *veil'd.*

OSMYN.

WHAT brightness breaks upon me thus thro' shades,
And promises a day to this dark dwelling!
Is it my Love? ...

ZARA.

O that thy heart had taught [*Lifting her veil.*
Thy tongue that saying.

OSMYN.

Zara! I am betray'd
By my surprize.

ZARA.

What, does my face displease thee?
That having seen it, thou dost turn thy eyes
Away, as from deformity and horror.
If so, this fable curtain shall again
Be drawn, and I will stand before thee seeing,
And unseen. Is it my Love? ask again
That question, speak again in that soft voice,
And look again with wishes in thy eyes.
O no, thou can'st not, for thou seest me now,
As she, whose savage breast has been the cause
Of these thy wrongs; as she, whose barbarous rage
Has loaden thee with chains and galling irons:
Well dost thou scorn me, and upbraid my falseness;
Could one who lov'd, thus torture whom she lov'd?
No, no, it must be hatred, dire revenge
And detestation, that cou'd use thee thus.
So thou dost think; then do but tell me so;

D 2

Tell

Tell me, and thou shalt see how I'll revenge
Thee on this false one, how I'll stab and tear
This heart of flint 'till it shall bleed; and thou
Shalt weep for mine, forgetting thy own miseries.

O S M Y N.

You wrong me, beauteous *Zara*, to believe
I bear my fortunes with so low a mind,
As still to mediate revenge on all
Whom Chance, or Fate working by secret causes,
Has made perforce subservient to that end
The Heav'nly Pow'rs allot me. No, not you,
But Destiny and inauspicious Stars
Have cast me down to this low being: Or,
Granting you had, from you I have deserv'd it.

Z A R A.

Canst thou forgive me then? wilt thou believe
So kindly of my fault, to call it madness?
O, give that madness yet a milder name,
And call it passion: then, be still more kind,
And call that passion Love.

O S M Y N.

Give it a name,
Or being as you please, such I will think it.

Z A R A.

O thou dost wound me more with this thy good-
ness
Than e'er thou could'st with bitterest reproaches.
Thy anger cou'd not pierce thus to my heart.

O S M Y N.

Yet I cou'd wish ...

Z A R A.

Haste me to know it, what?

O S M Y N.

That at this time I had not been this thing!

Z A R A.

What thing?

O S M Y N.

This Slave.

Z A R A.

O Heav'n! my fears interpret
This thy silence; somewhat of high concern;
Long fashioning within thy labouring mind,
And now just ripe for birth, my rage has ruin'd.
Have I done this? Tell me, am I so curs'd?

O S M Y N.

Time may have still one fated hour to come;
Which wing'd with Liberty, might overtake
Occasion past.

Z A R A.

Swift as occasion, I
My self will fly; and earlier than the morn
Wake thee to freedom. Now 'tis late; and yet
Some news a few minutes past arriv'd, which seem'd
To shake the temper of the King... Who knows
What racking cares disease a Monarchs bed?
Or Love, that late at night still lights his lamp,
And strikes his rays thro' dusk, and folded lids,
Forbidding rest, may stretch his eyes awake,
And force their balls abroad at this dead hour.
I'll try,

O S M Y N.

I have not merited this grace;
Nor, shou'd my secret purpose take effect;
Can I repay, as you require, such benefits.

Z A R A.

Thou canst not owe me more, nor have I more
To give, than I've already lost. But now,
So does the form of our engagements rest,
Thou hast the wrong, 'till I redeem thee hence;
That done, I leave thy justice to return
My love. Adieu.



SCENE V.

OSMYN *alone.*

THIS Woman has a soul
 Of God-like mould, intrepid and commanding;
 And challenges, in spite of me, my best
 Esteem: to this she's fair, few more can boast
 Of personal charms, or with less vanity
 Might hope to captivate the hearts of Kings.
 But she has passions which out-strip the wind,
 And tear her Virtues up, as tempests root
 The Sea. I fear when she shall know the truth,
 Some swift and dire event of her blind rage
 Will make all fatal. But behold, she comes
 For whom I fear, to shield me from my fears.
 The cause and comfort of my boding heart.



SCENE VI.

ALMERIA, OSMYN.

OSMYN.

MY Life, my health, my liberty, my all,
 How shall I welcome thee to this sad place?
 How speak to thee the words of joy and transport?
 How run into thy arms, with-held by fetters;
 Or take thee into mine, while I'm thus manacled
 And pinion'd like a thief or murderer?

Shall

Shall I not hurt or bruise thy tender body,
And stain thy bosom with the rust of these
Rude irons? Must I meet thee thus, *Almeria*?

A L M E R I A.

Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.
Thou told'st me thou would'st think how we might meet
To part no more...Now we will part no more,
For these thy chains, or death, shall join us ever.

O S M Y N.

Hard means to ratifie that word! ...O cruelty!
That ever I should think beholding thee
A torture! .. yet, such is the bleeding anguish
Of my heart, to see thy sufferings—O Heav'n!
That I cou'd almost turn my eyes away,
Or wish thee from my sight.

A L M E R I A.

O say not so;
Tho' 'tis because thou lov'st me: Do not say,
On any terms, that thou dost wish me from thee;
No, no, 'tis better thus, that we together
Feed on each others heart, devour our woes
With mutual appetite; and mingling in
One cup the common stream of both our eyes:
Drink bitter draughts, with never slackening thirst.
Thus better, than for any cause to part.
What dost thou think? Look not so tenderly
Upon me—speak, and take me in thy arms—
Thou canst not! thy poor arms are bound, and strive
In vain with the remorseless chains, which gnaw
And eat into thy flesh, festring thy limbs
With rankling rust.

O S M Y N.

Oh! O—

A L M E R I A.

Give me that sigh.
Why dost thou heave, and stifle in thy griefs!
Thy heart will burst, thy eyes look red and start;

Give thy soul way, and tell me thy dark thought.

O S M Y N.

For this worlds rule, I wou'd not wound thy breast
With such a dagger as then stuck my heart

A L M E R I A.

Why? why? To know it, cannot wound me more,
Than knowing thou hast felt it. Tell it me.
—Thou giv'st we pain with too much tenderness!

O S M Y N.

And thy excessive love distracts my sense!
O wou'dst thou be less killing, soft or kind,
Grief cou'd not double thus his darts against me.

A L M E R I A.

Thou dost me wrong, & grief too robs my heart;
If there he shoot not ev'ry other shaft;
Thy second self shou'd feel each other wound,
And woe shou'd be in equal portions dealt.
I am thy wife—

O S M Y N.

O thou hast search'd too deep:
There, there I bleed; there pull the cruel cords
That strain my cracking nerves: Engines and wheels,
That piece-meal grind, are beds of down and balm
To that soul-racking thought.

A L M E R I A.

Then I am curs'd
Indeed, if that be so; if I'm thy torment—
Kill me, kill me then, dash me with thy chains,
Tread on me: What, am I the bosom-snake;
That sucks thy warm life-blood, and gnaws thy heart?
O that thy words had force to break those bonds,
As they have strength to tear this heart in sunder;
So shou'dst thou be at large from all oppression.
Am I, am I of all thy woes the worst?

O S M Y N.

My all of bliss, my everlasting life,
Soul of my soul, and end of all my wishes,

Why

Why dost thou thus unman me with thy words,
And melt me down to mingle with thy weepings?
Why dost thou ask? Why dost thou talk thus piercingly?
Thy sorrows have disturb'd thy peace of mind,
And thou dost speak of miserys impossible.

A L M E R I A.

Didst thou not say, that racks and wheels were
balm,
And beds of ease, to thinking me thy Wife?

O S M Y N.

No, no; nor shou'd the subtlest pains that Hell
Or hell-born malice can invent, extort
A wish or thought from me, to have thee other.
But thou wilt know what harrows up my heart:
Thou art my Wife—nay, thou art yet my Bride!
The sacred union of connubial love
Yet unaccomplish'd; his misterious rites
Delay'd; nor has our Hymenéal torch
Yet lighted up his last most grateful sacrifice;
But dash'd with rain from eyes, and swail'd with sighs
Burns dim, and glimmers with expiring light.
Is this dark cell a Temple for that God?
Or this vile earth an Altar for such off'rings?
This den for Slaves, this Dungeon damp'd with woes;
Is this our Marriage-bed! Are these our joys!
Is this to call thee mine? O hold my heart!
To call thee mine? Yes, thus, ev'n thus, to call
Thee mine, were comfort, joy, extreamest extasie:
But O thou art not mine, not ev'n in misery;
And 'tis deny'd to me to be so blest'd,
As to be wretched with thee.

A L M E R I A.

No; not that
Th' extreamest malice of our Fate can hinder:
That still is left us, and on that we'll feed,
As on the leavings of calamity.

There we will feast, and smile on past distress,
And hug, in scorn of it, our mutual ruin.

O S M Y N.

O thou dost talk, my love, as one resolv'd;
Because not knowing danger. But look forward;
Think on to-morrow, when thou shalt be torn
From these weak, struggling, unextended arms;
Think how my heart will heave, and eyes will strain,
To grasp and reach what is deny'd my hands:
Think how the blood will start, and tears will gush
To follow thee, my separating soul.
Think how I am, when thou shalt wed with *Garcia*!
Then will I smear these walls with blood, disfigure
And dash my face, and rive my clotted hair,
Break on the flinty floor my throbbing breast,
And grovel with gash'd hands to scratch a grave,
Stripping my nails, to tear this pavement up,
And bury me alive.

A L M E R I A.

Heart-breaking horror!

O S M Y N.

Then *Garcia* shall lye panting on thy bosom;
Luxurious, revelling amidst thy charms;
And thou perforce must yield, and aid his transport.
Hell! Hell! have I not cause to rage and rave!
What are all racks, and wheels, and whips to this?
Are thy not soothing softness, sinking ease,
And wafting air to this? O my *Almeria*,
What do the damn'd endure, but to despair,
But knowing Heav'n, to know it lost for ever?

A L M E R I A.

O, I am struck; thy words are bolts of ice
Which shot into my breast, now melt and chill me.
I chatter, shake, and faint with thrilling fears.
No, hold me not— O, let us not support,
But sink each other deeper yet, down, down,

Whe-

Where levell'd low, no more we'll lift our eyes,
But prone, and dumb, rot the firm face of earth
With rivers of incessant scalding rain.



SCENE VII.

ZARA, PEREZ, SELIM, OSMYN, ALMERIA.

ZARA.

Somewhat of weight to me requires his freedom:
Dare you dispute the Kings command? Behold
The Royal Signet.

PEREZ.

I obey; yet beg
Your Majesty one moment to defer
Your entring, 'till the Princess is return'd
From visiting the noble Prisoner.

ZARA.

Ha!
What say'st thou?

OSMYN.

We are lost! undone! discover'd!
Retire, my life, with speed—Alas, we're seen:
Speak of compassion, let her hear you speak
Of interceding for me with the King;
Say somewhat quickly to conceal our loves,
If possible—

ALMERIA.

I cannot speak.

OSMYN.

Let me
Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her;

But

But 'till she's gone; then bless me thus again.

Z A R A.

Trembling and weeping as he leads her forth!
Confusion in his face, and grief in hers!
'Tis plain, I've been abus'd—Death and destruction?
How shall I search into this mystery?
The bluest blast of pestilential air
Strike, damp, deaden her charms, and kill his eyes:
Perdition catch 'em both, and ruin part 'em.

Osmyn [Aloud to Almeria as she goes out.

This charity to one unknown, and thus
Distress'd, Heav'n will repay; all thanks are poor,



SCENE VIII.

ZARA, SELIM, OSMYN.

Z A R A.

DAMN'D, damn'd dissembler! Yet I will be calm,
Choak in my rage, and know the utmost depth
Of this deceiver—You seem much surpriz'd.

O S M Y N.

At your return so soon and unexpected.

Z A R A.

And so unwish'd, unwanted too it seems.
Confusion! yet I will contain my self.
You're grown a Favourite since last we parted;
Perhaps I'm sawcy and intruding—

O S M Y N.

—Madam!

Z A R A.

I did not know the Princess Favourite.
Your pardon, Sir — mistake me not; you think!

I'm

I'm angry: you're deceiv'd. I came to set
You free: But shall return much better pleas'd,
To find you have an interest superior.

O S M Y N.

You do not come to mock my miseries?

Z A R A.

I do.

O S M Y N.

I could at this time spare your mirth.

Z A R A.

I know thou could'st, but I'm not often pleas'd,
And will indulge it now. What miseries?
Who wou'd not be thus happily confin'd,
To be the care of weeping majesty?
To have contending Queens, at dead of night
Forfake their down, to wake with watry eyes,
And watch like tapers o'er your hours of rest?
O curse! I cannot hold—

O S M Y N.

Come, 'tis too much.

Z A R A.

Villain!

O S M Y N.

How, Madam!

Z A R A.

Thou shalt die.

O S M Y N.

I thank you.

Z A R A.

Thou ly'st; for now I know for whom thou'dst live!

O S M Y N.

Then you may know for whom I'd die.

Z A R A.

Hell! Hell!

Yet I'll be calm—Dark and unknown betrayer!
But now the dawn begins, and the flow hand
Of Fate is stretch'd to draw the veil, and leave

Thee

Thee bare, the naked mark of publick view.

O S M Y N

You may be still deceiv'd, 'tis in my pow'r.

Z A R A.

Who waits there? As you'll answer it, look, this
Slave [To the Guard.

Attempt no means to make himself away.

I've been deceiv'd: the publick safety now

Requires he shou'd be more confin'd, and none,

No, not the Princess suffer'd or to see,

Or speak with him. I'll quit you to the King.

Vile and ingrate! too late thou shalt repent

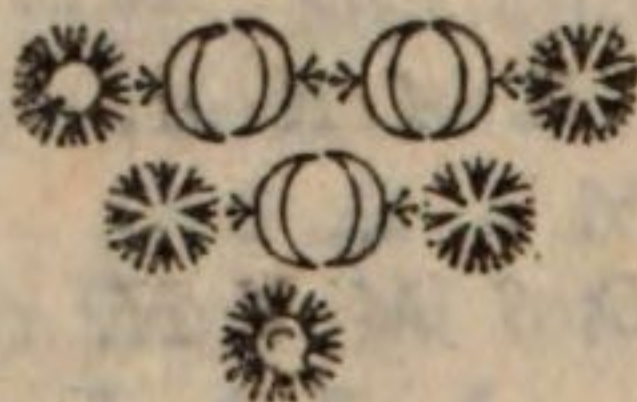
The base injustice thou hast done my love.

Yes, thou shalt know, spite of thy past distress,

And all those ills which thou so long hast mourn'd;

Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turn'd.

Nor Hell a Fury, like a Woman scorn'd.



ACT



A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

A Room of State.

Z A R A , S E L I M.

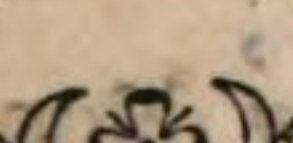
Z A R A.




 HOU hast already rack'd me with thy stay ;
 Therefore require me not to ask thee twice :


T

 Reply at once to all. What is concluded ?
 S E L I M.



 Your accusation highly has incens'd



 The King , and were alone enough to urge
 The fate of *Osmyn* ; but to that , fresh news
 Is since arriv'd , of more revolted Troops.
 'Tis certain *Heli* too is fled , and with him
 (Which breeds amazement and distraction] some
 Who bore high Offices of weight and trust ,
 Both in the State and Army. This confirms
 The King , in full belief of all you told him ,
 Concerning *Osmyn* , and his correspondence
 With them who first began the mutiny.

Whc

Wherefore a Warrant for his death is sign'd;
And order given for publick execution.

Z A R A.

Ha! haste thee! fly, prevent his fate and mine;
Find out the King, tell him I have of weight
More than his Crown t' impart ere *Ofmyn* die.

S E L I M.

It needs not, for the King will straight be here
And as to your revenge, not his own interest,
Pretend to sacrifice the life of *Ofmyn*.

Z A R A.

What shall I say; Invent; contrive, advise
Somewhat to blind the King; and save his life,
In whom I live. Spite of my rage and pride,
I am a Wowan, and a Lover still.
O! 'tis more grief but to suppose his death,
Than still to meet the rigour of his scorn.
From my despair my anger had its source;
When he is dead I must despair for ever.
For ever! that's despair—it was distrust
Before; distrust will ever be in love,
And anger in distrust, both short-liv'd pains;
But in despair, and ever-during death,
No term, no bound, but infinite of woe.
O torment, but to think! what then to bear?
Not to be born—Devise the means to shun it,
Quick, or, by Heav'n, this dagger drinks thy blood.

S E L I M.

My life is yours, nor wish I to preserve it,
But to serve you. I have already thought.

Z A R A.

Forgive my rage; I know thy love and truth.
But say, what's to be done? or when, or how
Shall I prevent, or stop th' approaching danger?

S E L I M.

You must still seem most resolute and fix'd
On *Ofmyns* death; too quick a change of mercy

Might

Might breed suspicion of the cause. Advise,
That execution may be done in private.

Z A R A.

On what pretence?

S E L I M.

Your own request's enough.

However, for a colour, tell him, you
Have cause to fear his Guards may be corrupted,
And some of them bought off to *Osmyns* int'rest,
Who, at the place of execution, will
Attempt to force his way for an escape.
The state of things will countenance all suspicions.
Then offer to the King to have him strangl'd
In secret, by your Mutes; and get an order,
That none but Mutes may have admittance to him.
I can no more, the King is here. Obtain
This grant—and I'll acquaint you with the rest.



S C E N E II.

KING, GONSALEZ, PEREZ, ZARA, SELIM.

K I N G.

BEAR to the dungeon those rebellious slaves,
Th'ignoble curs, that yelp to fill the cry,
And spend their mouths in barking Tyranny.
But for their Leaders, *Sancho* and *Ramirez*,
Let 'em be led away to present death.
Perez, see it perform'd.

G O N S A L E Z.

Might I presume,
Their execution better were deferr'd,
'Till *Osmyn* die. Mean time we may learn more

E

Of

Of this conspiracy.

K I N G.

Then be it so.

Stay, Soldier; they shall suffer with the *Moor*.

Are none return'd of those who follow'd *Heli*?

G O N S A L E Z.

None, Sir. Some papers have been since discover'd
In *Roderigos* house, who fled with him,
Which seem to intimate, as if *Alphonso*
Were still alive, and arming in *Valentia*:
Which wears indeed this colour of a truth,
They who are fled have that way bent their course.
Of the same nature divers notes have been
Dispers'd, to amuse the People; whereupon
Some ready of belief have rais'd this rumour:
That being sav'd upon the coast of *Africk*,
He there disclos'd himself too *Albucacim*,
And by a secret compact made with him,
Open'd and urg'd the way to this invasion;
While he himself, returning to *Valentia*
In private, undertook to raise this tumult.

Z A R A.

Ha! hear'st thou that? Is *Osmyn* then *Alphonso*!
O Heav'n: a thousand things occur at once
To my remembrance now, that make it plain.
O certain death for him, as sure despair
For me if it be known—If not, what hope
Have I? Yet 'twere the lowest baseness, now
To yield him up—No, I will still conceal him,
And try the force of yet more obligations.

G O N S A L E Z.

'Tis not impossible. Yet, it may be
That some Impostor has usurp'd his name.
Your beauteous Captive *Zara* can inform,
If such a one, so 'scaping was receiv'd,
At any time, in *Albucacims* Court.

K I N G.

K I N G.

Pardon, fair excellence, this long neglect:
An unforeseen, unwelcome hour of business
Has thrust between us and our while of love;
But wearing now apace with ebbing sand,
Will quickly waste, and give again the day.

Z A R A.

You're too secure; the danger is more imminent
Than your high courage suffers you to see;
While *Osmyn* lives, you are not safe.

K I N G.

His doom
Is pass'd; if you revoke it not, he dies.

Z A R A.

'Tis well. By what I heard upon your entrance,
I find I can unfold what yet concerns
You more. One who did call himself *Alphonso*
Was cast upon my coasts, as is reported,
And oft had private conference with the King;
To what effect I knew not then: But he,
Alphonso secretly departed, just
About the time our Arms embark'd for *Spain*.
What I know more is, that a tripple League
Of strictest Friendship, was profess'd between
Alphonso, *Heli*, and the Traitor *Osmyn*.

K I N G.

Publick report is ratify'd in this.

Z A R A.

And *Osmyn's* death requir'd of strong necessity.

K I N G.

Give order straight that all the Pris'ners die.

Z A R A.

Forbear a moment; somewhat more I have
Worthy your private ear: and this your Minister.

K I N G.

Let all except *Gonsalez* leave the room.



S C E N E III.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM.

Z A R A.

I AM your Captive, and you've us'd me nobly ;
 And in return of that, tho' otherwise
 Your Enemy, I have discover'd *Osmyn*
 His private practise and conspiracy
 Against your State: And fully to discharge
 My self of what I've undertaken, now
 I think it fit to tell you, that your Guards
 Are tainted; some among 'em have resolv'd
 To rescue *Osmyn* at the place of death.

K I N G.

Is treason then so near us as our Guards!

Z A R A.

Most certain; tho' my knowledge is not yet
 So ripe, to point at the particular men.

K I N G.

What's to be done?

Z A R A.

That to-I will advise.
 I have remaining in my train some Mutes,
 A present once from the *Sultana* Queen,
 In the *Grand Signiors* Court. These, from their infancy,
 Are practis'd in the trade of death; and shall
 (As there the custom is) in private strangle
Osmyn.

G O N S A L E Z.

My Lord, the Queen advises well.

K I N G.

K I N G.

What off'ring, or what recompence remains
In me, that can be worthy so great services?
To cast beneath your feet the Crown you've fav'd,
Tho' on the head that wears it, were too little.

Z A R A.

Of that hereafter; but mean time, 'tis fit
To see the Pris'ner, but such Mutes as I
Shall send.

K I N G.

Who waits there?



S C E N E IV.

KING, GONSALEZ, SELIM, PEREZ.

K I N G.

ON your life take heed,
That only *Zaras* Mutes, or such who bring
Her warrant, have admittance to the *Moor*.

Z A R A.

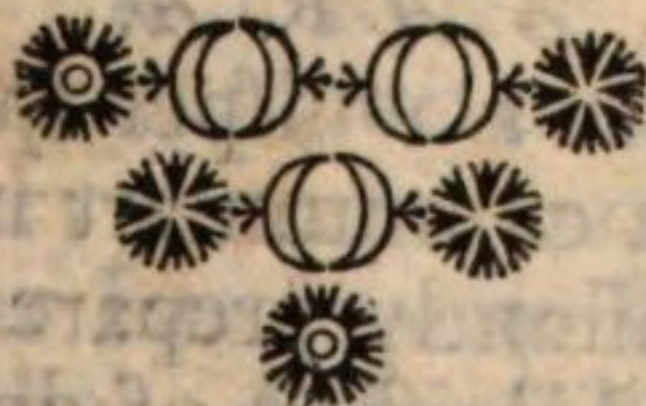
They and no other; not the Princess self.

P E R E Z.

Your Majesty shall be obey'd.

K I N G.

Retire.





SCENE V.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM,

GONSALEZ.

THAT interdiction so particular,
 Pronounc'd with vehemence against the Princess,
 Shou'd have more meaning than appears barefac'd.
 The King is blinded by his love, and heeds
 It not. Your Majesty sure might have spar'd
 That last restraint. You hardly can suspect
 The Princess is confederate with the Moor.

ZARA.

I've hear'd, her charity did once extend
 So far, to visit him, at his request.

GONSALEZ.

Ha!

KING.

How! She visit *Osmyn*! What my Daughter!

SELIM.

Madam, take heed, or you have ruin'd all.

ZARA.

And after did sollicite you on his
 Behalf—

KING.

Never. You have been mis-inform'd.

ZARA.

Indeed? then 'twas a whisper spread by some,
 Who wish'd it so; a common art in Courts,
 I will retire, and Instantly prepare
 Instructions for my Ministers of death.

S C E.



SCENE VI.

KING, GONSALEZ.

GONSALEZ.

There's somewhat yet of mystery in this;
Her words and actions are obscure and double,
Sometimes concur, and sometimes disagree,
I like it not.

KING.

What dost thou think *Gonsalez*?
Are we not much indebted to this Fair-one?

GONZALEZ.

I am a little slow of credit, Sir,
In the sincerity of Womens actions.
Methinks this Ladys hatred to the *Moor*,
Disquiets her too much; which makes it seem
As if she'd rather that she did not hate him.
I wish her Mutes are meant to be employ'd
As she pretends—I doubt it now—Your Guards
Corrupted; how? by whom? who told her so?
I th' evening *Osmyn* was to die; at midnight
She begg'd the Royal Signet to release him;
I th' morning he must die again; ere noon
Her Mutes alone must strangle him, or he'll
Escape. This put together suits not well.

KING.

Yet, that there's truth in what she has discover'd
Is manifest from every circumstance.
This tumult, and the Lords who fled with *Heli*,
Are confirmation—that *Alphonso* lives,
Agrees expressly too with her report.

E 4

G O N-

G O N S A L E Z.

I grant it, Sir, and doubt not, but in rage
 Of jealousy, she has discover'd what
 She now repents. It may be I'm deceiv'd.
 But why that needless caution of the Princess?
 What if she had seen *Osmyn*? tho' 'twere strange.
 But if she had, what was't to her! unless
 She fear'd her stronger charms might cause the *Moors*
 Affection to revolt.

K I N G.

I thank thee, Friend,
 There's reason in thy doubt, and I am warn'd.
 But think'st thou that my Daughter saw this *Moor*?

G O N S A L E Z.

If *Osmyn* be, as *Zara* has related,
Alphonso's friend; 'tis not impossible,
 But she might wish on his account to see him.

K I N G.

Say'st thou? By Heav'n thou hast arouz'd a thought,
 That like a sudden Earthquake shakes my frame.
 Confusion! then my Daughter's an accomplice,
 And plots in private with this hellish *Moor*.

G O N S A L E Z.

That were too hard a thought—but see she comes
 'Twere not amiss to question her a little,
 And try howe'er, if I've divin'd aright.
 If what I fear be true, she'll be concern'd
 For *Osmyn's* death, as he's *Alphonso's* friend.
 Urge that, to try if she'll sollicit for him.



S C E.



SCENE VII.

KING, GONSALEZ, ALMERIA, LEONORA.

K I N G.

YOUR coming has prevented me, *Almeria*;
 I had determin'd to have sent for you.
 Let your attendant be dismiss'd: I have [*Leonora retires.*
 To talk with you. Come near, why dost thou shake?
 What mean those swell'n and red fleck'd eyes, that look
 As they had wept in blood, and worn the night
 In waking anguish; Why this, on the day
 Which was design'd to celebrate thy nuptials;
 But that the beams of light are to be stain'd
 With reeking gore, from Traitors on the rack?
 Wherefore I have deferr'd the marriage-rites,
 Nor shall the guilty horrors of this day
 Profane that Jubilee.

A L M E R I A.

All days to me
 Henceforth are equal; this the day of death,
 To-morrow, and the next, and each that follows,
 Will undistinguish'd roll, and but prolong
 One hated line of more extended woe.

K I N G.

Whence is thy grief? Give me to know the cause?
 And look thou answer me with truth; for know,
 I am not unacquainted with thy falsehood.
 Why art thou mute? base and degenerate maid!

G O N S A L E Z.

Dear Madam, speak, or you'll incense the King.

A L M E R I A.

What is't to speak; or wherefore shou'd I speak?

E 5

What

What mean these tears, but grief unutterable?

K I N G.

They are the dumb confessions of thy mind;
They mean thy guilt, and say thou wert confed'rate
With damn'd Conspirators to take my life.
O impious parricide! now canst thou speak?

A L M E R I A.

O Earth, behold I kneel upon thy bosom,
And bend my flowing eyes, to stream upon
Thy face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield;
Open thy bowels of compassion, take
Into thy womb the last and most forlorn
Of all thy Race. Hear me, thou common Parent;
—I have no Parent else—be thou a Mother,
And step between me and curse of him,
Who was—who was; but is no more a Father:
But brands my innocence with horrid crimes,
And for the tender names of Child and Daughter,
Now calls me murderer and parricide.

K I N G.

Rise, I command thee rise—and if thou wou'dst
Acquit thy self of those detested names,
Swear thou hast never seen that foreign dog,
Now doom'd to die, that most accursed *Osmyn*.

A L M E R I A.

Never, but as with innocence I might,
And free of all bad purposes. So Heav'n's
My witness.

K I N G.

Vile equivocating Wretch!
With innocence? O patience! hear, —she owns it!
Confesses it! By Heav'n I'll have him rack'd,
Torn, mangl'd, flay'd, impal'd—all pains and tortures
That wit of Man and dire revenge can think,
Shall he accumulated under-bear.

A L M E R I A.

Oh, I am lost—there Fate begins to wound.

K I N G.

K I N G.

Hear me, then if thou canst reply ; know , Traiteurs ,
I'm not to learn that curs'd *Alphonso* lives ;
Nor am I ignorant what *Osmyn* is.—

A L M E R I A.

Then all is ended , and we both must die ,
Since thou'rt reveal'd , alone thou shalt not die.
And yet alone wou'd I have dy'd , Heav'n knows ,
Repeated deaths , rather than have reveal'd thee.
Yes , all my Fathers wounding wrath , tho' each
Reproach cuts deeper than the keenest sword ,
And cleaves my heart ; I wou'd have born it all ,
Nay , all the pains that are prepar'd for thee :
To the remorseless rack I wou'd have giv'n
This weak and tender flesh , to have been bruis'd
And torn , rather than have reveal'd thy being.

K I N G.

Hell , Hell ! do I hear this , and yet endure !
What , dar'st thou to my face avow thy guilt ?
Hence , ere I curse—flie my just rage with speed ;
Left I forget us both , and spurn thee from me.

A L M E R I A.

And yet a Father ! think I am your child.
Turn not your eyes away—look on me kneeling ;
Now curse me if you can , now spurn me off.
Did ever Father curse his kneeling Child ?
Never : For always blessings , crown that posture.
Nature inclines , and halfway meets that duty ,
Stooping to raise from Earth the filial reverence ;
For bended knees returning folding arms ,
With pray'rs , and blessings , and paternal love.
O hear me then , thus crawling on the earth—

K I N G.

Be thou advis'd , and let me go , while yet
The light impression thou hast made remains.

A L M E R I A.

No ; never will I rise , nor lose this hold ,

Till

'Till you are mov'd, and grant that he may live.

K I N G.

Ha! who may live? take heed, no more of that;
For on my soul he dies, tho' thou and I,
And all shou'd follow to partake his doom.
Away, off, let me go—Call her attendants.

Leonora and Women return.

A L M E R I A.

Drag me, harrow the earth with my bare bosom,
I'll not let go 'till you have spar'd my Husband.

K I N G.

Ha! what say'st thou? Husband! Husband! damnation
What Husband? which? who?

A L M E R I A.

He, he is my Husband.

K I N G.

Poison and daggers! who?

A L M E R I A.

O—

[*Faints.*]

G O N S A L E Z.

Help, support her.

A L M E R I A.

Let me go, let me fall, sink deep—I'll dig
I'll dig a grave, and tear up death; I will,
I'll scrape 'till I collect his rotten bones,
And cloath their nakedness with my own flesh;
Yes, I will strip of life, and we will change
I will be Death; then tho' you kill my Husband
He shall be mine, still and for ever mine.

K I N G.

What husband? who? whom dost thou mean?

G O N S A L E Z.

She raves!

A L M E R I A.

O that I did. *Osmyn*, he is my Husband.

K I N G.

Osmyn!

A L-

ALMERIA.

Not *Osmyn*, *Alphonso* is my dear
And wedded Husband—Heav'n, and Air, and Seas,
Ye winds and waves, I call ye all to witness.

KING.

Wilder than winds or waves thy self dost rave.
Shou'd I hear more, I too shou'd catch thy madness.
Yet somewhat she must mean of dire import,
Which I'll not hear, 'till I am more at peace.
Watch her returning sense, and bring me word:
And look that she attempt not on her life.



SCENE VIII.

ALMERIA, GONSALEZ, LEONORA, *Attendants*

ALMERIA.

O Stay! yet stay; hear me, I am not mad.
I wou'd to Heav'n I were—He's gone.

GONSALEZ.

Have comfort.

ALMERIA.

Curs'd be that tongue, that bids me be of comfort
Curs'd my own tongue, that cou'd not move his pity;
Curs'd these weak hands that cou'd not hold him here;
For he is gone to doom *Alphonso's* death.

GONSALEZ.

Your too excessive grief works on your fancy
And deludes your sense. *Alphonso*, if living,
Is far from hence, beyond your Fathers power.

ALMERIA.

Hence, thou detested, ill-tim'd Flatterer;
Source of my woes: Thou and thy Race be curs'd;
But

But doubly thou, who cou'dst alone have policy
And fraud, to find the fatal secret out,
And know that *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*.

G O N S A L E Z.

Ha!

A L M E R I A.

Why dost thou start? what dost thou see or hear?
Was it the doleful bell, tolling for death?
Or dying groans from my *Alphonso's* breast?
See, see, look yonder! where a grizzled, pale,
And ghastly head glares by all smear'd with blood.
Gasping as it wou'd speak, and after see!
Behold a damp, dead hand has dropp'd a dagger:
I'll catch it—Hark! a voice cries murder! ah!
My Fathers voice! hollow it sounds, and calls
Me from the tomb—I'll follow it; for there
I shall again behold my dear *Alphonso*.



SCENE IX.

G O N S A L E Z alone.

He's greatly griev'd; nor am I less surpriz'd.
Osmyn *Alphonso*! no; she over-rates
My policy? I ne'er suspected it:
Nor now had known it, but from her mistake.
Her Husband too! Ha! Where is *Garcia* then?
And where the Crown that shou'd descend on him,
To grace the Line of my posterity?
Hold, let me think—if I shou'd tell the King—
Things come to this extremity; his Daughter
Wedded already—what if he shou'd yield?
Knowing no remedy for what is past;
And urg'd by Nature pleading for his Child,

With

With which he seems to be already shaken.
 And tho' I know he hates beyond the grave
Anselmos race, yet if—that if concludes me.
 To doubt, when I may be assur'd, is folly.
 But how prevent the Captive Queen; who means
 To set him free? Ay, now 'tis plain; O well
 Invented tale! He was *Alphonso's* friend.
 This subtle Woman will amuse the King,
 If I delay—'twill do—or better so.
 One to my wish; *Alonzo*, thou art welcome.



SCENE X.

GONSALEZ, ALONZO.

ALONZO.

THE King expects your Lordship.

GONSALEZ.

'Tis no matter.

I'm not i'th way at present, good *Alonzo*.

ALONZO.

If't please your Lordship, I'll return and say
 I have not seen you.

GONSALEZ.

Do, my best *Alonzo*.

Yet stay, I wou'd—but go; anon will serve—

Yet I have that requires thy speedy help.

I think thou wou'dst not stop to do me service.

ALONZO.

I am your creature.

GONSALEZ.

Say thou art my Friend.

I've

I've seen thy sword do noble execution.

A L O N Z O.

All that it can your Lordship shall command.

G O N S A L E Z.

Thanks; & I take thee at thy word. Thou'lt seen
Among the followers of the Captive Queen,
Dumb Men, who make their meaning known by signs.

A L O N Z O.

I have, my Lord.

G O N S A L E Z.

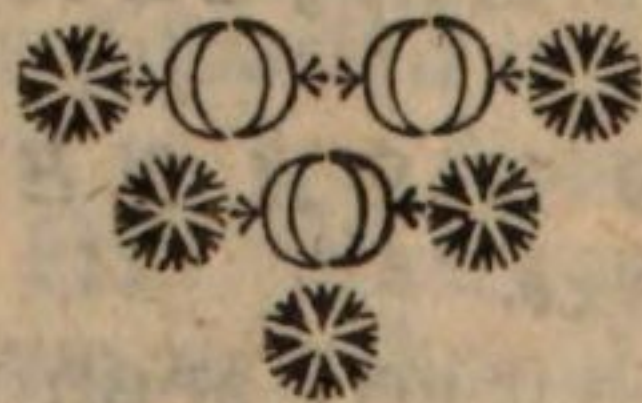
Cou'd thou procure, with speed
And privacy, the wearing garb of one
Of those, tho' purchas'd by his death, I'd give
Thee such reward, as shou'd exceed thy wish.

A L O N Z O.

Conclude it done. Where shall I wait your Lordship?

G O N S A L E Z.

At my apartment. Use thy utmost diligence;
And say I've not been seen—haste, good *Alonzo*,
So, this can hardly fail. *Alphonso* slain,
The great'st obstacle is then remov'd.
Almeria widow'd, yet again may wed;
And I yet fix the Crown on *Garcias* head.



ACT



ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Room of State.

KING, PEREZ, ALONZO.

KING.

NOT to be found? In an ill hour he's absent.
None, say you, none? what not the fa-
v'rite Eunuch?
Nor she her self; nor any of her Mutes,
Have yet requir'd admittance?

PEREZ.

None, my Lord.

KING.

Is *Osmyn* so dispos'd as I commanded?

PEREZ.

Fast bound in double chains, and at full length
He lyes supine on earth; with as much ease
She might remove the centre of this Earth,
As loose the rivets of his bonds.

KING.

'Tis well.

[*A mute appears, & seeing the King retires.*

Ha! stop and seize that Mute; *Alonzo*; follow him.
Ent'ring he met my eyes, and started back

F

Frigh-

Frighted, and fumbling one hand in his bosom;
As to conceal th'importance of his errand.

[Alonzo follows him, and returns with a paper.]

A L O N Z O.

O b o d y proof of obstinate fidelity!

K I N G.

What dost thou mean?

A L O N Z O.

Soon as I seiz'd the Man,
He snatch'd from out his bosom this—and strove
With rash and greedy haste, at once to cram
The morsel down his throat. I catch'd his arm,
And hardly wrench'd his hand to wring it from him;
Which done, he drew a ponyard from his side,
And on the instant plung'd it in his breast.

K I N G.

Remove the body thence ere *Zara* see it.

A L O N Z O.

I'll be so bold to borrow his attire;
'Twill quit me of my promise to *Gonsalez*.



S C E N E II.

K I N G, P E R E Z.

P E R E Z.

WHate'er it is, the Kings complexion turns.

K I N G.

How's this? My mortal Foe beneath my roof!

[Having read the Letter.
O, give me patience, all ye Powers! no rather
Give me new rage, implacable revenge,

And

And trebled fury— Ha! who's there?

P E R E Z.

My Lord.

K I N G.

Hence, Slave, how dar'st thou 'bide to watch & pry
Into how poor a thing a King descends;
How like thy self, when passion treads him down?
Ha! stir not, on thy life: For thou wert fix'd,
And planted here to see me gorge this bait,
And lash against the hook—By Heav'n you're all
Rank Traitors; thou art with the rest combin'd;
Thou knew'st that *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*, knew'st
My Daughter privately with him conferr'd;
And wert the spy and pander to their meeting.

P E R E Z.

By all that's holy, I'm amaz'd—

K I N G.

Thou ly'st.

Thou art accomplice too with *Zara*; here
Where she sets down—*Still will I set thee free—*

[Reading]

That somewhere is repeated—I have power
O'er them that are thy Guards—Mark that, thou Traitor.

P E R E Z.

It was your Majestys command, I should
Obey her order—

K I N G.

Reading—*And still will I set
Thee free, Alphonso—Hell! curs'd, curs'd Alphonso!
False and perfidious Zara! Strumpet Daughter!
Away, be gone, thou feeble Boy, fond Love,
All nature, softness, pity and compassion,
This hour I throw ye off, and entertain
Fell hate, within my breast, revenge and gall.
By Heav'n I'll meet, and counterwork this treachery.
Hark, the Villain, Traitor—answer me, Slave.*

P E R E Z.

My Service has not merited those titles.

K I N G.

Dar'ft thou reply? Take that—thy Service! thine!

[Strikes him.

What's thy whole life, thy foul, thy all, to my
One moments ease? Hear my command; and look
That thou obey, or horror on thy head.
Drench me thy dagger in *Alphonfos* heart.
Why dost thou start? Resolve, or—

P E R E Z.

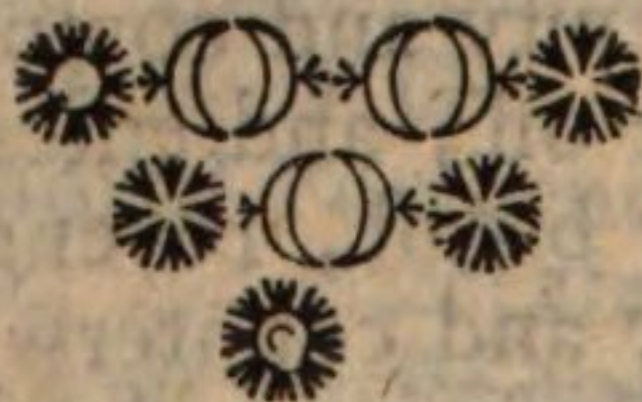
—Sir, I will.

K I N G.

'Tis well—that when she comes to set him free;
His teeth may grin, and mock at her remorse.

[Perez going.

—Stay thee—I've farther thought—I'll add to this,
And give her eyes yet greater disappointment.
When thou hast ended him, bring me his robe;
And let the Cell where she'll expect to see him
Be darken'd, so as to amuse the sight,
I'll be conducted thither—mark me well—
There with his turband, and his robe array'd
And laid along as he now lies supine
I shall convict her to her face of falsehood.
When for *Alphonfos* she shall take my hand.
And breath her sighs upon my lips for his,
Sudden I'll start, and dash her with her guilt.
But see she comes; I'll shun th' encounter; thou,
Follow me, and give heed to my direction.



S C E-



SCENE III.

ZARA, SELIM,

ZARA.

THE Mute not yet return'd! Ha, 'twas the King!
The King that parted hence! frowning he went;
His eyes like meteors roll'd; then darted down
Their red and angry beams; as if his sight
Would, like the raging Dog-star, scorch the earth,
And kindle ruin in its course. Dost think
He saw me?

SELIM.

Yes: But then, as if he thought
His eyes had er'd, he hastily recall'd
Th'imperfect look, and sternly turn'd away.

ZARA.

Shun me when seen! I fear thou hast undone me
Thy shallow artifice begets suspicion,
And, like a cobweb-veil, but thinly shades
The face of thy design; alone disguising
What should have ne'er been seen; imperfect mischief!
Thou like the adder, venomous and deaf,
Hast stung the Traveller, and after, hear'st
Not his pursuing voice; ev'n where thou think'st
To hide, the rustling leaves and bended grass
Confess, and point the path which thou hast crept.
O fate of Fools! officious in contriving;
In executing puzzled, lame and lost.

S E L I M.

Avert it, Heav'n that you should ever suffer
 For my defect: or that the means which I
 Devis'd to serve should ruin your design!
 Prescience is Heav'n's alone, not giv'n to Man.
 If I have fail'd in what, as being Man,
 I needs must fail, impute not as a crime
 My natures want, but punish nature in me:
 I plead not for a pardon and to live,
 But to be punish'd and forgiven. Here, strike;
 I bare my breast to meet your just revenge.

Z A R A.
 I have not leisure now to take so poor
 A forfeit as thy life: Somewhat of high
 And more important Fate requires my thought.
 When I've concluded on my self, if I
 Think fit. I'll leave thee my command to die.
 Regard me well; and dare not to reply
 To what I give in charge; for I'm resolv'd.
 Give order, that she two remaining Mutes
 Attend me instantly, with each a bowl
 Of such ingredients mix'd, as will with speed
 Benumn the living faculties, and give
 Most easie and inevitable death!
 Yes, *Osmyn*, yes; be *Osmyn* or *Alphonso*;
 I'll give thee freedom, if thou dar'st be free:
 Such liberty as I embrace my self,
 Thou shalt partake. Since Fates no more afford;
 I can but die with thee to keep my word.





SCENE IV.

Scene opening shews the Prison.

GONSALEZ *alone, disguis'd like a Mute, with a dagger.*

G O N S A L E Z.

NOR Centinel, nor Guard! the doors unbarr'd!
 And all as still, as at the noon of night!
 Sure Death already has been busie here.
 There lies my way, that door is too unlock'd. [*Looks in.*
 Ha! sure he sleeps—all's dark within, save what
 A lamp, that feebly lifts a sickly flame,
 By fits reveals—his face seems turn'd, to favour
 Th'attempt: I'll steal, and do it unperceiv'd.
 What noise! some body coming? 't, *Alonzo?*
 No body? Sure he'll wait without—I would
 'Twere done—I'll crawl, and sting him to the heart;
 Then cast my skin, and leave it there to answer it.
 [*Goes in.*



SCENE V.

G A R C I A, A L O N Z O.

G A R C I A.

W Here? where, *Alonzo?* where's my Father? where
 The King? Confusion! all is on the rout!

All's lost, all ruin'd by surprize and treachery.
Where, where is he? Why dost thou thus mislead me?

ALONZO.

My Lord, he enter'd but a moment since,
And cou'd not pass me unperceiv'd—What hoa!
My Lord, my Lord, what hoa! My Lord *Gonsalez*.



SCENE VI.

GARCIA, ALONZO, GONSALEZ *bloody*.

GONSALEZ.

Perdition choak your clamours—whence this rudeness?
Garcia!

GARCIA.

Perdition, Slavery, & Death,
Are entring now our doors. Where is the King?
What means this blood? and why this face of horror?

GONSALEZ.

No matter—give me first to know the cause
Of these your rash and ill-tim'd exclamations.

GARCIA.

The eastern gate is to the Foe betray'd,
Who, but for heaps of slain that choak the passage,
Had enter'd long ere now, and born down all
Before 'em, to the Palace walls. Unless
The King in person animate our Men
Granada's lost; and to confirm this fear,
The Traitor *Perez*, and the Captive *Moor*,
Are thro' a postern fled, and join the Foe.

GONSALEZ.

Wou'd all were false as that; for whom you call

The

The *Moor* is dead. That *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*:
In whose hearts blood this ponyard yet is warm.

G A R C I A.

Impossible; for *Osmyn* was, while flying,
Pronounc'd aloud by *Perez* for *Alphonso*.

G O N S A L E Z.

Enter that chamber, and convince your eyes,
How much report has wrong'd your easie faith.

[Garcia Goes in

A L O N Z O.

My Lord, for certain truth *Perez* is fled;
And has declared the cause of his revolt.
Was to revenge a blow the King had giv'n him

G A R C I A returning.

Ruin and horror! O heartwounding fight!

G O N S A L E Z.

What says my Son? what ruin? ha? what horror?

G A R C I A.

Blasted my eyes, and speechless be my tongue,
Rather than or to see, or to relate
This deed—O dire mistake! O fatal blow!
The King—

G O N S A L E Z.

{ The King!

A L O N Z O.

G A R C I A.

Dead, weltring, drown'd in blood.
See, see, see atir'd like, *Osmyn*, where he lies.
O whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the manner, or the cause?

[They look in

Nothing remains to do, or to require,
But that we all should turn our swords against
Our selves, & expiate with our own his blood.

G O N S A L E Z

O Wretch! O curs'd, and rash, deluded Fool!

On me, on me, turn your avenging sword.
 I, who have spilt my Royal Masters blood,
 Shou'd make atonement by a death as horrid?
 And fall beneath the hand of my own Son.

G A R C I A.

Ha! what? atone this murder with a greater!
 The horror of that thought has damp'd my rage,
 The Earth already groans to bear this deed;
 Oppress her not, nor think to stain her face
 With more unnatural blood. Murder my Father!
 Better with this to rip up my own bowels,
 And bathe it to the hilt, in far less damnable
 Self-Murder.

G O N S A L E Z.

O my Son, from the blind dotage
 Of a Father's fondness these ills arose.
 For thee I've been ambitious, base, and bloody:
 For thee I've plung'd into this sea of sin;
 Stemming the tide with only one weak hand,
 While t'other bore the Crown, (to wreath thy brow)
 Whose weight has sunk me ere I reach'd the shoar.

G A R C I A.

Fatal ambition! Hark! the Foe is enter'd.

[Shout.

The shrilness of that shout speaks 'em at hand.
 We have no time to search into the cause
 Of this surprizing and most fatal error.
 What's to be done? the Kings death known, will strike
 The few remaining Soldiers with despair,
 And make 'em yield to mercy of the Conqueror.

A L O N Z O.

My Lord, I've thought how to conceal the body;
 Require me not to tell the means, 'till done,
 Lest you forbid what then you may approve.

[Goes in. shout.

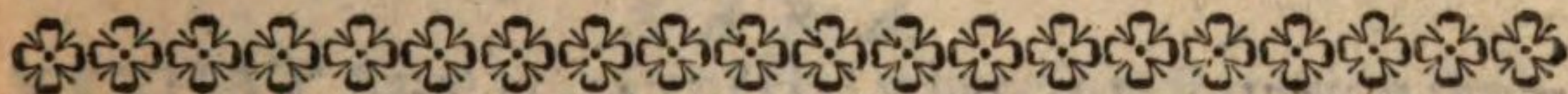
G O N S A L E Z.

They shout again! Whate'er he means to do,
 'Twe-

'Twere fit the Soldiers were amus'd with hopes,
And in the mean time fed with expectation
To see the King in person at their head.

G A R C I A.

Were it a truth, I fear'tis now too late.
But I'll omit no care, nor haste, and try
Or to repel their force, or bravely die.



SCENE VII.

GONSALEZ, ALONZO.

G O N S A L E Z.

W H A T hast thou done, *Alonzo*?

A L O N Z O.

Such a deed
As but an hour ago I'd not have done,
Tho' for the crown of universal Empire.
But what are Kings reduc'd to common clay?
Or who can wound the dead?—I've from the body
Sever'd the head, and in an obscure corner
Dispos'd it, muffled in the Mutes attire,
Leaving to view of them that enter next,
Alone the undistinguishable trunk;
Which may be still mistaken by the Guards
For *Osmyn*, if in seeking for the King
Thy chance to find it.

G O N S A L E Z.

'Twas an act of horror;
And of a piece with this days dire misdeeds.
But 'tis no time to ponder or repent.
Haste thee, *Alonzo*, haste thee hence with speed,

To

To aid my Son. I'll follow with the last
Reserve, to re-inforce his Arms: At least,
I shall make good, and shelter his retreat.



SCENE VIII.

*ZARA, followed by SELIM, and two Mutes bearing the
Bowls.*

Z A R A.

Silence and solitude are ev'ry where!
Thro' all the gloomy ways and iron doors
That hither lead, nor human face nor voice
Is seen nor heard. A dreadful din was wont
To grate the sense, when enter'd here: from groans,
And howls of Slaves condemn'd, from clink of chains.
And crash of rusty bars and creaking hinges:
And ever and anon the fight was dash'd
With frightfull faces, and the meagre looks
Of grim and ghastly Executioners.
Yet more this stillness terrifies my soul,
Than did that scene of complicated horrors,
It may be, that the cause of this my errand
And purpose, being chang'd from life to death,
Has also wrought this chilling change of temper.
Or does my heart bode more? what can it more
Than death?—

Let 'em set down the bowls, and warn *Alphonso*
That I am here—so. You return and find

[*Mutes going in.*
The King, tell him, what he requir'd, I've done,
And wait his coming to approve the deed.

S C E.



SCENE IX.

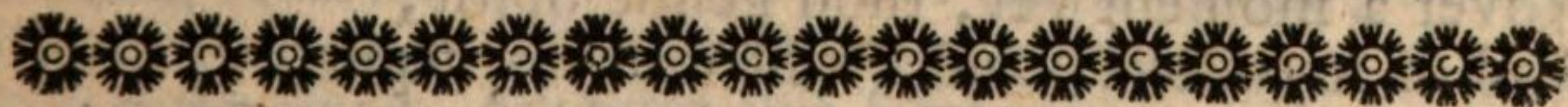
ZARA and MUTES.

ZARA.

WHAT have you seen? Ha! wherefore stare you thus,
 [The Mutes return, and look affrighted.]
 With haggard eyes? why are your arms a-cross?
 Your heavy and desponding heads hung down:
 Why is't you more than speak in these that signs?
 Give me more ample knowledge of this mourning.

They go to the Scene, which opening she perceives the Body.

Ha! prostrate! bloody! headless! O—I'm lost,
 O Osmyn! O Alphonso! Cruel Fate!
 Cruel, cruel, O more than killing object!
 I came prepared to die, and see thee die—
 Nay, came prepar'd my self to give thee death—
 But cannot bear to find thee thus, my Osmyn—
 O this accurs'd, this base, this treach'rous King.!



SCENE X.

ZARA, SELIM,

SELIM.

I'VE fought in vain, for no where can the King
 Be found—

Z A-

Z A R A.

Get thee to Hell, & seek him there. [Stabs him.]
 His hellish rage had wanted means to act,
 But for thy fatal and pernicious counsel.

S E L I M.

You thought it better then—but I'm rewarded,
 The mute you sent, by some mischance was seen,
 And forc'd to yield your letter with his life:
 I found the dead and bloody body stripp'd—
 My tongue falters, and my voice fails—I sink—
 Drink not the poison—for *Alphonso* is— [Dies.]

Z A R A.

As thou art now—And I shall quickly be.
 'Tis not that he is dead; for 'twas decreed
 We both should die: Nor is't that I survive;
 I have a certain remedy for that.
 But Oh, he dy'd unknowing in my heart.
 He knew I lov'd, but knew not to what height:
 Nor that I meant to fall before his eyes,
 A Martyr and a Victim to my vows:
 Insensible of this last proof he's gone.
 Yet Fate alone can rob his mortal part
 Of sense: His Soul still sees, and knows each purpose,
 And fix'd event of my persisting faith.
 Then, wherefore do I pause? —give me the bowl.

[A Mute kneels and gives one of the Bowls.]

Hover a moment yet, thou gentle Spirit,
 Soul of my Love, and I will wait thy flight.
 This to our mutual bliss when join'd above. [Drinks.]
 O friendly draught, already in my heart.
 Cold, cold; my veins are icicles and frost.
 I'll creep into his bosom, lay me there;
 Cover us close—or I shall chill his breast,
 And fright him from my arms—See, see, he slides
 Still further from me; look, he hides his face,
 I cannot feel it—quite beyond my reach.

O

O now he's gone, and all is dark—
[The Mutes kneel and mourn over her.]



SCENE XI.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, MUTES, &c.

ALMERIA.

O Let me seek him in this horrid cell;
For in the tomb or prison, I alone
Must hope to find him.

LEONORA.

Heav'ns! what dismal scene
Of death is this? The Eunuch *Selim* slain!

ALMERIA.

Shew me, for I am come in search of death;
But want a guide; for tears have dimm'd my sight.

LEONORA.

Alas, a little farther, and behold
Zara all pale and dead! two frightful Men,
Who seem the Murderers, kneel weeping by:
Feeling remorse too late for what they've done,
But O forbear—lift up your eyes no more;
But haste away, fly from this fatal place,
Where miseries are multiply'd; return;
Return and look not on, for there's a dagger
Ready to stab the sight, and make your eyes
Rain blood—

ALMERIA.

O I foreknow, foresee that object.
Is it at last then so? is he then dead?
What dead at last, quite, quite, for ever dead?

The

There, there I see him; there he lies, the blood
 Yet bubbling from his wounds—O more than savage?
 Had they, or hearts, or eyes, that did this deed?
 Could eyes endure to guide such cruel hand?
 Are not my eyes guilty alike with theirs,
 That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to stone?
 —I do not weep! The springs of tears are dry'd;
 And of a sudden I am calm, as if
 All things were well; and yet my Husband's murder'd!
 Yes, yes, I know to mourn! I'll fluce this heart,
 The source of woe, and let the torrent loose.
 —Those Men have left to weep! they look on me!
 I hope they murder all on whom they look.
 Behold me well; your bloody hands have err'd,
 And wrongfully have slain those Innocents:
 I am the sacrifice desig'nd to bleed;
 And come prepar'd to yield my throat—they shake
 Their heads in sign of grief and innocence!

[They point at the Bowl on the ground.]

And point! what mean they? Ha! a Cup. O well
 I understand what medicine has been here.
 O noble thirst! yet greedy, to drink all—
 —O for another draught of death—What mean they?

[They point at the other cup.]

Ha! point again? 'tis there, and full, I hope.
 Thanks to the liberal hand that fill'd thee thus;
 I'll drink my glad acknowledgement—

L E O N O R A

O hold
 For Mercys sake; upon my knees I beg—

A L M E R I A.

With thee the kneeling world shou'd beg in vain.
 Seest thou not there? behold who prostrate lyes,
 And pleads against thee? who shall then prevail?
 Yet I will take a cold and parting leave,
 From his pale Lips; I'll kiss him ere I drink,
 Lest the rank juice shou'd blister on my mouth,

And

And stain the colour of my last adieu.

[*Coming nearer the body, starts and lets fall the cup.*
Horror! a headless trunk! nor lips nor face;
But spouting veins, and mangled flesh! O, oh,—



S C E N E the last.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, ALPHONSO, HELI, PE-
REZ, *with* GARCIA Prisoner, Guards and
Attendants.

ALPHONSO.

AWAY, stand off, where is she? let me fly;
Save her from death; and snatch her to my heart.

ALMERIA.

Oh—

—ALPHONSO.

Forbear; my arms alone shall hold her up,
Warm her to life, and wake her into gladness.
O let me talk to thy reviving sense,
The words of joy and peace; warm thy cold beauties;
With the new-flushing ardour of my cheek:
Into thy lips, pour the soft trickling balm
Of cordial sighs; and reinspire thy bosom
With the breath of love. Shine, awake *Almeria*,
Give a new birth to thy long shaded eyes,
Then double on the day reflected light.

ALMERIA.

Where am I? Heav'n! what does this dream intend?

ALPHONSO.

O may'st thou never dream of less delight,
Nor ever wake to less substantial joys,

G

AL-

ALMERIA.

Giv'n me again from death! O all ye Pow'rs
 Confirm this miracle! Can I believe
 My fight, against my fight? and shall I trust
 That sense, which in one instant shews him dead
 And living? Yes, I will; I've been abus'd
 With apparitions, and affrighting fancies:
 This is my Lord, my Life, my only Husband;
 I have him now, and we no more will part.
 My Father too shall have compassion—

ALPHONSO.

O my hearts comfort; 'tis not giv'n to this
 Frail life, to be entirely blest'd. Even now,
 In this extreamest joy my soul can taste,
 Yet am I dash'd to think that thou must weep.
 Thy Father fell, where he design'd my death.
Gonzalez and *Alonzo*, both of wounds
 Expiring, have with their last breath confess'd
 The just decrees of Heav'n, which on themselves
 Has turn'd their own most bloody purposes.

[*She weeps.*]

Nay, I must grant, 'tis fit you shou'd be thus—
 Let 'em remove the body from her sight.

I'll?fated *Zara*! Ha! a cup, alas!

Thy error then is plain; but I were flint
 Not to o'erflow in tribute to thy memory.

O *Garcia*!

Whose Virtue has renounc'd thy Father's crimes;
 Seest thou, how just the hand of Heav'n has been?
 Let us who thro' our innocence survive,
 Still in the path of Honour persevere,
 And not, from past or present ills despair:
 For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds;
 And tho' a late, a sure reward succeeds.

Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE,

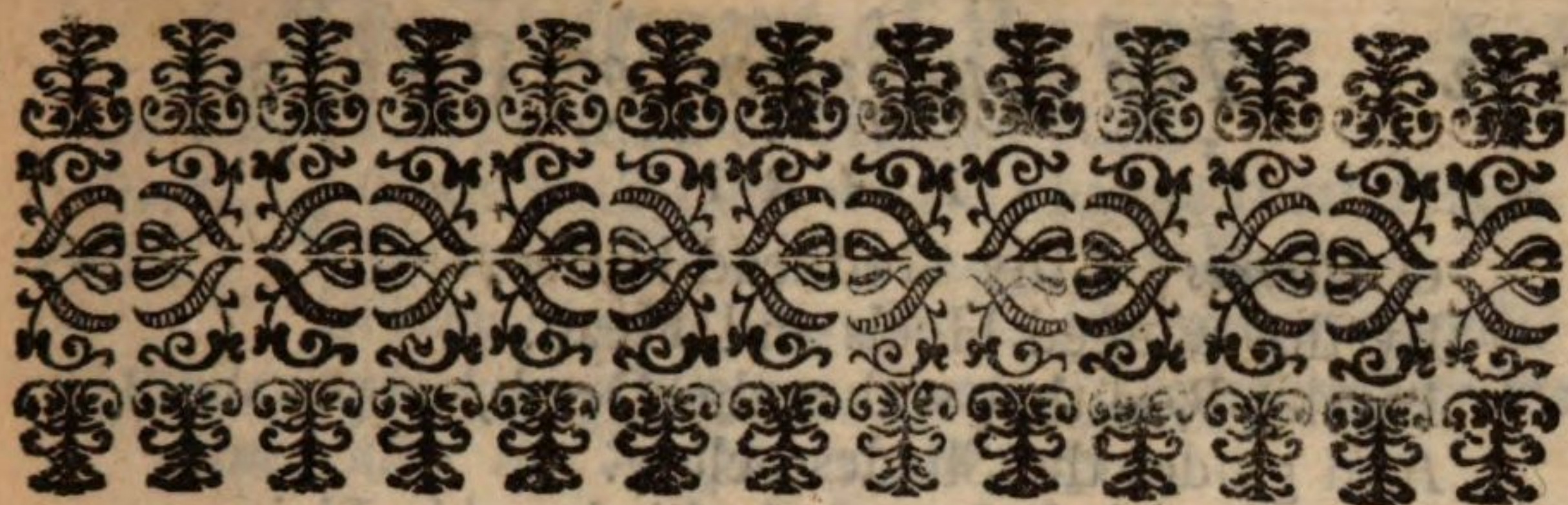
Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

THE Tragedy thus done, I am, you know,
No more a Princess, but in statu quo:
And now as unconcern'd this mourning wear,
As if indeed a Widow, or an Heir.
I've leisure, now to mark your sev'ral faces,
And know each Critick by his sour grimaces.
To poison Plays, I see some where thy sit,
Scatter'd, like Rats bane, up and down the Pit;
While others watch like Parish-Searchers, hir'd
To tell of what disease the Play expir'd.
O with what joy they run, to spread the news
Of a damn'd Poet, and departed Muse!
But if he 'scape, with what regret they're seiz'd!
And how they're disapointed when they're pleas'd!
Criticks to Plays for the same end resort,
That Surgeons wait on Trials in a Court;
For innocence condemn'd they've no respect,
Provided they've a body to dissect.
As Suffex Men, that dwell upon the shoar,
Look out when storms arise, and billows roar,
Devoutly praying, with uplifted hands,
That some well laden ship may strike the sands
To whose rich cargo they may make pretence,
And fatten on the spoils of Providence:
So Criticks throng to see a new Play split,
And thrive and prosper on the wrecks of wit.
Small hope our Poet from these prospects draws;
And therefore to the Fair commends his cause.

EP I L O G U E.

*Your tender hearts to mercy are inclin'd,
With whom, he hopes, this Play will favour find,
Which was an off'ring to the Sex design'd* }

F I N I S.



THE Judgment of *Paris*.

The SCENE is a Landskip of a beautiful Pasture supposed on Mount Ida. The Shepherd Paris is seen seated under a Tree, and playing on his Pipe; his Crook and Scrip, &c. lying by him. While a Symphony is playing, Mercury descends with his Caduceus in one Hand, and an Apple of Gold in the other: After the Symphony he sings.

M E R C U R Y.











 FROM high Olympus, and the Realms above,
 Behold I come the Messenger of Jove;
 His dread Commands I bear:
 Shepherd, arise and hear;
 Arise, and leave awhile thy rural Care:
 Forbear thy woolly Flock to feed,
 And lay aside thy tuneful Reed;
 For thou to greater Honours art decreed.

P A R I S.

O *Hermes*, I thy Godhead know,
 By thy winged Heels and Head.
 By thy Rod that wakes the Dead,
 And guides the Shades below.
 Say wherefore dost thou seek this humble Plain.
 To greet a lowly Swain?
 What does the mighty Thunderer ordain;

M E R C U R Y.

This Radiant Fruit behold,
 More bright than burnish'd Gold;
 Three Goddesses for this contend:

See now they descend,
 And this Way they bend.
 Shepherd, take the Golden Prize,
 Yield it to the brightest Eyes.

[*Juno, Pallas, and Venus are seen at a Distance descending
 in several Machines.*

P A R I S.

O Ravishing Delight!
 What Mortal can support the Sight?
 Alas! too weak is human Brain,
 So much Rapture to sustain.
 I faint, I fall! O take me hence,
 Ere Exstasie invades my aking Sense:
 Help me, *Hermes* or I die,
 Save me from Excess of Joy.

M E R C U R Y.

Fear not, Mortal; none shall harm thee;
 With my Sacred Rod I'll charm thee;
 Freely gaze and view all over,
 Thou may'st ev'ry Grace discover.
 Though a thousand Darts fly round thee,
 Fear not, Mortal, none shall wound thee.

In Two Parts. { Happy thou of Human Race,
Paris. { Gods with thee would change their Place.
 { With no God I'd change my Place,
 { Happy I of Human Race. [*Mercury ascends.*
 [*While a Symphony is playing, Juno descends from her Machine; after she Symphony she sings.*

JUNO.

Saturnia, Wife of thundring *Jove*, am I,
 Belov'd by him, and Empress of the Sky;
 Shepherd, fix on me thy wondring Sight,
 Beware, and view me well, and judge aright,
 [*Symphony for Pallas*

PALLAS.

This way, Mortal, bend thy Eyes,
Pallas claims the golden Prize;
 A Virgin Goddess free from Stain,
 And Queen of Arts and Arms I reign.
 [*Symphony for Venus.*

VENUS.

Hither turn thee, gentle Swain,
 Let not *Venus* sue in Vain;
Venus rules the Gods above,
 Love rules them, and she rules Love.
 Hither turn thee, gentle Swain.

PALLAS

Hither turn to me again.

JUNO.

Turn to me, for I am she.

ALL THREE.

To me, to me, for I am she.

VENUS.

Hither turn thee, gentle Swain.

JUNO and PALLAS.

She will deceive thee.

V E N U S.

They will deceive thee, I'll never leave thee.

Chorus of { Hither turn to me again,
all there. { To me, to me, for I am she;
 { Hither turn thee, gentle Swain.

P A R I S.

I.

Distracted I turn, but I cannot decide;
So equal a Title sure never was try'd.
United, your Beauties so dazle the Sight,
That lost in Amaze,
I giddily gaze,
Confus'd and o'erwhelm'd with a Torrent of Light.

II.

Apart let me view then each heav'nly Fair,
For Three at a time there's no Mortal can bear;
And since a gay Robe an ill Shape may disguise,
When each is undrest
I'll judge of the best,
For 'tis not a Face that must carry the Prize.

J O N O *Sings alone.*

I.

Let Ambition fire thy Mind,
Thou wert born o'er Men to Reign.
Not to follow Flocks design'd;
Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain,

II.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet,
Thou on Necks of Kings shalt tread,
Joys in Circles Joys shall meet,
Which way e'er thy Fancy's lead,

III.

Let not Toils of Empire fright,
Toils of Empire Pleasures are;
Thou shalt only know Delight,
All the Joy, but not the Care.

IV.

IV.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the Prize,
For the Blessings I bestow,
Joyfull I'll ascend the Skies,
Happy thou shalt reign below.

C H O R U S.

*Let Ambition fire thy Mind,
Thou wert born o'er Men to Reign,
Not to follow Flicks design'd;
Scorn thy Crook and leave the Plain.*

P A L L A S Sings alone.

I.

Awake, awake, thy Spirits raise,
Waste not thus thy youthful Days,
Piping, Toying,
Nymphs decoying.
Lost in wanton and inglorious Ease.

II.

Hark, Hark! the glorious Voice of War
Calls aloud, for Arms prepare:
Drums are beating,
Rocks repeating,
Martial Musick charms the joyful Air.

(Symphony.)

P A L L A S Sings.

O what Joys does Conquest yield!
When returning from the Field,
O how glorious 'tis to see
The Godlike Hero crown'd with Victory!
Lauwrel Wreaths his Head surrounding.
Banners waving in the Wind,
Fame her golden Trumpet sounding,
Every Voice in Chorus join'd.
To me, kind Swain, the Prize resign,
And Fame and Conquest shall be thine.

C H O R U S.

*O how glorious 'tis to see
The Godlike Hero crown'd with Victory!*

(Symphony.)

V E N U S Sings alone.

Stay, lovely Youth, delay thy Choice;
Take heed lest empty Names enthrall thee;
Attend to *Cytherea's* Voice;
Lo! I who am Love's Mother call thee.

Far from thee be anxious Care,
And racking Thoughts that vex the Great:
Empire's but a gilded Snare,
And fickle is the Warrior's Fate.
One only Joy Mankind can know.

C H O R U S.

One only Joy, &c.

V E N U S Sings.

I.

Nature fram'd thee sure for Loving,
Thus adorn'd with every Grace;
Venus' self thy Form approving,
Looks with Pleasure on thy Face.

II.

Happy Nymph who shall enfold thee,
Circled in her yielding Arms!
Should bright *Hellen* once behold thee,
She'd surrender all her Charms.

III.

Fairest she, all Nymphs transcending,
That the Sun himself has seen,
Were she for the Crown contending,
Thou wou'dst own her Beauty's Queen.

IV. Gentle

IV.

Gentle Shepherd, if my Pleading
Can from thee the Prize obtain,
Love himself thy Conquest aiding,
Thou that Matchless Fair shalt gain.

P A R I S.

I yield, I yield, O take the Prize,
And cease, O cease, th' enchanting Song;
All Love's Darts are in thy Eyes,
And Harmony falls from thy Tongue.
Forbear, O Goddess of Desire,
Thus my ravish'd Soul to move;
Forbear to fan the raging Fire,
And be propitious to my Love.

Here Paris gives to Venus the Golden Apple. Several Cupids descend, the three Graces alight from the Chariot of Venus, they call the Howrs, who assemble; with all the Attendants on Venus. All join in a Circle round her, and sing the last grand Chorus, while Juno and Pallas ascend.

GRAND CHORUS.

*Hither all ye Graces, all ye Loves,
Hither all ye Howrs resort;
Billing Sparrows, Cooing Doves;
Come all the Train of Venus' Court.
Sing all great Cytherea's Name;
Over Empire, over Fame,
Her Victory proclaim.
Sing, Sing and spread the joyful News around,
The Queen of Love, is Queen of Beauty crown'd.*



L O N D O N

Printed for TONSON, in the Strand.

M DCC LII







Congreve, William, 1670-1729

The Works Of Mr. William Congreve In Three Volumes ; Consisting Of His
Plays and Poems

Bd.: 2

London 1752

P.o.angl. 77-2/3

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10745661-5